PARSEE PANCHAYET
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THE PARSEE PANCHAYET:

ITS RISE, ITS FALL AND THE CAUSES THAT LED TO THE SAME.

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BEING A SERIES OF LETTERS

IN THE

BOMBAY TIMES OF 1844-45,

UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF

Q. IN THE CORNER.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF SOME GENTLEMEN OF THE PARSEE COMMUNITY AND WITH THE PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

EVERYTHING that tends to the well-being of the Parsees forming as they do the most influential portion of the Native Community of Bombay, is not devoid of general interest. That formal tribunal called the *Punchayet*, which once existed among them, commanding the awe and respect of their body, has for years ceased to exist; the peculiar constitution of that Tribunal—its rise, its fall, and its final extinction and the causes that led to the same have been tersely illustrated in a series of letters which appeared in the *Bombay Times* in 1844-45 from the pen a of distinguished member of the Parsee persuasion.* The Editor need offer no apology for republishing them in the pamphlet form. The collection of the aforesaid documents is of substantial and permanent interest, and in the hope that their circulation and perusal will dispel a deal of misconception which now prevails on the subject, he submits them to the Public in their present state.

J. D. S.

* Manockjee Cursetjee, Esq., one of the Judges of the Bombay Court of Small Causes.

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PARSEE PUNCHYAT: ITS RISE, ITS FALL, AND THE CAUSES THAT LED TO THE SAME.

No. 1.

To the Editor of the Bombay Times.

SIR,—I am glad to see, by the copy of the dispatch from the Court of Directors published in last Friday's *Gentleman's Gazette*, that some of the members of the *defunct* Parsee Punchyat have again failed in their attempts to regain their lost power. A solicitation of like tendency, made to the Legislative Council of Calcutta, had previously met with no consideration from that quarter.

2nd. I am glad I say at this; because when they had the power, which, to all intents and purposes, was amply sufficient for the government of their caste, they forgot themselves and their position in not executing it with impartiality, nor with discretion for the benefit of their body.

3rd. The old and most respectable members of the late Punchyat made written "Bundobusts," rules and regulations for the better government of their caste, defining punishment to be inflicted upon those whoever transgressed the same.

4th. That such "Bundobusts" were duly published, promulgated, and approved of by their general assembly, the mode of convening which was this,—to send round a crier, heralding forth in every street, nook, and corner inhabited by the Parsees in Bombay—that, on such a day—at such an hour—and in such a Church (always in a place of their public worship), the general assembly of the caste will be met; stating also the nature of the business to be then and there brought on for decision.

5th. At such general meetings every Parsee—be he high or low, great or small, had a right to attend and take part in the proceedings, and offer his vote of assent or dissent to every proposition which the heads or leading members of the Punchyat used from time to time to submit for approval of their body; and the said leading members were *invariably* proposed, and formally elected by general voice, at their general assemblies.

6th. That no decision could be passed, no offender against the rules of the caste be punished, or his punishment mitigated; no religious or other mandates issued or retracted *but that which met the approval of*

the majority, if not the whole of the Parsees then congregated at such general assembly; and, be it said, to the honor and credit of those highly respected individuals THEN composing the Punchyat, that they invariably conducted themselves in discharge of their most responsible duties, by treating rich and poor men as alike by their decisions, which were ever cheerfully conformed by, and met with the highest commendation and respect from Parsees, not only of Bombay but of Guzerat and other parts of India also.

7th. "All was peace and harmony," Sir, so long as the then Punchyat acted upon the principles laid down by their "Bundobusts;" and it was then that the Punchyat's decisions were held supreme, even in the Supreme Court, and by other judicial and magisterial authorities at Bombay. But alas! unfortunately for the Parsees, such a state of things did not continue long enough,—it was too good to do so.

8th. Some of the influential members of the late Punchyat died; the temper of the time changed; the newly made members then had their own ways,—the principles disregarded—the Rules and Regulations set at naught,—poor were punished and expelled from caste for acts which rich men were *allowed* to commit with impunity. In short, they assumed the office of both "*law-makers*" and "*law-breakers*" at the same time!!

9th. Hence the split, in 1836, among the old and newly made members of Parsee Punchyat. Remonstrances passed between them by words and by writings. The old members resigned their seats from the "congress;" and *ever since that time, the Parsees of Bombay have not had their formerly boasted general* meetings, and the real Parsee Punchyat, or, rather, the respect and dread in which it was held by their body, expired without a groan! and instead, we now hear from time to time so much about the *secret "doings* in *conclave"* of the self-elected Parsee Setts which ultimately produce nothing certain.

10th. Enough for the present. This is my first of the series of letters I intend addressing you upon the subject of the "Parsee Punchyat, its rise, its fall and the causes that led to the same." In my next letter I will embody the *Bundobusts* (former rules and regulations) of the Punchyat, which of late have been suffered to be trampled upon; I will also, in the course of the series, give you other documents,—curious, but faithfully transcribed from the original.

Q IN THE CORNER.

9th Nov. 1844.

No. 2.

SIR,—Previous to the adoption of the following "Bundobusts" (rules and regulations) by the Parsee Punchyat, or the general assembly of their caste, there were no *written byelaws* for the guidance and government of the Parsee inhabitants at Bombay. The said *Bundobusts* translated in English run thus :—

"Sumat 1874 Mah Vud 12th, and Wednesday, (corresponding with) 4th March 1818 A. D. and first day of the sixth month Shurevur, of the era Yezdezurd 1187. On this day the whole *Punchyat* or general assembly, consisting of "*Dustoors*," (Bishops) "*Mobeds*," (Clergy) and "*Behdins*" (Laymen) met together in the Fire-temple of Sett Dadabhoy Nesserwanjee, and resolved as follows :—

"That whereas from time immemorial all disputes among our caste, relative to religious and other matters, were adjudicated, and rules made by the principal or head members of the Punchyat, and the same generally approved of by the body of our caste. Many years ago twelve individuals were selected out of the members of our Punchyat, and appointed by the Honorable the Governor-in-Council, and of these members two or four individuals were in the habit of hearing and deciding on all matters in dispute between our people, whenever the same were brought before them for that purpose.

"After the death of those members, the people were in the habit of bringing their complaints before the sons of the said deceased members, who were competent to hear them, and they were in the habit of hearing and deciding on the same. Many of the last mentioned individuals have since died, and the number of our people are every day increasing in Bombay, and several among them are misleading themselves, and transgressing our usages, therefore the whole Punchyat have this day assembled together, and resolved that twelve "*Behdins*" (laymen) and six "*Dustoors*," and "*Mobeds*" (Bishops and Clergymen), making in all eighteen individuals, shall in future be competent in case of dispute between people of our caste, and on any complaints being preferred, to hear the complainant, and call the defendant before them, to hear their respective witnesses, and to decide the same in a proper manner.

"The names of the eighteen individuals thus appointed are as follows :—

"*The twelve "Behdins," or Laymen, viz :—*

Dawur Framjee Nanabhoy,	Sorabjee Vatcha Ghandy,
Vadiajee Jamsetjee Bomanjee,	Burjorjee Dorabjee, Dady Burjorna,
Sett Cursetjee Ardaserjee,	Cursetjee Manockjee Shroff,

Dunjeebhoy Sorabjee, Readymoney,
Vadiajee Hormusjee Bomanjee,
Framjee Cowasjee Banajee,
Dadabhoy Cowasjee Soyer,
Pestonjee Bhicajee Pandena, and
Nowrojee Maharjee.

" *The six Dustoors and Mobeds* (*Bishops and Clergymen*) *viz.* :—

Dostoorjee Cursetjee Jamsetjee, of Nowsary
Moola Pherozjee Cowasjee,
Sett Merwanjee Nowrojee,
Sett Rustomjee Sapoorjee,
Punthitree Dorabjee Framjee, and
Andhearoo Hormusjee Dorabjee Luskaree.

" The abovementioned eighteen individuals have been duly appointed ; but to obviate delay, which must take place in gathering all of them together in ordinary cases of dispute among our people, or on a complaint being preferred of a trifling nature,—and as Vadiajee Jamsetjee Bomanjee, and Vora Framjee Nanabhoy Davur were hitherto deciding such ordinary disputes, it is resolved that they shall continue to do so according to the rules of the Punchyat, adding to their numbers in cases where they should think proper two or four other individuals from those above named, and thus united afford redress to the petitioners ; and their decision when accepted by the parties, shall be approved of by the Punchyat. But if any of the parties after accepting such decision decline to act up to the same, he shall be punished by the Punchyat according to the extent of his guilt.

" Further, if the party is dissatisfied with the decision of the two or four individuals, and should desire that the whole of the eighteen must sit together, or ten or twelve from among them should do so, and decide his case ; or should he be desirous of having other members added to the said eighteen abovementioned, and in that case six additional members might be added to the same, and the case decided accordingly, and such decision shall meet with the approval of the Punchyat ; and any of the parties refusing to abide by the same, shall be punished by the Punchyat according to the extent of his guilt.

" Further, should the complainant desire that his case be referred, and decided by the whole Punchyat, in that case a general Punchyat of young and old shall assemble, and decide his case ; and in the event of the eighteen or twenty-four individuals differing in opinion, and if the general assembly there met divide among themselves on the question in such cases, it is ordained, that the decision of a majority of those assembled be considered as final, and shall be admitted accordingly ; and any of the parties refusing to abide by the same, shall be punished by the Punchyat according to the circumstances of his case.

"Further, one and all here present at this *Punchyat* or general assembly, have this day, resolved, that from and after this day, nobody who has a

wife living shall marry another. If any person is compelled (by circumstances) to marry another wife, he must put his case in writing, and represent the same to the Punchyat ; they shall then fix time as they shall think proper, and enquiring into the merit of the case, after having the petition read, will order as will appear to them proper, and which must be respected by the parties, and those who will not admit the same shall be punished as hereinafter mentioned by the Punchyat.

" Further, if any person is compelled to marry a second wife during the life time of his first, and should represent his case to the Punchyat, as abovementioned, where those assembled in Punchyat shall enquire into the merits of the case ; and if the first wife is proved guilty of crime, according to our usage and religion, the Punchyat if they think proper, but after taking the security (from the husband) for providing his first wife with food, clothing, place of abode, her jewels, and for funeral and other expenses after her death, as to them shall appear fit and proper, will grant him leave to marry another wife, and they will notify it accordingly.

" Further, any person or persons having trifling disputes with his wife, such person shall not marry another wife without obtaining the Punchyat's leave, by representing his case as abovementioned, and until the Punchyat are convinced of the case, he shall not be allowed to take another wife.

" If any person, without obtaining such leave from the Punchyat, marry another wife (whilst the first is yet alive) he shall be expelled from the caste.

" Further, if any one will go out of Bombay, and marry another wife (during the life time of his first wife) at Thana, Carunja, or at any other place or village, and return back to Bombay, he shall be expelled out of the caste by the Punchyat.

" Further, if any person shall marry another wife (during the life time of his former one) without the Punchyat's leave, the person who shall give his daughter in such a marriage shall likewise be expelled from the caste by the Punchyat.

" Further, when any person marrying a second wife (during the life time of his first) with the Punchyat's permission, if he be a *Sher-Soy*, his marriage ceremony shall be performed by Dustoor Cursetjee Jamsetjee himself, or by priests under his authority, and if the said person be a *Kudmee*, then the ceremony shall be performed by Moolna Pheroz or his priests on payment of their dues. But if any other priests should perform such ceremony, (without such permission) the Punchyat

will not recognize it, nor shall such priest be allowed to enter any of our fire temples, nor shall any person give to such priest the funeral or other ceremonial *doles*. If any one shall not act according to what is above written, he shall be further punished as the Punchyat shall think proper.

" Further, if any individual have no children, until his wife had passed the age of delivery he shall not marry a second wife ; even if he should say that he will satisfy his first wife, and marry a second wife, he shall not do so. If a first wife should give her consent, and allow her husband to marry another wife, or give or take any writing to that effect, or absolve one and the other of their marriage vows, the Punchyat will not admit any such thing. They will not allow such person to take another wife, nor the woman to take another husband, and any one who should do such a thing without the Punchyat's leave shall be turned out of the caste ; or otherwise punished as to the Punchyat shall appear proper.

" Further, those to whom the Punchyat shall (under the circumstances abovementioned) give leave to take a second wife (his first wife being alive) shall be subjected to the payment of such sum of money for charity as the Punchyat should think him capable of paying, and after the payment of such sum of money the Punchyat shall give him leave to marry another wife.

" Further, in case the parents or relations of any girl shall not send her to her husband's house, or the parents or relations of any young man shall not call their daughter-in-law to their house, and in such cases the girl, or the young man, or his or her parents or relations, bringing complaints before the Punchyat, the sitting members of the Punchyat shall enquire into the subject as abovementioned, and will give such order or direction to the young man, girl, or their parents and relations, as they shall think proper ; and those who will refuse to act in conformity with such order or instruction shall be punished as the Punchyat shall think proper.

" According to the above particulars we have all agreed, after having the same previously read, and after having made ourselves acquainted with the same, and which we have duly confirmed. Although this is signed by some and not by others, it is binding on all now living in Bombay wearing the " *badge of Zordost*," those who may hereafter arrive and settle here, and those who shall not conform to the above rules, shall be punished by the Punchyat as abovementioned.

(Signed) Dustur Cursetjee Jamsetjee,

" " Eduljee Dorabjee,

(Signed)	Framjee Nanabhoy,
„	Vadia Jamsetjee Bomanjee,
„	Dhunjeebhoy Sorabjee, Readymoney,
„	Burjorjee Dorabjee,
„	Cursetjee Manackjee, Shroff,
„	Framjee Cowasjee, Banajeena,
„	Mody Sorabjee Vatcha Ghandy,
„	Dadabhoy Cowasjee, Syer,
„	Nowrojee Mherjee,
„	Pestonjee Bhicajee,
„	Hormusjee Dorabjee,
	Rustomjee Shapurjee Sett."

To the above signatures of the principal Members of the Parsee Punchyat thus organized by the " Bundobusts," follow a long line of other signatures of some of the most respectable Parsees of that time, then gathered at their said general assembly. This document speaks for itself.

Q IN THE CORNER.

No. 3.

SIR,—To show that the late leading members of the Parsee Punchyat had tenaciously observed, and caused to be implicitly obeyed, the rules of the caste,—vide their " Bundobusts" published in my last letter,—I need only quote but a very few out of very many instances.

2nd. A monied Parsee, by name Jamsetjee Byramjee Luskuree, and even related to one of the eighteen leading men of the Punchyat, married a second wife during the lifetime of his first. This he effected by going out of Bombay, and in a place called " Oodapore" near Surat. On his return to Bombay, he was, without loss of time, expelled from the caste by the Punchyat, congregated in the great Dady Sett's Church for that purpose.

3rd. The said Jamsetjee was afterwards known to be living with his father, in consequence of which circumstance the Punchyat again assembled, and the father having been called before it, he was warned that if his son was not forthwith turned out of his house, he, the father, would also be considered and proclaimed as an " outcaste."

4th. This circumstance irritated the said Jamsetjee, who made use of disrespectful language to the Punchyat, and assaulted the Punchyat's priest. This led to a complaint being filed against the said Jamsetjee

in the Petty Session's office on behalf of the Punchyat ; when he expressed his contrition for having insulted the Punchyat, and assaulted the priest, and submitted to abide by such punishment as the Punchyat should think proper to award.

5th. The case being thus referred to the Punchyat, it was accordingly assembled at Dady Sett's Church on the 10th April 1818, when they recorded the following punishment to be inflicted on the said Jamsetjee, viz. *That he should hold his own shoe in his hand, and with it beat himself over his face five times, in the presence of the Punchyat to be congregated for the purpose of witnessing it ; and further then and there to place a "putka"* (a piece of rough cloth) *round his neck and ask pardon, and bear the expense of the lawyers which the Punchyat had to incur by going to law with him.*

6th. The above determination, with a certain mitigation of the punishment, was duly carried into execution at a Punchyat assembled for that purpose in the Dady Sett's Church, as will appear from the following extract from its proceedings, dated 16th June 1818 :—

1. "It is now resolved that Andearoo Jamsetjee Byramjee should (in the presence of the congregation) *scratch his nose with the sole of his dirty shoe ;* place a "*putka*" *round his neck, and thus beseech pardon from the Punchyat* ; and accordingly the said Andearoo Jamsetjee Byramjee, this day, standing in the presence of the Punchyat, *has placed a "putka" round his neck, scratched his nose with the sole of his shoe, and beseeched pardon from the Punchyat.*"

2. "It was previously resolved, that Andearoo Jamsetjee Byramjee having behaved disrespectfully to the Punchyat's priest Eduldaroo he should publicly beseech pardon of the said priest ; and accordingly in the presence of the Punchyat the said Jamsetjee Byramjee has beseeched pardon from the said priest Eduldaro Sorabdaro."

3. "Further, in consequence of Andearoo Jamsetjee Byramjee having retained an Attorney and Barrister to defend himself before the Court, the Punchyat had to retain as their advocates, Messrs. Maclean and Woodhouse, and the expense attending the same amounting to Rs. 225 shall be paid by the said Andearoo Jamsetjee Byramjee, and he has accordingly paid Rs. 225 in ready cash."

4. "Further, the Punchyat had decided that the said Andearoo Jamsetjee Byramjee should pass a writing to the effect that he will never again behave so disrespectfully towards the Punchyat, and that if he ever again did so, he shall conform to such punishment as the Punchyat shall think proper to award ; and the said Andearoo Jamsetjee Byramjee has accordingly passed a writing to such effect, and which writing is duly recorded in the Record book, page 32."

5. " That in the manner abovementioned, the Punchyat, at its congregation, has this day decided, and the said Andearoo Jamsetjee Byramjee has obtained pardon for his offences, but *respecting his crime of marrying another wife, without the Punchyat's leave, the Punchyat has as yet come to no decision.* A day will some time hereafter be appointed; *when that circumstance will be taken into consideration, and the said Andearoo Jamsetjee Byramjee punished as the Punchyat shall think* proper and such decision he must abide by."

7th. In accordance with the above resolution, the Punchyat did again meet on the 2nd July following when, on reading several humble petitions presented by the said Andearoo Jamsetjee Byramjee imploring the Punchyat kindly to overlook his transgression, especially as he had satisfied his first wife, and expressed his willingness to undergo any punishment which the Punchyat might award, it was ordered that the said Jamsetjee Byramjee should undergo the humiliating process of purification, and on his appearing before the Punchyat with a "*putka*" *round his neck*, and humbly beseeching pardon, that he would be allowed to re-enter the caste; and it was further ordered that he should lodge with the Punchyat the sum of 2000 Rupees for the maintenance of his first wife, independently of giving her up all her joys and jewels; and also that he should pay the Punchyat the fine of the Doty (cloth) on his re-admission into the caste. The second wife of the said Jamsetjee was also ordered to undergo the humiliating process of purification and to pay the Punchyat the *Doty* fine.

8th. The above, Sir, is one of the hundreds of decisions which the late Parsee Punchyat came to without partiality, without favour, and in all cases where individuals, WHETHER RICH OR POOR, transgressed the Rules of the caste, or in matters of dispute among the members of the Parsee Community when brought for decision before that body.

9th. In my first letter, para. 5th, I said that "*leading members*" *of the Punchyat* "*were invariably proposed and formally elected by general voice at their general assemblies;*" and I will, before I conclude this letter, give you but a short extract of the proceedings of the Punchyat assembled on the 2nd July 1818, bearing on this point :—

" That Andearoo Hormasjee Dorabjee, one of the eighteen men appointed by the Punchyat, has gone abroad, on commercial affairs, without giving any notice of it to the Punchyat, and the Punchyat congregated this day, have therefore *unanimously resolved* to appoint Dustoor Eduljee Dorabjee Sunjana, in the place of the said Andearoo Hormasjee Dorabjee."

Bombay, 19th Nov., 1844. Q IN THE CORNER.

No. 4.

SIR,—In the course of my researches into the proceedings of the late Punchyat, I was struck with the perusal of the following "Bundobusts" as illustrative of the zeal which their leading men then manifested for the morality and general welfare of their body.

"On this the (1st) day Hormuz (2d) month "Ardebest," of A. Y. 1189 (corresponding with 4th Nov. A. D. 1819), the Punchyat assembled at Dady Sett's Fire Temple when an "Urzee" (representation) addressed by an anonymous writer subscribing himself "*Bundikhoda*" (a creature of God) was read. It is therein stated that *several women and men of our caste are in the habit of committing "sinful deeds" * * * * * * and that if they be not in time punished, the consequence of the sins of this nature which they may in future commit will fall upon the head of the Punchyat. The names of the women have been unintelligibly written in the said "Urzee," and those of the men not written at all. The "Urzee" states that when the Punchyat will take the subject into their consideration the writer, who happens to know the whole of the circumstances alluded to, will acquaint the Punchyat with the same.*" The writer of this "Urzee" was loudly called for in the following manner. "If any one happen to know any thing about the circumstances (mentioned in the said Urzee, he should come forward and prove the same." No one having appeared, the Punchyat now assembled have, consequently, resolved that so long as the writer of this "Urzee" will not come forward, and prove the circumstances therein mentioned, the consequences must rest upon his head. The Punchyat however, is inclined to believe that the circumstances mentioned in the said "Urzee" are true; because women of our caste, now-a-days, go about in an extremely unguarded manner; that several men allow their women (literally female-members of their family) to go to the places of worship resorted to by other castes; that they are allowed to go from the dawn of day till past midnight to bring water; also to frequent the houses of their relations till midnight, without being accompanied home by proper servants, and without having even lighted lanthorns; and that they are also allowed to go alone to gardens to eat and drink, unaccompanied by servants. Under such circumstances the unworthy women and unworthy men (of our caste) experience no difficulty in indulging in their licentious propensities. The Punchyat this day assembled, have, therefore, unanimously resolved upon, and passed, the following Bundobust, due intimation of which should be given by all present to the members of their respective families:—

"'1st. That a "*Nusa salar*,"* shall go round and proclaim that "*Nusa salars*" will be posted at the outside of the Fort Gates and paid men shall be placed at different stations with instructions to seize the person of any woman found leaving her house, or going about before sun rise or after sun set, and such men shall take her to the "*Nusa Khana.*" † Let no one, therefore, allow any woman to go to make bazar, to fetch water or to any other place for any purpose whatever before sun rise in the morning, or after sun set in the evening. If however any woman be unavoidably detained at a relation's house, where she may have gone in the course of the day, after sun set, she must *then* return home accompanied by proper servants, and a lighted lanthorn, but if any woman be found walking in the road (unaccompanied by proper servants and a lighted lanthorn) before sun rise, or after sun set, her person shall be seized by the "Nusa salar," and other persons employed for that purpose, or by any other Parsees who may happen to be passing by; and, thus disgraced, she shall be taken to the "*Nusa Khana.*"

"'2nd. Further, from and after this day, no woman shall venture to go to "Mama Devi," "Bhoolesur," "Mahlukmee," "Walkesur," or to any other place where there are Hindoo Pagodas; nor attend at the rites of the *Hoolee* rites, for the purpose of throwing cocoanuts into the fire. Nor allow any of her infants to go in company with other individuals (to such places of Hindoo worship) for the purpose of making or performing any vows or ceremonies. In like manner no woman shall venture to go, or cause her infants or other individuals to be sent in her behalf, to any of the places of the Mahometan worship, such as "*Mama Hajunee*," the "*Durghas*" at Mahim, and "Bavabis mulla," or any other of their saints' places, nor to their *Taboot* rites, for the purpose of making or performing any vows or ceremonies. Nor shall any one in her house, or elsewhere perform and celebrate the (Hindoo and Mahometan) rites of "*Chuhtee*," "*Raudle*," or "*Huzrut*;" under any circumstance; nor offer, make, or perform any kind of vows or ceremonies appertaining to the religions of the Hindoos and Mahometans. If any one have occasion to make vows, or offerings, let the same be made *as prescribed in our Zoroastrian* religion. Those who will not act conformably to these resolutions shall be liable to be *publicly disgraced.*

* A cryer—invariably the bearer of the Parsee dead bodies.

† A public place where the iron biers, and other funeral paraphernalia are deposited, and in the veranda of this building females found guilty of disgraceful offences were kept in former days and some times with their *heads shaved* as a mark of infamy.

"' 3rd. "Further, there are several women who are in the habit of obtaining, and wearing, and causing their husbands and their children to wear, charms and amulets, and threads, procured from conjurers and necromancers. In future such should be prohibited, and no woman shall venture to go to the house of any of the Jain priests, or Brahmins, or other impostors, nor in her house to perform any of the rites and ceremonies prescribed by such necromancers and impostors. Any person found guilty of transgressing the above resolutions, whether at day time, or at night, he or she shall be seized and *publicly disgraced.* Any person aiding in such a business, or concealing such circumstance, by favour or affection, from being brought to the public notice, on his being made acquainted with the same, shall be considered as having offended the Punchyat.

"In the manner as above mentioned the whole assembly here met have resolved, and the resolution shall be observed by us all, and by our children. A "*Nusa salar*" shall be directed to go round and proclaim the same to the men and women of our caste, adding that any person or persons who may transgress the above resolved "Bundobusts," shall be considered as having offended the caste, and shall be punished as the Punchyat may think proper."

2nd. It will be seen, from the proceedings of the late Punchyat, of the 4th November 1819, which I have quoted, first that the leading members of that body were then strict in their attention to any representation made to them, having for its object the honor and welfare of their body even *though emanating from an anonymous writer*; and secondly, that when the existence of any evil was brought to their notice due measures were adopted, *without loss of time,* to check, if not to put an effectual stop, to the same.

3rd. The resolutions of the late Punchyat were not considered as mere "idle words;" nor were they made to apply to individual cases, but to the whole Parsee community; and were consequently by the whole of that community respected.

4th. Such resolutions as those above mentioned, it is true, could not be held good in an English Court of law, but then dread of the *late* Parsee Punchyat was so great that no Parsee would presume to talk of the law to the members of that body, and their decisions were invariably submitted to by all parties, however much affected by them, *because the parties knew them to have been passed by the Punchyat* at their *general assembly, and to have been* CONSCIENTIOUSLY given. "Bundobusts" in those days were made to *bear alike on the rich as on the poor among their body.*

5th. The temper of the time, it would appear, is sadly changed for the worse. The existence of the evils similar of those to which I have referred have not only been frequently and most pointedly brought to notice, but *even published* in (Guzeratee) newspapers ; nevertheless, the leading men among the Parsees of the present day would neither take any notice of them nor try to check such evils.

6th. It was, Sir, to the adoption of such salutary rules by the late Punchyat, and carrying the same, *without favoritism*, into effect, that the Parsees in former days obtained for themselves the credit of being strict guardians of the morality of their caste.

Bombay, 26th Nov., 1844. Q IN THE CORNER.

No. 5.

SIR,—There is an endless variety of ceremonies which a Parsee has to perform on and after the death, as well as on the marriage, of any member of his family ; and whether or not any of these ceremonies are either sanctioned or enjoined by their religion a very few Parsees could tell, if called upon so to do.

2nd. I can, however, inform you that the majority of these ceremonies were originally borrowed by the Parsees, at different periods, from the Natives of India—Hindoos and Mahometans ; and that some of these ceremonies are characterized by indecency, and the remaining portion of them by extravagance and ostentation.

3rd. The Parsees are proverbially ostentatious ; and I believe, that among no sect of the native community does *that monster of monsters*—"CUSTOM" exercise its influence with greater force, and interfere to such an extent with their moral and intellectual advancement, as among this body, otherwise distinguished for their industry and enterprize.

4th. And hence on the performance of the ceremonies to which I have alluded, the Parsees have been accustomed to vie with each other without consulting their means, to keep up appearances among the caste—by giving feasts, and incurring other extravagant and unnecessary expences, for the mere sake of propitiating that monster—Custom, and to be thought great ; and many of the most wealthy and distinguished families among them, by such displays, or rather by committing such folly, have dissipated their fortunes, and the poor by adopting similar modes of proceeding have added debt to debt, and at last become so embarrassed as to end their days in absolute penury.

5th. In order therefore to abolish all ceremonies which did not appear to be imperatively necessary, and even to alter the mode and

manner of performing them so as to diminish the expense attending on the same, one of the leading members of the late Punchyat, with the concurrence of his colleagues, framed a code of "Bundobusts," or rules, divided into two parts—the first relative to the ceremonies for the dead, and the second for marriages among the Parsees.

6th. These rules were duly published in the form of pamphlets, and circulated throughout the body of the caste by the Punchyat,—publishing at the same time notifications in the Goozeratee newspapers, inviting the attention of all the Parsees to the said Rules, and requesting observations thereon from any member of their body who might choose to offer any, previous to the same being passed as the Caste Rules at their general assembly.

7th. A day was accordingly fixed. The Punchyat accordingly met, and the said Rules (but with a few alterations as suggested by some of the members of the caste) were duly passed, as will be seen by the extract of the late Punchyat's proceedings which I will embody in my next number.

3rd Dec., 1844. Q IN THE CORNER.

No. 6.

SIR,—I transcribe below the extract from the proceedings of the late Punchyat, referred to in the concluding part of my last communication, relative to the passing of the 1st part of the code of "Bundobusts" or regulations for diminishing the expenses attendant on the celebration of the ceremonies for the dead :—"On this day, the 15th December, of the 1st month 'Fervardeen,' A. Y. 1193, corresponding with 18th October A. D. 1823, the Punchyat having assembled at Sett Dadabhoy Nesserwanjee's 'Autusberan,' (the principal Fire Temple) they have unanimously confirmed the code of regulations as contained in nineteen sections, previously published, and duly approved of at the last assembly, for the purpose of regulating the expences attendant on the ceremonies at and after the death of any Parsee ; and consequently, from and after this day, it is and shall be imperative on all "Dustoors,' (Bishops) 'Mobeds' (Priests,) and Behdins (laymen) who are now residing in Bombay, or in places subordinate thereto, as well as on all those who may hereafter come and reside amongst us, and on our and their children's children, to abide by the said code of regulations as contained in the nineteen sections referred to, and those who may transgress the same shall be considered as having offended the Punchyat, and be punished as that body may think proper."

2. To translate the entire nineteen sections would occupy too much time,—I will, therefore, give you an abstract thereof :—

1. It was usual previously to the passing of the abovementioned regulations, for Parsee priests (who form a begging fraternity, and they are some hundreds in number) to flock *uninvited* to the houses of any Parsee who may have any ceremony to perform, for the purpose of obtaining, *as if by right*, their share of the "*Asodad*;" * and not unfrequently were they riotous on such occasions. Independently of which, how exceedingly hard upon individuals, having very limited means, to be compelled to distribute *Asodad* to all? However, such was the influence exercised, at that time, by the priests, that parties preferred incurring debt than the displeasure of the priests, which certainly would have been incurred by sending them away without any *Asodad*. Under these circumstances the late Punchyat wisely ordained by the said regulations, that no priest should go *uninvited* to the house of any Parsee, on any occasion, for the purpose of asking *Asodad*; nor was any layman to give it to any priest *excepting* to those whom he may have invited, and he might invite unrestrictedly as many priests as his inclination prompted, or rather his means would admit of his doing.

2. That on the 4th, the 10th, and the 30th day of every month in the first year, and afterwards on every anniversary of the death of any Parsee, either male or female, "custom" obliged them to circulate trays extravagantly loaded with sweetmeats, fruits, cooked dinners, and even pots and pans, both copper and earthen, among their relations, friends, and acquaintances, in addition to giving extensive feasts and dinners to the whole caste, on such occasions. All these practices appeared to the late Punchyat to be both extravagant and unnecessary, and merely indulged in to "vie with each other," and for the gratification of vanity; and therefore it was ordained by the aforesaid regulations, that neither cooked dinners, nor sweetmeats, nor fruits, neither pots nor pans, either copper or earthen, should be sent from one house to another amongst the Parsees; and neither were they to give extensive feasts nor dinners to the whole caste on the performance of any ceremony for their dead; that any Parsee who may choose to invite a *limited number* of guests from amongst his relations, friends, and acquaintances, may do so; *but their number should not be so great as to consume more than* 200 lbs. *of meat*, which is the *maximum* quantity allowed to be purchased *for a single feast*; *nor should any poultry*

* Litterally, "gift to the pious"—a sort of dole, and this varies both according to the nature of the ceremony and of the means of the individual, from two rupees to one copper pice.

be used at such feasts ; that any individual wishing to give a dinner to the whole caste may do so, *but only during the days of the ghambars* and that such caste dinner should consist (as hitherto) of plain rice and curry, *without any kind of meat or poultry.*

3. Another, and a most abhorrent practice, sanctioned by custom (borrowed entirely from Hindoos),which prevailed among the Parsees, was the going backwards and forwards, on the part of the women, to the houses of their relations and friends and acquaintances daily for months after the death of any male or female member thereof, and when assembled to cry, and beat their breasts, and bemoan. They were also in the habit of keeping fast, and denying themselves beds to lie upon, in order to indicate the excess of their grief on such occasions. This being forbidden by the Parsee religion, and found also to be injurious in the extreme to the healths of those who indulged in such displays of their feelings, the late Punchyat most humanely ordained that such practice should be checked as much as possible, and that on the death of any infant, the meeting of the women should be as short as possible ; on that of children from 1 to 7 years of age, they should meet *but for three days* ; and on the death of any one above that age, to meet ten days, and *ten days only.*

3rd. It so happened that shortly after the passing of the aforesaid regulations, one of the sisters of Hormusjee Bomanjea Vadia—(then the most distinguished and influential gentleman among the Parsee community, and one of the leading members of their Punchyat)—transgressed one of the said regulations by sending round dressed dinners from her house to her relations.

4th. As soon as the information of this circumstance reached another member of the late Punchyat, he directed his informer to seize upon the pots and dishes containing such dinner, even if in the most conspicuous part of the town, which was accordingly done, and the pots and dishes were sequestrated by the said member of the Punchyat, who collected a number of indigent Parsees together in his church, where they were allowed to feast upon the dainties seized as above mentioned.

5th. The said member of the Punchyat, after having thus acted intimated to the said Hormusjee Bomanjee Vadia what he had done, which was nothing more or less than his duty to the Punchyat, and he now called upon his distinguished friend and colleague, the said Hormusjee, to do his also, by causing a general assembly, and making an example of her who had thus disregarded the Punchyat's order although so intimately connected with him.

6th. And be it said to the credit of the said Hormusjee Bomanjee Vadia, that, however exalted he was in rank among the Parsees, far from taking any offence at what had occurred, he highly approved of and applauded the act of his colleague, and consented to the assembly of the Punchyat, which accordingly met the next day, when in the midst of that body he expressed his displeasure at what his sister had done, and caused one of her sons (Ardaseer Framjee Vadia) to pay on her behalf the *Doty* fine to the Punchyat.

7th. What became of the pots and dishes sequestrated, I do not know, but I believe them to have been returned to the lady in question.

8th. The late Hormusjee Bomanjee Vadia, previous to this act of his, was invariably esteemed and respected, but after its occurrence he was raised still higher in the estimation of his caste. In short, from that time till he died he was endeared to the Parsees, and his memory is cherished among them even to this day.

9th. Such were, Sir, the leading members of the late Parsee Punchyat—such their acts—such their reward ! ? The Parsee Punchyat was then said to have attained the summit of its glory ! The Parsees of the present day need a Hormusjee Bomanjee Vadia among them ! !

Bombay, 9th December, 1844 Q IN THE CORNER.

No. 7.

SIR,—In this letter I propose to give an outline of the nature of the expenses which "Custom" obliged a Parsee to make on marrying any member of his family, to diminish which was the aim and object of the 2d part of the code of Regulations published by the late Punchyat, referred to in para 5th of my letter No. 5 to your address.

2d. One of the most uncivilized and injurious practices adopted from Hindoos, and sanctioned by custom, which prevail among the Parsees is, not only the act of betrothing but that of *actually marrying their Children almost invariably when in a state of infancy.* There have been instances where nuptial ceremonies of infants have been performed while sitting on their mother's laps, having sugar plums administered to them in order to keep them quiet and from crying during the performance of the ceremony by their priests ! !

3rd. The preliminary step to matrimony being the exchange of the Horoscopes of the intended bride and bridegroom, between their parents in order to have the same consulted by " joshees" (astrologers) to ascertain the signs of the Zodiac, for unless they are pronounced to be propitious no further steps would be taken in the matter.

4th. And from the day of consulting of the horoscopes until and after the consummation of marriage there are *innumerable and an endless variety* of ceremonies to be performed among Parsees, some of which are absurd and indecent enough, whilst one and all tend to ostentatious exhibition, and tomfoolery : such for instance as the parading the streets on the part of the women, accompanied by tom-toms, with a train of bearers conveying trays laden with costly dresses of gold, silver and silk; jewels; sweetmeats; and toys intended as presents from the parents of the bridegroom to the bride, and vice versa. All these presents are placed uncovered on the different trays, so that the people may gaze on, envy and admire them.

5th. When the little bride and bridegroom are respectively decked, (sometimes loaded) with such presents, they are again paraded through the streets, accompanied by women and tom-toms, that the people might look at the presents they wore on their bodies. In short, there is no end to such processions from time to time.

6th. On every holiday—whether of the Parsees, Hindoos, or Mahometans—as well as on birth days, and other miscellaneous events in their families, the bride and bridegroom *must* be presented with costly dresses and jewels, and sweetmeats, and toys; and such occasions are not few during the year.

7th. Again on several occasions presents of costly dresses, shawls and jewels, &c. are not merely confined to the bride and bridegroom but *also to their respective parents, and guardians; their brothers and sisters, and brothers' wives, and sisters' husbands, nay at times to the whole of the members of the bride and bridegroom's families, however remotely connected.*

8th. Such extravagances, added to the temporary construction of ornamental arbours in front of their houses; engaging musicians; and keeping up for days and months a series of festivities and nautches, swell the sum total of their expenses to such an amount that, *in reality, were one fourth of the money, instead of being so thrown away on idle and silly displays to gratify vanity by being thought great, placde with bankers to run at interest, in the name of their children, on the occasion of every such ceremony, there would have* been many more wealthy and influential individuals among the Parsees than there are even atpresent.

9th. The objects, therefore, of the late Punchyat in printing and publishing the aforesaid code of Regulation, were to abolish the practice of marrying children at tender age, as well as the ceremonies purely of Hindoo origin; and to reduce the expenses attendant on those which

could not be dispensed with, to as small an amount as possible; and in order to give full effect to their desire to reform the Parsees and to ameliorate their condition; the then leading members of the late Punchyat set the rest of their community the example of marrying their children at a proper age, and of abolishing all the tomfooleries of which I have given an outline.

10th. These and other beneficial rules from time to time promulgated, were continued to be observed by the Parsees as long as the late Punchyat thus acted, and when their leading members were all bent upon one common object, namely, the welfare of their community. But, alas! "such a state of things" was too good for the Parsees, and "did not continue long enough;" party interest predominated; and the mode of proceeding became gradually changed until the very constitution of the Punchyat was subverted, and that body, once so highly respected, "expired without a groan!"

11th. Thus have I given you some of the causes that led to the eminence which the late Punchyat attained. My subsequent letters will enter into those that "led to its fall."

Bombay, 22nd Dec. 1844. Q. IN THE CORNER.

No. 8.

SIR,—In my preceding letters I adverted to a few prominent causes that "led to the eminence which the late Punchyat attained." Now I shall proceed to exhibit a few of the many of those that "led to its fall."

2nd. The leading members of the late Punchyat, I told you in para. 5th of my letter No. 1, were "*invariably proposed and formally elected by general voice, at their general assemblies*;" and the names of the eighteen leaders so elected, vide their "Bundobust in 1818," I gave you in my letter No. 2.

3rd. From that period till the dissolution of the late Punchyat, the election appears to have formally taken place at their general assemblies: of the following leaders:—

Jehangeer Framjee Davur, in the room of his late father Framjee Nanabhoy.

Ruttonjee Bomanjee Wadia, in the room of his late brother Jamsetjee Bomanjee.

Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia, in the room of his late uncle Ruttonjee Bomanjee.

4th. And the last election, according to the prescribed formality, was the following, as appeared by the late Punchyat's proceedings, dated 15th October 1823, of which the following is an extract :—

" That of those who held seats in the Punchyat, Parsee Nowrojee Meherjee, and Panthakee Darabdaro Framjee, having departed this life, the assembly this day met have appointed Parsee Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, and Hundearoo Horsmusjee Dorabjee, in their places."

5th. This was in 1823. Shortly after which one of the most distinguished of their leading members, Hormusjee Bomanjee Wadia, died, and from that time the Punchyat began to totter, till it broke down completely in 1836, through the irregularities of some of its members, who succeeded to influence by suffering party interests to interfere in the disposal of general cases, and by setting the established rules and regulations at defiance.

6th. I think the following note, copied " verbatim," addressed to one of the leading members of the Punchyat about that period, by an English Gentleman, then well known among them, gives but a faithful picture, however lamentable, of the state of things to which the influential members of that body were reduced.

7th. The document will be read with melancholy interest, I am sure, by those who are interested in the prosperity of the Parsees. It is as follows :—

" 25th June, 1830. My dear——Setjee.

" You have never obliged me with an answer to my note to you respecting the wife of Furdoon Navaub. I feel particularly interested in this case, and I certainly thought that you, as my friend, would assist me in obtaining for this unfortunate woman *common justice.*

" The whole of the Parsee caste ought to combine, to do her this justice ; her husband should be brought before the Supreme Court, and there made by a jury to compensate for the injury he has done this unhappy woman.

" *The wholesome and salutary effects of the Punchyat's decision are now perverted, I am afraid, to purposes unworthy the character of a tribunal so many years revered and respected by all caste ;* and thus may be accounted the feeling that the community in general evince to have all their disputes settled in our Courts of Justice.—Yours sincerely."

8th. My object in quoting the above must not be mistaken ; it is not to hold up to public derision the general character of the Parsees,

but to place in its true light to all the world that of the present self-denominated Punchyat, which is not recognized by the Parsee community.

Bombay, 7th Jan., 1845. Q IN THE CORNER.

No. 9.

SIR,—The case of the Parsee woman adverted to in the English Gentleman's note, quoted in para. 7 of my last letter, has, I believe, excited some interest, and as it is one not unattractive of itself, I will give you its outline.

2nd. One Fardoon Navaub, at the advanced age of "three score and ten," took a fancy to, and married, a young wife, much against the wishes of his relations—he being childless, they were afraid of losing their interest in his property, which was considerable.

3rd. The husband and the wife, not long after their union, disagreed,—and the relations of the former, by fanning the flame of discord, succeeded in removing the latter from her husband's house.

4th. She appealed to the members of the then Punchyat for redress. All that she wanted was to have a suitable provision made for her maintenance, according to the wealth and respectability of her husband, who, under the influence of his relations, would not allow her more than a mere pittance for her subsistence.

5th. The Punchyat previously took cognizance of several cases not dissimilar to the above, but since the alteration in the mode of administering justice by that body, under the circumstances mentioned in the 4th and 5th paras. of my last letter, the husband, or rather his relations succeeded in securing the influence among some of the members of the then *tottering* Punchyat to the extent that his wife appealed but in vain for redress from any of them.

6th This led to the note from the English Gentleman, as embodied in my last letter, in order to obtain, as he called, "common justice for this unhappy woman." Justice she did at last have, but *not until she presented a Petition to the Judges of the Supreme Court,* and had the aid of the Attorney for Paupers to prosecute her suit, that a sort of compromise was effected betwen her and her husband, and she obtained a suitable maintenance.

7th. My object, Sir, is not to quote individual cases, the space I intend to allot to the present series does not admit of my *doing so* or I might go on to an indefinite period, citing instances upon instances wherein justice was denied to the parties seeking it,—wherein private

influence predominated over just causes of complaints,—wherein dissatisfied parties either threatened to seek the interference of the British Courts of law, or otherwise acted in defiance of the partial decisions pronounced by the *time-altered* Punchyat—that is from the period it began to fall into disrepute until its final dissolution by the resignation of some of its former leaders in 1836.

8th. I will, however, give you a few prominent points on which the old and the newly elected members of the late Punchyat disagreed, until they separated and the former threw up their office, and which led to the abrupt dissolution of that body in 1836.

9th. The following are the points of contention between the old and newly made members of the late Punchyat :

The former strove to maintain the sacred principle of treating "the poor and the rich alike." The latter were bent upon sacrificing that *inestimable* principle !

The former were for assembling the Punchyat, from time to time, in the usual manner, in one of their public places of worship ; the latter could not bear the idea of having their measures openly canvassed by a public body, and were for having instead private meetings in their houses and offices !

The former were for continuing to a class of Parsees called *Pusthakeeas* as the privilege which they enjoyed for nearly half a century, of celebrating the first day of particular *Ghambars*—seasons,—by giving a feast to the whole caste ; whilst the latter were for conceding that privilege to one of their friends.

The former were for excommunicating any Parsee who kept intercourse with any of the offenders then expelled from their caste ; but the latter would, and did themselves eat and drink with those "out-castes" *even* in Bombay, although the rules prohibited all from doing so.

10th. In short, one after another each and every one of the rules and regulations passed by the late Punchyat, as given in my letters from No. 2 to 6, for the better government of the caste, &c., have, either directly or indirectly, been suffered to be violated and trampled upon by those newly made members ! !

11th. But the last, though not the least, cause of the division between the said old and the newly made leaders, was the encouragement given on the part of the latter to the unhappy re-establishment of the custom of bigamy among the Parsees and which the old members strove hard to check and annihilate,—vide their "bundobust" which I gave you in my letter No. 2 ; and for which offence a large number of Parsees, from time to time, were previously excommunicated.

12th. The circumstances I have just alluded to have been so vehemently commented upon, in language so strong, with reasons so cogent, in the letters of remonstrances which some of the old members of the late Punchyat addressed to that body, in throwing up their offices, that I will not omit, in my succeeding numbers, to give you a translation of these remarkable documents.

Bombay, 17th Jan., 1845 Q IN THE CORNER.

No. 10.

SIR,—I stated in my last letter, para. 9, a few of the prominent points that led to the division among the old and the newly elected members of the late Punchyat; and in para. 11 I added that the last cause, though not the least, that brought an untimely end to this once highly respected and really useful institution, was the encouragement given on the part of the newly elected Members to the unhappy re-establishment among the Parsees of Bigamy, which the old Members strove hard to check, and if possible to annihilate.

2d. How strange and lamentable is the fact that the individual who trampled upon the Punchyat's bundobusts, who set its authority at defiance, and of whom (owing to the preponderance of the influence of the newly elected Members in his favour) no notice whatever was taken, whilst others were punished and expelled from caste for the very like offence, was one of the sons of the late Hormusjee Bomanjee Wadia, who (the latter) had so conspicuously distinguished himself among the Parsees for his zeal in the cause of their morality and welfare, by keeping, and causing to be kept, strictly inviolate the admirable rules of the late Punchyat, by setting such a bright example as that I quoted in my letter No. 6, para. 5, which led to his memory being revered even now among the Parsees!!

3d. This young gentleman's first wife survived but a very short time after this, to her, most awful blow. She was one of the grand daughters of Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia, then one of the leading Members of the late Punchyat, and all that this respected old gentleman did, when he found that all persuasive measures from in and out of his family failed; that even those newly elected Members of the Punchyat were for encouraging on the youth to pursue his intentions, rather than taking any notice of the same; and as the only course that was left for him, the said Nowrojee Wadia, under such untoward and unhappy circumstances,

was to have abdicated his office, and seceded from the Punchyat, by writing a letter to that effect to his colleagues, and proclaiming the following notice to the Parsees at large, dated 15th June 1836, as appeared in the *Sumachar* newspaper of the next day :—

"NOTIFICATION.

"I, Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia, do hereby publish this for the information of the whole of the Zoroastrians, that I have resigned the office which I have hitherto held as one of the Members of the Punchyat; and that I have duly addressed a letter, dated 8th June, to the leading gentlemen of that body, to this effect, that from the time my name was enrolled among the members of the Punchyat I have taken such trouble as I could in performance of my duty on behalf of our assembly, but that I now find it impossible to do so, when individuals appeal to me for redress which I could not grant; consequently I have represented them to cause the nomination of some other gentleman in my stead. That from and after this day I consider myself to have absolved from this business. Let this be known to all. Dated this 15th June, 1836.

"(Signed) NOWROJEE JAMSETJEE WADIA.

4th. The Editor of the *Sumachar*, the leading Goozratee Paper, when inserting the above, and eulogizing Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia meritedly, for all the benefits he had conferred on, and good done by him to the poor, and regretting heartily the circumstance that led to his seceding from the Punchyat, has added the following remarkable passage :—

"That another, and equally upright, member of the Punchyat is also going to throw up his office; and when such leading members will tear themselves away, one after another from this body, it is impossible to prognosticate what might not befall the Parsee community! We do say thus much, however, and that we do most conscientiously assert that unless some alteration takes place in the *present* mode of dispensing justice (impartial justice) it is impossible that the business of the Punchyat could be carried on *at all to the satisfaction of all parties.* These upright individuals who are now going to secede from their offices do not wish that the business of the Punchyat should be carried on as at present; they find it inconsistent to remain in their office while such a state of things should continue; and that they do by no means desire thereby to bring their names into disrepute. For these reasons have they resolved upon throwing up their respective offices, and of remaining aloof (from the Punchyat); and it is imperative on the Zoroastrians

now to devise some means whereby to attain the welfare of their body !!"—*Sumachar, 16th June*, 1836.

5th. Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia's letter to the leading gentlemen of the late Punchyat, referred to in his above notification, together with Framjee Cowasjee Sett's pungent but feeling observations thereon, in seceding himself also from the late Punchyat, shall form the subject of my next letter.

Bombay, 4th Feb., 1845. Q IN THE CORNER.

No. 11.

SIR,—The translation of the letter from Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia, adverted to in his proclamation published in the *Sumachar* newspaper of the 16th June 1836, as given in my last number, para. 4th, is as follows :—

" Brothers Bomanjee Hormusjee, Framjee Cowasjee, Cursetjee Manockjee, Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, Hormusjee Dorabjee, and the rest of the members of the Punchyat. This is written by Wadia Nowrojee Jamsetjee, who, with his prayer for your welfare, begs to represent that, on the death of the late Wadia Ruttonjee Bomanjee, your humble servant's name was enrolled among the members of the Punchyat, and from that day I did what I could for our assembly, as well as for the benefit of our people ; but as events of disgraceful nature at present are of frequent occurrence among us, and we cannot (or rather will not choose to) make any arrangements for checking the same, and as several poor people frequent my door for redress which I have it not in my power to grant, I, consequently, request the favour of your nominating some other person to supply my place.

* * * * * * * *

" In conclusion, pray excuse me from this time : henceforth I shall consider myself absolved from this (the Punchyat's) business. I shall cause a copy of this intimation to be published in the *Sumachar* for the information of the public. Dated this 8th June, 1836."

(Signed) NOWROJEE JAMSETJEE WADIA.

2d. At the foot of the above letter from Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia resigning his office as a member of the Punchyat, Framjee Cowasjee Sett made the following pungent observations. They are bold and undisguised, as they are penned with the sincerity and warmth of feeling which dictated them. It is a document of substantial interest, and is literally, as I could garb it in English, in these words :—

"I, Framjee Cowasjee, send greetings to all the gentlemen of the Punchyat, and write as follows: That our brother Wadia Nowrojee Jamsetjee has made but just and proper observations in withdrawing his name from the Punchyat. I, too, have come to the same resolution, and shall not hereafter join with you in transacting any of the Punchyat's business. Were I to attempt to particularize all my reasons for doing so, I could fill a thick folio volume, because we have of late failed in our objects in establishing any beneficial rules for our community. We have caused more evil than good for our people. You require not to be told the extent to which evil deeds are now being carried on among us. Individuals calling themselves Zoroastrians have now become so reckless that, in the first place, they look upon adultery and fornication as any thing but sinful or disgraceful! There are, in this place at present, individuals who not only deserting their lawful wives, recklessly live with, and spend their existence in the houses of, unprincipled women, but even their bastard children are admitted among Zoroastrians to their great disgrace. You will take no notice of, much less punish, such individuals; they are allowed even to participate in the sacred rites of our 'Ghambars,' and enter our most sacred places of worship; and what are the consequences resulting from this? Why, unprincipled Parsee females do now boldly and publicly keep up their illicit intercourse with men, even of other nations, by infamously exhibiting themselves like the females of other castes! And this because all the dread (hitherto felt) on the part of the males and females among the Zoroastrians has vanished away; because you, gentlemen of the Punchyat, have not brought, and will not bring, such offenders to punishment, but have on the contrary, passed the same over unnoticed. You are cognizant of their offences, but will make no arrangement to put a stop to this growing evil, the influence of which is every day increasing among us; and to such an extent will it augment that in some ten or twenty years hence you may be certain of witnessing Parsee women with jingles to their feet, learn to dance and go about nautching, like the Hindoo and Mahometan women, not only in the assemblies of the Parsees, but also of other castes. Such is my belief, and I write this to convey my feelings to you on the subject.

"It is deeply to be lamented that in the present age (of enlightenment,) and during our leaderships, we should have so utterly neglected guarding against consequences such as I have premised above; and that we should have failed in administering *impartial* justice to individuals seeking it; and that *all this is owing unfortunately to the existence of*

sheer jealousy among our ownselves!! In short, in neglecting to do good we have been the cause of augmenting mischief, and consequently we, the members of the Punchyat, on going to the other world will have to appear (before our Maker) covered with shame.

"It is to the *want of unanimity among ourselves of late that the whole of the (beautiful) workings of the Punchyat have been deranged!* Observe this, for instance, that the wife of one Namdar adopted a Mahometan Persian, named Zal, as her son, and invested him with the sacred badge of Zoroaster, and afterwards married him to a Parsee girl, without the permission of the Punchyat; since then, this wretch of a man succeeded in enticing his said matroness, and she a widow and the mother of several children, actually eloped with him, and is living under his roof! You will do nothing to him—you will even not take the trouble of enquiring into the circumstance, much less take proper notice of it!! When such things are allowed to pass, why should we *suffer the name of our Punchyat to be soiled with disgrace!!*

"How many such instances might I write on? Gentlemen, you had the remedy in your hand but you neglected to avail of it in order to put a stop to such disgraceful doings as that I have mentioned.

"Proper *bundobusts* had been made in the time of the late Hormusjee Bomanjee Vadia, and other leading members of our Punchyat, to check such licentious doings amongst the Parsees, but to such *bundobusts* you did not continue to give due effect, and it is to this that the increase of evil among us must be attributed. If you but seriously reflect on this you cannot miscalculate on the probability of throwing obloquy on the fair name of our Zoroastrians, for when it will be more generally known among the English and other nations that adultery is thus virtually sanctioned by the Parsee caste, might they not call us all bastards?

"This very circumstance was forcibly brought to my knowledge by Mr. John Leckie, during the time the great case of the *Gheestas* (a Parsee family) was pending in the then Recorder's Court, and in the course of which several depositions were sworn to by the most respectable individuals among the Parsees, flatly contradicting each other!! Sheer envy (party feeling) alone influenced them to prevaricate themselves on the point at issue,—that according to our religion bastard children, though born of a woman of another nation, when invested with our sacred badge, are to be considered as legitimate offspring. Sir James Mackintosh, consequent upon such despositions, admitted a Parsee illegitimate son to the right of heirship to his late father's estate. Mr. John Leckie

who then was one of the sitting aldermen, sent for me, and told me that the court had, in that case, allowed a Parsee illegitimate son to inherit his father's estate; consequently in ten or twenty years there would exist no difference among the Parsees between the legitimate and illegitimate children, and that they all might be termed alike bastards; and that though the Parsee gentlemen were well treated by the Europeans and allowed chairs to sit on, they hereafter would not be considered, under the above circumstances, respectable enough to be treated with even such common civilities! The case in question abovementioned was subsequently brought to a new trial before Sir John Knewbolt, who re-investigated it anew, and by rejecting former contradictory evidences declared it as his opinion, and decreed it accordingly that a Parsee illegitimate son is entitled to a life maintenance only, and nothing more, from his father's estate.

"Again, gentlemen, observe the consequence resulting from your non-interference to put a stop to admitting such illegitimate Parsee children as proselytes among us.

"Here was an illegitimate girl by a French woman, from Mauritius, and within the last two days I have heard that even a member of my own *Banajee's* family, a woman by name Heerjeeni Soona, who is upwards of 60 years old, has eclipsed the fair name of our said family by re-marrying her son with this illegitimate girl, a bastard, under the circumstances which I have just now mentioned! Behold, then, that even members of a respectable family are content now to view such transactions in the light of any thing but disgraceful, and would thus rather sacrifice the respectability of birth, family, and character. And be assured, gentlemen, that such hereafter will be the most common occurrence among our own children—and for this reason, that the fault lies directly at our own door, namely, that we did not only put a stop to, or check, individuals from indulging in such, their infamous, proceedings, but you *yourselves, members of the Punchyat,* were even *not ashamed of yourselves in joining in feasts in honor of the weddings of such illegitimate and bastard children, and in parading through streets in such processions,* without regard to what people might say within themselves!!

"The members of the Punchyat are guilty of many such faults; and if ever I had damaged myself by mixing up with such transactions I could not have ventured to take upon myself the task of telling you any thing now. If a father mixes himself up with any such disgraceful transactions, his son is sure to follow the same course, because he has no

one to fear then: the only fear which he might have entertained of his father, but who, being mixed up in such a transaction he need fear him not, for such a father, were he to admonish his son upon such a subject, what would be the son's reply ?—why this: But, father, why do you then do it yourself? and this must silence him at once. In like manner, how can we admonish others unless we are guiltless ourselves ?

"Much of the Punchyat's business being kept in arrears, the poor people at last got tired of running after us, and ruining themselves by the delay. For instance again, one Sorabjee, son of Sookla Jamas outrageously took away a daughter-in-law of another Parsee, and, kept her in his own house as a concubine. You had both the knowledge of the circumstance, and proofs of the fact before you, but what did you do ? nothing!

"There are several persons, again, who will not even provide their daughters-in-law and wives with even common maintenance (on their being forsaken by their husbands;) whilst others are ripe to commit bigamy!

"A carpenter deserted his blind wife; she appealed to you—you would not do her impartial justice, and the said carpenter, without obtaining the Punchyat's permission, married another wife since the last six months, but as yet you have not caused a general assembly of our caste for the purpose of punishing the said carpenter, and the said Sookla Jamas's son!! Whilst the father-in-law of the said woman who eloped with the said Sookla Jamas's son has represented over and over again to allow his son, to marry another wife consequent upon the infidelity of his first wife; and yet you would not comply with his reasonable request, by causing the general assembly of our Punchyat for the same.

"Thus when you, the leaders of the Punchyat, will not administer fair and impartial justice to those who represent their grievances to you where are they to go to ? to whom are they then to apply ? Veritably, under such circumstances, they are forced to act independently of the Punchyat, and it will be impossible for the Punchyat to punish them for defying its authority."

3rd. After citing another case, that of one Muncherjee Merwanjee Jooja Francisna, similar in every respect to that of Sookla Jamas's son in openly living with a Parsee concubine, and whom the Punchyat could not bring to an account, Framjee Cowasjee concluded the above lengthy observations by requesting the leading members of that body to consider him, like his colleague Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia, to have

relieved himself from the Punchyat's business, and absolved of all its questionable doings ; recommending, however, to the gentlemen to whom these observations were addressed in their official capacities of the leading members of the Punchyat, to reorganize that body upon some substantial and equitable basis, by rejecting some and re-electing other members from among, and by the general voice of the Parsee body, but nothing of the kind was done, and the Punchyat (as it ought to be) was suffered to expire without even a groan.

Bombay, 6th March, 1845. Q IN THE CORNER.

No. 12.

SIR,—On the circular letter from Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia, with the lengthened observations thereon by Framjee Cawasjee Sett, stating their respective reasons for seceding from the Punchyat, (as published in my last letter) reaching Cursetjee Manockjee Sett, who then, as one of the recent Goozrattee Pamphleteers has termed it, "held the helm of that body," he, the said Cursetjee Manockjee, sent a message pretty nearly to the following effect.

2nd. That he continued to manage the affairs of the Punchyat so long as that body continued to exist, in its purest sense, for the benefit of the Parsee community—that is, so long as their general assemblies continued to be publicly held, and the decisions then and there passed met with the approbation of, and were respected by the Parsee Community, but that since he found that some of his colleagues were adverse to having public assemblies to discuss and decide on questions affecting their caste, he had, it was well known, ceased to take part with them in their proceedings ; that he was sorry to observe both his friends and breathren, Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia and Framjee Cowasjee Sett, were forced, like himself, to the necessity of withdrawing from the Punchyat ; that the former gentleman published his resignation in the *Sumachar* newspaper, and the latter notified it by a long letter ; but on his, Cursetjee Manockjee's, part, he was amply content by returning the circulars with his *ultimatum* that so long as the leading and influential Parsees of the day choose not to conform to the rules of their caste, as provided for by their constitutional *Bundobusts*, passed from time to time since 1817, and would not cause the general assemblies of their body, he would have nothing to say to them.

3rd. Thus, Sir, from the time, and under the lamentable circumstances which I have, I trust, clearly, though briefly, pointed out in my preceding letters, that the above mentioned three of the most respected individuals having resigned their seats from the late Punchyat, that

body once so well known, dreaded, and respected, by the Parsees, "expired without a groan;" and from that time may be dated the formation of the self-elected *conclave*, which ever since has become the subjects of so much ridicule—literally a laughing stock among the Parsees.

4th. It is much to be regretted that Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia did not long remain wedded to his resolve, nor Framjee Cowasjee Sett firm to his fixed determination. Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia, not many months after his notification in the *Sumachar* of the 15th June, 1836, (vide my letter No. 10, para. 3) and without even recalling or cancelling it by any kind of publication, joined and identfied himself with the said conclave; and Framjee Cowasjee Sett, too, joined it in some measures, not in others, whilst Cursetjee Manockjee Sett has, I believe, till very recently kept to his word in steering clear of their way.

5th. Irreconcileably inconsistent as it may appear, Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia has again last year published a second notification (not like his former one of 1836 in Goozrattee, but) in one of the English Newspapers, notifying, or rather repeating after the lapse of eight years, his resignation from the conclave, but, alas! subsequent to the publication of the said second notification, he has again and again identified himself in some measures, with that body. Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia, however is a worthy and good natured man: a kinder-hearted fellow, I believe, there does not exist among the Parsees, by whom he is invariably respected notwithstanding his incongruity. His only misfortune is his age and imfirmities.

Bombay, 10th April, 1845. Q IN THE CORNER.

No. 13.

SIR,—In my letter No. 9, para. 9, I adverted to some of the prominent points of contention between the old and the newly made Members of the Punchyat, which led to the abrupt dissolution of that body in 1836 ever since which, to all intents and purposes, it has ceased to exist; and these points I have, I trust, amply illustrated by quoting the words of the dissenting Members Messrs. Nowrojee Jamsetjee Wadia, and Framjee Cowasjee, who, in consequence, receded from the Punchyat—vide their circulars, published in my letters Nos. 10 and 11.

2nd. It now remains for me to illustrate what I mentioned in para. 11 of my said letter, and in para 2 of No. 10—that the last though not the least, cause of the division between the said old and the then newly made members of the Punchyat was the encouragement given, on the part of the newly made Members, to the unhappy re-establishment of

the custom of bigamy among the Parsees ; and that, owing to the preponderance of their influence, one of the sons of the late Hormusjee Bomanjeé Wadia was suffered to marry a second wife in the life time of his first, and that no notice whatever was taken of it ; whilst other individuals, for committing the very same offence, as being contrary to the *Bundobust* passed in 1817, were expelled from the caste.

3rd. I shall now conclude by a quotation from the press illustrative of the above subject, and the following Editorial notice of it I extract from the *Bombay Gazette* of the 11th June 1836:—

"A case has been brought to our notice of an intended marriage of a young Parsee of good family, and a young woman, who it is said is to be wife number two to this gay Lothario. We have not time at this moment to enter into particulars, but we may be able to do so in our next. In the mean time we would throw out the hint that bigamy is a crime punishable by seven or more years transportation, and we would therefore recommend our Parsee friend to look before he leaps. The rules of the Parsee caste are against such an union, and that being the case the English law would apply in all its rigour. We do not wish unnecessarily to expose the parties concerned."—*Bombay Gazette, 11th June,* 1836.

4th. The notice in the *Gazette* at the time, had, however, some effect on the young man—it damped his impulse, and that of those who stood by him as his supporters. But it was a momentary pause ; for five months afterwards the bigamy in question did take place ; the then influential members of the Parsee community would take no notice of it,—the Punchyat having then virtually ceased to exist ; the libidinous Parsees were not long in following this pernicious example set before them—encouraged and confirmed, as it were, by the influential members of their community ; and ever since that period instances of bigamy among the Parsees of Bombay appear to have been as numerous as they were previous to the adoption of the *Bundobust* in 1817, by the late Punchyat—vide my letter No. 2.

Bombay, 22d April, 1845. Q IN THE CORNER.

European Opinions.

The Times of India.

THE article of the *Times of India*, a couple of weeks ago on the Anjuman Meeting at Albless Baug, was no small service to the community at large. It pointed out to the promoters of the movement, how they missed the real point in a question of this character. This is not the first time that the *Times* has rendered such service to the community. When a similarly mischievous movement took place in the community, viz., the Anjuman Meeting of July 1870 to put out of the pale of Zoroastrianism Parsi prostitutes and their offspring, the *Times* at that time also spoke out and exposed the mischievous character of the movement and the meaningless proceedings of the meeting. It is in the best interest of the community that, even at the risk of being ridiculed and laughed at by our English friends, such writings should appear in the columns of the English press so that those who are purblind or shortsighted might seriously ponder to what extent they and, by their action, the community, are making themselves the laughing shock of thoughtful and cultured Englishmen and Indians. The *Times* article is as follows:—

"THE Memorial addressed to Sir Jamsetji Jeejeebhoy, 'a copy of which appeared in our paper yesterday' will suffice to show that, though the meeting held under his presidency might be absolutely unanimous, it cannot be considered to have represented the whole Parsi people. The Memorial is signed by well-known, public spirited, and highly intelligent members of the Parsi community, and must be regarded as an effectual protest against the resolutions of excommunication carried at the "Albless Baug" which was supposed like an old abbot's curse, with bell book, and candle to consign its objects to irremediable corporal disgrace, as

well as to spiritual perdition. It will be remembered that, on its being stated that one or two Parsi women had applied for licenses under the C.D. Act, the whole Zoroastrian community was filled with agitation. Never had it been supposed, or admitted that any Parsi woman had ever followed the "profession" indicated by this application. There was a certain degree of consistency in this moral indignation, for the Parsis have voluntarily accepted acts which make bigamy criminal. So the scandal must be wiped away; and without much inquiry as to what real foundation there was for it, a mass meeting was held and resolutions were passed excluding from Zoroastrian privileges and rights, both religious and social, all and every Parsi woman who has already, or may at any other time register herself as one of Dr. Knapp's flock. And more terrible than all, this excommunication was to extend beyond the present life—the Tower of Silence should be barred against the remains of these wretched victims of men's vices. This dire sentence may be supposed as equivalent to the barbarous midnight rites which in Europe up to last century, used to be performed at a suicide's grave. But at a Parsi mass meeting there was banded in a protest against the resolutions based on the strictest renderings of the Zend Avesta text. The writer of the letter Mr. K. R. Cama; was not able to be present, and by some manoeuvring on the part of the managers of the meeting, this voice of charity and reason was suppressed until the close of the meeting. But it has been heard of since, and hence this memorial.

Midnight rites.

"THE drift of that document was to show that the meeting at Albless-Baug could not be considered as binding on the whole community, it having neither the prescriptive authority of the old Punchayat, nor the legal weight of a regularly summoned meeting of modern form. Little argument on the general

question is introduced but the memorialists express their opinion that " not only the tenets of Zoroastrianism religion have been lost sight of, but great " ignorance has been betrayed of the most essential " principles of our religion," of any religion, we should say. The sternly virtuous men at Albiesh-Baug—especially the too clever managers who shunted Mr. K. R. Cama's letter—laid themselves open to a remark like that made by the discriminating Paris landlord who remonstrated with that slippery, but very innocent *Padre* sterne, to whom he said that he thought far more of the scandal than of the sin. It was not to condemn sin in both sexes that the indignation meeting was held and the resolutions passed, but only to cover with pitiless contumely any stray sinner of the weaker sex who being compelled by law and her hopeless position, should bring public shame on the fair fame of the Zoroastrian community. It is much to be regretted that the ill-advised action taken in the first instance has magnified and noised abroad the very exceptional instances of frailty which present themselves amongst a people whose women seem to be as notably chaste amongst Asiatics, as are the Irish in the European sisterhood."

Bombay Gazette Opinion.

THE *Bombay Gazette* also wrots on the 12th August 1870:—If we are correctly informed, the object of the Parsi meeting at the Albless Baug was not limited to the preservation, by force of terror, of Parsi female virtue. That served as a pretext. The real object of the leaders was the recovery of a power of domineering over the community once possessed by the shets. The meeting may be regarded as "the thin end of the wedge," as a not unskilful move towards the assumption of authority which can only lead to persecution. We agree with those who contend that the reformers have reason to dread the success of these tentative encroachments, since it is tolerably

plain from the resolutions passed at the meeting that the spirit of the movement is intolerance and retrogression. We must confess our great surprise that a body of natives supposed to be the most progressive, the most enlightened, and the most susceptible of civilization should have put forward such mischievous and retrograde opinions. It is an extremely unpleasant fact and must modify, has indeed already modified, the estimate formed of the community by the European population. As a correspondent points out the objection is not to the meeting though it has been so disastrous to the reputation of the Parsi leaders, but to the assumption that the meeting or any such meeting could speak for the whole community. The Parsis if they value their individual independence, and if they hope to make reasonable progress, ought to be grateful to the public-spirited men who signed the remonstrance. Of course if the community likes to be ruled by a few nothing can save them ; but the law we trust will protect the minority and also the inherent rights of those who fell under the ban of the meeting.

Anjuman Meetings and opposition to them.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

SIR,—I beg to give below a short account of the proceedings of a Parsi Anjuman meeting in 1870 having a close bearing upon the Anjuman's last meeting about the Juddin question. In 1870 two Parsi women applied to Mr. Dosabhoy Framji, Collector of License tax, for a license to carry on the trade of prostitutes, whereupon a representation went on 4th June by some Parsis to Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy and others; asking them to outcaste Parsi women carrying on the trade of prostitutes, as also the children born of such women, to exclude them from the benefits of all rites and ceremonies of the Parsi religion and from sacred fire temples; and not to desecrate the Tower of Silence by depositing the dead bodies of such women and their children. Sir Jamsetji and other *Akabars* met at three or four meetings at Mazagon Castle to consider and discuss the representation. At these meetings, Dasturs, Mutavalis and Managers of all the Atashberams, Adarans and Dadgahs were called and consulted, with the result that the representation was thought worthy of consideration, and it was decided that proper measures be adopted at a meeting of the Anjuman of all Zoroastrians. Thereupon a meeting of the Zoroastrian Anjuman was advertised over the signature of Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy, Baronet, at the Albless Baug on 3rd July 1870, where about two thousand Zoroastrians assembled. Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy was duly proposed and seconded to preside at the meeting. About four or five resolutions were passed declaring in substance, that in the opinion of the Zoroastrian Anjuman assembled that day, the women of the Parsi Community who carry on traffic of prostitution, and the children born of them, should not be treated and taken as Zoroastrians, and that they should be boycotted from all the sacred buildings belonging to the Zoroastrian religion, as also from rites, rituals, and ceremonies of the Zoroastrian religion, from the Zoroastrian public feasts (*Jasans, Gahambars* etc.,) and from the Towers of Silence —that proper measures be adopted for enforcing the resolutions by Sir Jamsetji putting himself in communication with the custodians, trustees and managers of the Fire Temples of different grades and orders so that such women and their children may not as Zoroastrians enjoy the benefit hitherto enjoyed as members of the Parsi Community. Besides officiating and other priests

at different Fire Temples were strictly to be enjoined by the trustees and managers accordingly. A special resolution was passed to prevent such women and their children on death being deposited in the Tower of Silence. After the business of the meeting was all concluded, the Panchayat Secretary was asked to read a letter of protest from Mr. Cursetji Rustomji Cama to Sir Jamsetji Jijibhoy in which Mr. Cama pointed out that, whilst the feeling on the part of the promoters of the meeting was highly commendable, the action of the meeting in boycotting such women and their children was utterly unwarranted by the saced books of the Parsi, that nowhere in the sacred writings of the Parsis was there any direction, mandate or authority for out-casting a Parsi from the fold of Zoroastrianism. Mr. Cama further pointed out that by shutting the doors of the Tower of Silence against these women and children, the only course left open for disposal of their bodies would be burial or cremation—modes of disposal of the dead expressly prohibited in the Parsi scripture, Mr. Cama further added that, however heinous the offence might be, there is no sanction in Parsis scripture thus to put those Parsi women out of the fold of Zoroastrianism. Mr. Cama dilated on the very catholic and liberal spirit of the Parsi religion towards all the dead and the living and the pious and sinner alike.

The Trustees of the Parsi Panchayat having received these resolutions they passed them on to Dasturs Peshoton Beramji Sanjana, Jamaspji Muncherji Jamas Asana, Sorabji Rustomji Mullnafiroz and Cursetji Bezonji asking their authoritative opinion based on the Zoroastrian scripture as to the working and carrying out of the resolutions. The Dasturs assisted by Mr. Muncherji Hormasji Cama and the Panchayat Secretary on 27th July 1870 sent their joint opinion stating that if a Parsi woman adopts prostitution as a trade, she can be taken back in the fold of Zoroastrianism, if she expresses her sincere repentance, by he *Riman Nahan* ceremony and the *Patet* ceremony, after which she can again be admitted to the religious places of worship of Parsis, and they could then take the benefit of the Towers of Silence on death, provided if she was in family way during her prostitutions, she could not be taken back in the Zoroastrian religion, until her accouchement. The Dasturs further stated that if a Parsi protitute at death-bed expressed repentance, and if after her death, her relations expressed their regret, she should not be given admittance to the Tower of Silence but her body should be taken to the hill and deposited at a certain place appointed for such purpose—that the *Geh* ceremony could be performed by two non-*Barshnoom* Mobeds, that there should be no funeral procession, that her body is to be deposited on a *Chotra*, that the children of such Parsi women during prostitution should be treated as Juddin, and dead bodies of such children should not be deposited either in the Tower of Silence or on the *Chotra*. The

Dasturs further add that if children of such prostitute Parsi women, after having attained the age of 15 years, of their own discretion, by their own faith, desire to enter the Zoroastrian religion, they should be given training in the tenets of the religion and invested with the sacred shirt and girdle. If, however, such childern of 15 years of age or under, are not thus taken in Zoroastrian religion, they should be treated as Juddins and not allowed the rights and privileges of Zoroastrians ; and that if such children die without the sacred shirt and thread investiture ceremony, they should be treated as Juddin.

The present generation of Parsis will naturally be anxious to know what practical effect was given to the solemn resolutions of the Anjuman and the *ex-cathedra* opinions of the three pillars of the Parsi religion. The answer is simple. I say authoritatively that the Anjuman resolutions were admitted by all concerned as quite unworkable, more so in view of the exposition of the High Priests. It is, however, for the Secretary of the Panchayat, Mr. Jivenji Mody, to enlighten the community by giving from the records of his office the fate of the resolutions after the expositions of the three priests.

It is significant of the conduct of the Chairman of the Anjuman Meeting that disregarding all the recognised rules of public meeting to read a letter like Mr. Cama's at the very opening of the meeting, he suppressed it until the very close of the business of the meeting. It appears Mr. Cama who had sent his letter of protest to Sir Jamsetji through Mr. Dossabhoy Framji wrote again to Sir Jamsetji asking for an explanation of his conduct. Sir Jamsetji's reply was worthy of an autocratic irresponsible shethia.

There can be no two opinions on the fact that the emphatic unanimous opinions of the High Priest not only neutralised the resolutions of the Anjuman Meeting, but completely stultified the very agitation from its inception, manufactured by a set of pinch-beck saints too good by half.

After the Anjuman meeting *i. e.*, on 21st July 1870 a protest was sent to Sir Jamsetji by twenty-five public spirited Parsi gentlemen, a copy of which I beg to enelose.

That the courageous and independent twenty-five protestants were perfectly justified in not acknowledging the leadership of the Shethias or Akabars is seen from the following facts brought out at the time. I say this on the authority of the *Times of India* of the day. Among these Shethias or Akabars there were two who had been shamefully guilty of bigamy against the rules of the Parsi community and escaped punshment in a court of law because the Parsi Marriage and Divorce Act declaring bigamy criminal amongst the Parsis was not in operation in those days—Shethias who proved faithless to their lawfully married w... Again there were four Shethias or Akabars who had passed un... notorious Act XXVIII of 1865 (in popular language called આ... રીબંધારો.) There were others who had figuredvery badly in ... the Share Mania and their acts of commercial imm...

in the investigations in the Insolvent Debtor's Court, the proceedings of the Bank of Bombay Commission presided over by Sir Charles Jackson, in the Bombay Joint Stock Corporation pamphlet, and in several other similar documents.

In this connection the *Bombay Guardian* of the day wrote the following para on the action of the Anjuman Meeting :—

"The Parsis think it an insufferable reproach that any female of their number should ever follow a life of prostitution. They have decided that such as may do so shall *forfeit all the privileges of Parseeism* and *even when dead, shall be excluded from the Tower of Silence.* Nothing can be more commendable than that Parsis should be jealous for the purity and morality of their order, but *why is this one vice singled out for detestation* ? A Parsi has just been found guilty of forgery ; in our jails are found *Parsis* who have been *guilty of all kinds of immorality*, Parsis are sometimes guilty of murder ; *none of these forfeit the privileges of their religion*, the excommunications of the caste pass all these by, and fall exclusively upon the women who have betaken themselves to a life of shame. We suppose there is *among the Parsis as much of that form of immorality which is the real though indirect cause of prostitution, and which is justly accountable for it, as among other people.* This seems to us a case where the admonition, 'He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone,' might properly be remembered. It is remarkable that the Bible, in the enumeration of the classes who shall be excluded from the New Jerusalem and cast into the lake of fire, makes no distinction of sex in this matter of fornication (Rev. XXI. 8 and XXII, 15 ; also I Cor. VI. 9). This deserves to be considered in a day when the Contagious Diseases Acts are being brought into force."

To this day there has been no Anjuman meeting putting out of caste a number of Parsis convicted of adultery as co-respondents in Divorce Courts or in Criminal Courts. The Akabars, the custodians of Parsi morals, can account for their inaction.

I crave your permission to supplement the above by one more instance of protest against the pretended authority of the *Akabars* to call an Anjuman Meeting and pass resolutions there [redacted] the name of and binding upon the Parsi Community. On [redacted] and order being restored throughout India after the [redacted] of 1857, the *Akabars* of the Parsi Panchayat of Bombay [redacted] isements and handbills over their signatures invited all [redacted] t the Wadia Fire Temple to join in a public

jashan offering prayer to God for the end of the Mutiny and restoration of peace, tranquility and order. Now a stout opposition was offered to the right thus arrogated by the *Akabars* of the Panchayat, with the result that the same evening a rival Jashan (so to say) was performed at the Framji Cawasji Fire Temple—Dastur Sorabji R. Mullafiroz the head priest officiating at the function. At its close Mr. Dossabhai Framji Karaka read a resolution of protest against the power arrogated by the Panchayat *Akabars* of advertising and inviting the Jashan gathering at the Wadia Fire Temple in the name of the *Akabars*.

The resolution in substance was as follows :—That the public notice issued on behalf of, and by the order of, the Akabar Sahebs of the Parsi Panchayat inviting Zoroastrians to the *Jashan* ceremony was quite irregular, as by such action it was attempted to be shown that there was a duly constituted Parsi Panchayat, acknowledged and recognised by the Zoroastrian residents of Bombay ; that on the contrary, it was a notorious fact that, for years past, there was no lawfully constituted Panchayat acknowledged by the Parsi Anjuman of Bombay, and that accordingly this (opposition) *Jashan* had had to be performed, that this assembly takes this occasion to declare that there is no Parsi Panchayat at all acknowledged or recognised by the Zoroastrians of Bombay. Besides Mr. Dossabhoy Framji, Mr. Bomanji Jijibhoy Dadabhoy also joined in entering the protest.

PRO. JUDDIN.

***We give below an English translation, that appeared in the *Times of India* and *Bombay Gazette* in July 1870, of the letter of protest which our correspondent has sent us. [Ed. O. R.]

To

SIR JAMSETJI JEEJEEBHOY, BART,

Chairman of the Meeting held at the "Albless Baug"

on 3rd July 1870.

Sir,—We have pursued in the Gujerati newspapers an account of a public meeting, presided over by yourself and held at the "Albless Baug" on the 3rd instant, we have likewise seen copies of the letters dated the 7th idem, sent by you to the Trustees or Managers of Fire Temples, in Bombay, communicating to them the resolutions passed at the above meeting ; and we deem it our duty to address you on the subject.

2. It appears that some 200 Parsis wrote to you and fifteen other gentlemen of our community a letter wherein they brought to notice the promulgation of the Contagious Diseases Act, and recommended the exclusion of all Parsi women who may register themselves under the Act, and the children born of such women, from all religious ceremonies, Fire-Temples and Towers of Silence ; and that to consider this letter the said meeting was held and resolutions passed thereat.

3. We appreciate the spirit which suggested the idea of holding a meeting to 200 of our co-religionists who signed the requisition, and we cannot have anything to say against such large gatherings of one or two thousand of our people for considering subjects concerning the good of our community, but we object to your characterizing, as you have done, the meeting of the 3rd instant, as a meeting of the "whole community great and small." The meeting which was convened by you and fifteen other gentlemen is not, and cannot in our opinion, be considered a meeting of the entire Parsi community.

4. You are well aware that among our community there is at present no acknowledged person or body of persons who have authority to summon a meeting of Parsis, the acts of which can be considered binding on the entire body of the people, including those who either refrain from attending the meeting themselves, or may hold opinions different from the resolutions there arrived at.

5. The power to convene such meetings not being delegated to any one, your own good sense will on reflection make it clear to you that it was a mistake to sign yourself as President of the "whole community great and small," instead of simply describing yourself as President of the meeting held at the "Albless Baug" on the 3rd instant.

6. The impropriety of assuming such authority, as well as the truth of our remarks on the subject, will be more apparent by taking the following example:—If another body of one hundred or two hundred Parsis were to petition fifteen or twenty other gentlemen to call a public meeting to decide on some supposed grievance, and suppose these gentlemen, taking the meeting of the 3rd instant, as a precedent, do accordingly convene a meeting and pass resolutions, would such a meeting be entitled to be called the meeting of the "the whole community great and small," and would its decisions be entitled to weight and authority? And in like manner, could any number of such public meetings similarly convened pass decisions binding on the entire community? If so, then there would be a multiplicity of tribunals all equally binding on the Parsis, which would be at least a monstrous anomaly. If not, then the meeting of the 3rd instant would in like manner be of no effect and validity.

7. Further, we consider it necessary to state that irrespective of our opinion that the proceedings of the meeting at the "Albless Baug" cannot be binding on the entire body of Parsis, the resolutions passed there appear to us to be faulty and not well considered. It is within the power of us all to exclude from social privileges not only prostitutes, but all offenders against morality; but when the resolutions passed by you lay down that a prostitute woman is not to be considered a Zoroastrian, notwithstanding her belief in Zoroastrianism, when they compel her in a way to renounce the faith and enjoin that even her children shall not be admitted therein nor be permitted to follow it, it appears to us that not only the

tenets of Zoroastrianism have been lost sight of, but great ignorance has been betrayed of the most essential principles of our religion—We have &c.,

Cursetji Nusserwanji Cama, Sorabji Shapurji Bengalee, Dossabhoy Framji Kuraka, Rustomji Cavasji Bahadurji, K. R. Cama, Hormasji Bapuji Vicaji, Jamsetji Jeevaji Soonawalla, Ruttonji Bomanji Nadirshah, Cursetji Framji Khoree, Rustomji Nusserwanji Khoree, Manockji Dhunjeeshah Doctor, Cursetji Manockji Shroff, Dossabhoy Ruttonji Cola, Framji Edulji Davur, Dossabhoy Byramji Pasikaka, Jeejeebhoy Jihangirjee Lam, Limji Nowroji Banajee, Pherozeshah Pestonji, Nusserwanji Jehangir Lamna, Jehangirjee Burjorji Wacha, Pestonji Jehangir, Jamsetji Pallonji Kapadia, Bomenshaw Cowasji Vakeel, Framjee Shapurji Doctor, Pestonji Dajeebhoy Poonawalla.

Bombay, 21st July 1870.

Notice to the Panchayet.

Bombay, 10th May 1905.

To,

SIR JAMSETJEE JIJIBHOY, BART.,
HORMUSJEE EDULJI ALLBLESS, ESQ.,
JAMSETJI CURSETJI JAMSETJI, ESQ.,
MERWANJI MUNCHERJI CAMA, ESQ.,
AND
BOMANJEE DINSHAW PETIT, ESQ.,
Styling yourselves Trustees of the Charitable Funds and Properties of the Parsi Panchayat of Bombay,
and
JIWANJI JAMSETJI MODI, ESQ.,
Styling yourself Secretary of the said Trustees.

GENTLEMEN,

We are instructed by our clients Sir Dinshaw Maneckjee Petit, Bart., Sir Jehangir Cowasjee Jehangir, Kt., Mr. Rustomjee Byramjee Jeejeebhoy, Mr. Ratanjee Jamsetjee Tata, Mr. B. S. Patel, Mr. R. D. Sethna, Dr. N. N. Katrak and Mr. Ratanjee Dadabhoy Tata on behalf of themselves and others to address this communication to you, the nature whereof renders necessary to take a review of certain events in the past history of the community,

It appears from such records as exist that the so-called Parsi Panchayat of Bombay was, in its origin, composed of the entire community of Parsis then resident in Bombay. When the institution first came into existence, the Parsis of Bombay formed a small and definite body, the members whereof could easily meet together for the collective disposal of such questions of internal discipline and management as from time to time arose among them. These questions were, as might be expected, few and simple and the decisions of the Panchayat being virtually unanimous or tacitly consented to, received no opposition.

In process of time, the community increased in numbers and advanced in wealth and intelligence, and as a necessary consequence, the powers and authority of the Panchayat or community as a whole came more and more to be delegated to certain selected members, who also came to be called the Panchayat. The Panchayat in its narrower sense, however, derived its powers from the community as a whole to which it owed its existence.

As pointed out by Mr Anderson when introducing the Parsi Marriage and Divorce Bill in the Legislative Council of India in 1865, the term Panchayat "taken by the Parsis from the Hindus around them has not been very happily chosen," and it never was, and was never intended to be the "rude under-the-tree-investigation" which the idea of a Panchayat suggests. The Parsi Panchayat was from the very commencement a body which regulated its proceedings with more or less formality.

At a certain stage in the development of the community it was found necessary to obtain some recognition by the Government of Bombay of the Panchayat as then constituted and Government accorded such recognition. Such recognition, however, was not independent of the community as a whole, and was based wholly and solely on selections and nominations made by the community.

It deserves to be noted here that the Panchayat, small or large, never set up as a propounder or interpreter of the tenets of the Zoroastrian religion, and never dreamed of questioning or repudiating them for social or other reasons.

It need scarcely be observed that the Panchayat system of administering the internal affairs of a community is suited only to a small body where there is not much diversity of interests and which is willing to be guided by a few prominent

members ; and in the case of the Parsi community the time arrived when the necessary unanimity could not be secured and the powers and authority of the Parsi Panchayat, after futile efforts to maintain them, fell finally into desuetude in or about the year 1838, in which year a final attempt at obtaining the sanction of the Government to its official recognition was discountenanced by them—which is a point of no small significance in the present connection.

While thus the Panchayat as a body passed away, one part of its work, namely, the custody and management of the charitable funds set apart from time to time by religiously and benevolently-minded Zoroastrians remained in the hands of influential but unauthorised persons, who quietly usurped the function. It is not necessary here to mention the humble and modest beginnings of these funds ; it is enough to say that these now consist of movable and immovable properties of the value of nearly a crore of rupees, and embrace religious, charitable, and philanthropic endowments, and institutions of a diversified character such as numerous Dokhmas, Atash Adrans, Dharamshalas, Institutions for the support of the blind, the crippled and the destitute ; Schools and Educational Institutions.

One of the acts of the Panchayat constituted as mentioned above was to nominate in 1823 four of their own number, namely, Hormasji Bomanji Wadia, Framji Kavasji Banaji, Nowroji Jamsetji Wadia and Jamshedji Jijibhoy, trustees for the management of the charitable funds then just beginning to be set apart. This appointment was made, it need scarcely be observed, under the authority vested in the Panchayat by the community as a whole. There was, however, our clients believe, no formal Deed of Trust declaring the powers and responsibilities of the body nominated as just stated, and no provision appears to have been made for regulating the future nominations to vacancies as they occurred, it being, no doubt, taken for granted that the Panchayat, that is the community, would make such nominations from time to time as vacancies occurred. The Panchayat (in its narrower sense), however, as already stated, ceased soon after to exist, and the surviving or acting "trustees" appear to have assumed to themselves the power of appointment of new trustees from among their friends and relations.

This assumption of authority appears always to have been disapproved of by a large portion of the community, and a feeling has for a long time past been gaining strength that the gentlemen who have virtually appointed themselves trus-

tees in the manner aforesaid have no legal status, and that measures should be taken for controlling and legalising such appointments with all proper safeguards. This feeling has acquired additional force from the prevalent belief in the community that the self-styled trustees have for a long time past ceased to exercise any real control or supervision over the administration of the funds and properties in their hands, and that all administrative power has drifted and virtually centered into the irresponsible hands of the Secretary.

Another cause operating concurrently and with even greater force in the same direction is the frequent attempts made, if not by some of the "trustees" themselves, at all events by their officious supporters, to enlarge and widen the scope of their power and functions and, to some extent, rehabilitate the old Panchayat in matters affecting the social and religious life of the Parsi community. To this arrogation of powers the intelligent and cultivated portion of the community has all along offered a steady opposition, as an instance of which may be mentioned the agitation in connection with the attempt to deprive fallen Parsi women of the benefits and use of places of religious worship, and to deny them the offices of religion and sepulture.

Such attempts at restoring the powers and privileges of the extinct Panchayat and clothing with them the trustees of the charitable funds and properties, have been sought to be justified as falling within the powers vested in them by implication as the administrators of the charities; and these attempts have from time to time stirred a spirit of enquiry as to what exactly are the terms and conditions on, and the objects for, which the several charities and endowments have been made, and whether and to what extent the intentions of the founders have been carried out or departed from.

The gentlemen calling themselves trustees for the time being of these charities have for years past published the accounts of the several funds and properties in their hands, showing the manner in which they have been invested and the income derived and disbursements made therefrom. But the community has, so far as the trustees are concerned, been carefully kept from all knowledge of the intentions and the objects of the founders, and the conditions imposed by them. Attempts have, from time to time, been made to arrive at the true facts of the matter, but hitherto the trustees have succeeded in evading them, though they are believed to have been fully conscious that they had no legal or valid title as trustees.

Some years ago the *Bombay Samachar* newspaper took up the question, and warmly agitated it, and demanded the production of all the original documents. More recently other organs of Parsi public opinion have recurred to the subject; and some years ago the late Mr. Muncherji Shapurji Langrana and others as secretaries for and on behalf of a Parsi religious society formally called upon the trustees to produce for inspection the Trust Deed under which they professed to act, and they were, on 4th August 1894, informed by Mr. Jivanji Jamshedji Modi, the Secretary, that the Trustees did not think it proper to comply with the request for certain reasons which, he went on to say, in the interests of the community itself and of the funds, they, the Trustees, did not consider it necessary to disclose.

This was as our clients consider a most arbitrary and high-handed proceeding on the part of the Trustees, who thus constituted themselves the judges of what was or was not for the benefit of the community, and arrogated to themselves powers which placed them above the very community whose agents they professed themselves to be.

Conduct like this was calculated to arouse suspicion and resentment, and these feelings have recently been considerably intensified by the part which you, gentlemen, have taken in connection with the question which has at present sharply divided the community into two opposing sections, namely, the question of admitting persons of other faiths into the Zoroastrian religion and allowing them the use and benefits of the sacred and religious institutions which the munificence and piety of past generations of Zoroastrians have created.

This question arose out of a recent admission into the Zoroastrian faith by a well-known High Priest with all proper ceremonies and rites, in consequence of which you were requested by a certain number of people to appoint a committee to investigate and report on the question of the advisiability or otherwise, under present social and religious and other conditions and the environment of the Parsi community, of admitting persons of other faiths into the Zoroastrian religion. But you, gentlemen, thereupon thought fit to call a general meeting of the Zoroastrians of Bombay, as if that was possible, or even if so, as if it could legislate for the community or any members of it, and at such meeting one of you presided. This meeting while proceeding on the assumption that it was permitted by the religion of Zoroaster to admit proselytes into the religion,

appointed a committee to consider the narrower question stated above, of which committee your Secretary, Mr. Jivanji Jamsetji Modi, was appointed with your tacit consent the Secretary, and he has throughout been the guiding spirit and the active promoter of the objects thereof.

The doings of this committee are within the knowledge of all Zoroastrians and long before it submitted its report, the conclusions at which it had arrived were well-known in the community. As the resolutions which the committee had arrived at were proposed to be placed for adoption before a general meeting of the community to be convened by you, our clients and numerous other gentlemen of position and intelligence in the community, who thought the Trustees were overstepping their own functions and those of the so-called meeting of the Anjuman, addressed to you on 28th October 1904 a letter of protest and warning in which after pointing out the fact that the Parsi community was bound to render obedience only to the general law of India and the special laws affecting them, that there was no such body as a Parsi Panchayat or any other authority possessing any powers to control the action of its members, that the meetings from time to time convened by the so-called Trustees of the Parsi Panchayat under a modern practice taken up for the sake of convenience were of a formal, ceremonial and limited character whose conclusions had no binding force or validity, a reference was made to the committee above referred to and the conclusions which it had arrived at, and you were requested in the best interests of the community and for the preservation of peace and harmony among its members not to convene a general meeting of the community for laying before it the report of the committee, on the ground that a general meeting of the kind was, by its character and composition, unfitted to deal with delicate questions of a religious and socio-religious character, and that the best course for the gentlemen holding the views of the committee was to educate up to them the public opinion of the Parsi community.

It would appear that either before or after the receipt of the above protest you, gentlemen, had cases prepared, under the instructions of your Secretary, for opinion of counsel, and on 9th February last, you issued a notification professing to be based on the advice you had received from counsel but which was really intended to anticipate and support the action of those with whom you were in sympathy, for by this notification you informed the Zoroastrian community that you had been advised by eminent counsel that the funds and properties in your possession such as Dokhmas,

Dharamshalas, Dare Mehers, &c., were in such possession only for the benefit of those who were born of Parsi ancestors in the paternal line and who were, at the same time, believers in the Zoroastrian religion, and who alone had a right to their use and enjoyment: that, therefore, you desired to notify that those who were not Parsi Zoroastrians in the above sense would never be allowed the use and benefit of the funds and institutions in your charge; and the notification concluded with a warning that those who not being Parsi Zoroastrians as defined by you, yet sought to obtain the benefits of the funds in your hands or to enter any of the religious institutions under your charge or to make any use of them, and those who attempted to deposit in the Parsi Dokhmas the corpse of one not a Parsi Zoroastrian, and those aiding and abetting such attempts, would do so at their peril.

As there were and have been for generations men and women in the Parsi community who, though not of Parsi parentage on both sides of their ancestry, have yet been, publicly and as of right, in the enjoyment of the full religious and social rights of Zoroastrians, your notification raised doubts in some quarters as to whether the proposed exclusion extended to such persons. You, we are informed, explained in the public papers of 3rd March last, that your notification was not intended to exclude from participation and enjoyment descendants of Parsi fathers by alien non-Zoroastrian mothers who by custom had been allowed all the rights of Zoroastrians, as also Zoroastrians who have immigrated or may hereafter immigrate from Iran.

Having thus, as you considered, fortified your position, you on 31st March last replied to the protest of 28th October last, alleging a promise to lay before a general meeting the report of the said committee, and excusing yourselves from compliance with the request made to you on the ground of breach of the promise so given by you. As to the several other matters referred to in the said protest, you bluntly declined to enter into a discussion thereof. At this time you must have been well aware that the infirmity of your own title as Trustees precluded you from authoritatively issuing the above notification, which might possibly lead to breaches of the public peace, order, and tranquility.

A meeting of "Parsi Zoroastrians" having accordingly been convened by you for the 16th of April last, it was presided over by Sir Jamsetjee Jijibhoy, Bart., and the resolutions arrived at by the Committee aforesaid were placed before the meeting and passed. These resolutions are based upon the distinction taken by you in your notification between

"Zoroastrians" and "Parsi Zoroastrians," and are only wider in their scope so far as that they are intended to apply to charitable funds and institutions other than those under your care both in Bombay and other parts of India, threaten with the displeasure of the Parsi community of Bombay all those priests who take part in the ceremonies for receiving persons of other faiths into the Zoroastrian religion, and desire the publication of the names of such priests with a view to their exclusion from the benefits of the sacred places of the Parsis and from employment as priests, and as regards persons born of non-Zoroastrian mothers deprive all future born progeny of such unions of the rights at present enjoyed by similarly situated persons. One of the resolutions passed at this meeting requests you, gentlemen, to publish and distribute the resolutions so passed in Bombay and in the Mofussil with a request to the communities in the Mofussil to enforce the same; our clients find that this request you have complied with by notification in the Parsi papers. The Chairman openly stated at the meeting that the Trustees had thus secured the support of the community.

You, gentlemen, have, we are instructed to say, thus as a body completely identified yourselves with the proceedings of a section only of the Parsi community of Bombay, and have, willingly or unwillingly, introduced disunion where there was peace and harmony before. In such a state of things it was, we are instructed to say, an abuse of your position as Trustees to throw your weight into one scale rather than remain neutral. It was, our clients are of opinion, incumbent upon you to hold a neutral and impartial position, and to act with the strictest good faith. That you should have chosen to deviate from this plain course and that too after you had been in firm but courteous language warned of the consequences which were sure to ensue, is a matter of extreme regret to our clients.

We are here instructed to note down some of the facts which bear out and justify the remarks made above:

(*a*) The cases submitted to counsel were prepared from instructions given by your Secretary who has passionately identified himself with one side of the question.

(*b*) The notification makes it appear as if the counsel consulted were unanimously of the opinion which is embodied in the notification, whereas from what our clients have come to know, the two counsel first consulted (the Hon'ble Mr. Scott, the Advocate-General, and Mr. Davar) differed, when a third one (Mr. Inverarity) was consulted, and he having agreed with one of the two first consulted, namely, Mr. Davar, the

opinion of the two only was acted upon. We are informed that the Advocate-General adhered to his former opinion, and refused to agree with those of the other two. It is with pain that our clients feel constrained to notice this want of candour on the part of gentlemen claiming to occupy the position you do.

(*c*) Such portions of the opinions as were in favour of the position taken up by the side you favoured were shown only to persons on that side, and they thus got published first in the one solitary Parsi newspaper on that side, and publication of such portions as did not support your views and the views of those on your side was withheld.

(*d*) Our clients believe that none of the original writings and documents creating the several charities and endowments were placed before counsel; instead of which certain so-called trust deeds and other documents subsequently prepared under instructions from the Trustees for the time being were laid before counsel and, our clients believe, that the later deeds so prepared deviate more or less from the original trusts, according to the views of the Trustees who gave instructions for the purpose or of their Secretary for the time being. It need scarcely be said that this circumstance renders the opinions valueless.

(*e*) Our clients have reason to believe that the distinction made by you between Zoroastrians pure and simple and Parsi Zoroastrians is not warranted by either the language or the intentions of the founders of almost all, if not all, the charities and endowments under your charge, and that this would appear if the original documents were produced. This view of our clients is strongly borne out by the publication in the Parsi Prakash of Mr. Bomanjee Behramjee Patel of some of these documents as also by the tablets on some of the religious buildings and the dokhmas. The expressions used in such documents and tablets are not that they are for the use and benefit of "Parsi Zarthostis" but of "Zarthostis" or "Mazdayashn Zurthostis." Another fact which also strongly bears out our clients' contention is that in the accounts which you from time to time publish of the funds and the institutions under your control such funds and institutions are stated, except in one or two cases, to be for the benefit of "Zarthostis" or 'Kulle Zarthostis" (*i. e.* all the Zarthostis taken together) and not of Parsi Zoroastrians alone.

(*f*) Our clients cannot bring themselves to believe that all these facts were not present to your minds or to the mind of your Secretary when he gave instructions for the cases that were submitted to counsel.

Our clients understand that there are two if not more trust deeds drawn up under instructions from your predecessors for the administration of the several trusts under your charge and which provide for the election of new trustees by the surviving or acting trustees.

There is reason to believe that in framing these deeds the original objects and purposes of the founders of the charities have been more or less departed from and that the trustees have thereby secured to themselves the power of appointing new trustees. These trust deeds therefore are ultra vires and cannot, in our clients' opinion, stand.

Under all the circumstances it is clear that matters cannot any longer be allowed to remain in the dark and that the Zoroastrian community have a right to know all about the several valuable charities and endowments founded for the benefit of their members. They have also a right to see the deeds under which you profess to administer the said charities and practically appoint yourselves to the office of Trustees. Last not least, they have a right to see the cases submitted by you to counsel and the opinions of counsel thereon ; and free inspection of all these deeds and papers is what we are in the first instance instructed to request you to allow to our clients.

Our clients have taken this step with considerable reluctance and, only when they found, specially after the tenor of your letter of 31st March last that no other course was open to them. They are acting in what they conceive to be the best interests of their community, and if you could see your way to viewing the matter in the light they do and allow them inspection of all the documents and papers mentioned above they would be unfeignedly glad to be spared the necessity of asking the assistance of the Court to obtain discovery.

If the facts set forth above are in the main and substantially correct, as our clients believe they are, our clients think that you will at once perceive the necessity for our clients to take all necessary steps to invoke the assistance of the Civil Courts to appoint valid Trustees, to settle a Scheme for the management of the various properties and funds with which you have been hitherto irregularly dealing, and to obtain all other necessary directions, for the administration of the various trusts. Our clients need not assure you that they are not actuated by any hostile or improper feelings in thus endeavouring to set these important matters right.

Yours obediently,

(Sd.) Ardeshir, Hormusji & Dinshaw,
Attorneys, High Court.

THE

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Editorial.

THE other day we received a letter from a correspondent informing us of the trembling expectation with which he had looked forward to our first number and the cold shock of disappointment which he experienced on opening it and perusing its contents. All the articles he found, to his sorrow, to be "trite and stale," except one, which he was kind enough to praise. In answer to this we may say that the Magazine depends entirely on contributions by the students, and whether a number is good or not depends on what kind of contributions are sent in. Supposing the whole College were to follow the example of our correspondent and simply sit down and find faults, without lifting a finger to help our new venture along, there would be no Magazine at all. The easiest thing in the world is to criticise, the hardest to do something oneself which will be above criticism. Our Magazine is just starting. Everyone allows that, whatever be its literary merit, it fills a gap and promises to do useful work. All it needs is the co-operation of the students. The Editors have noticed, with some disappointment, that many of those best able to write have as yet refrained from sending in contributions. Let us hope that they will realize, before very long, that they might be doing us a kind act by spending an hour or two in working for us.

We publish in this number a letter concerning the allotment of B.A., scholarships, which seems to be sensible and contain useful suggestions. We should like to see more of this kind of thing in the Correspondence column. If a student has a grievance, or a suggestion to make, what better place can there be for it than the pages of his College Magazine? Anything in print has a kind of importance, merely from the fact of being in print; and as our Magazine passes through some very influential hands, after its publication, it certainly would seem not unwise to raise debateable questions through its medium. We can think of many which might well be discussed in our columns. Everyone knows, for instance, that there is a proposal to move the College out of Bombay. Has no one any views on this important suggestion? Again there is the old grievance of the Students' Quarters. A public expression of this grievance could do nothing but good. In reference to this

matter, we certainly think that the students who are condemned to live in the hot, stuffy, unhealthy buildings, which are dignified by the name of the "Residency," have every reason to complain. The curse of the jerry-builder is on Bombay. Wherever he finds twenty square yards of open space he builds a cheap flat or some other abomination. Finding a nice convenient place round the Residency he has completely surrounded the latter with unsightly erections, which, besides being hideous, succeed in totally cutting off any air which may exist in that part. No wonder that epidemics are not unknown in the Quarters. The wonder is that any one keeps well at all. When one considers that the students have to do their work there, in those ill-lighted, ill-ventilated rooms, one can only pity them and make every excuse for them. In fact, proportionately to their social position, students have just as much to complain of as the hoards of poor wretches, of a lower order, who crowd the miserable rabbit-warrens of the bazaar.

Another matter, which might well be discussed, is the Jubilee of the College, which takes place next year. How are we to celebrate it? At present there is great uncertainty among the authorities as to a suitable and adequate method of celebration. Is it to be in the morning, afternoon or evening? We have unfortunately a rule forbidding the use of artificial light in the College buildings; otherwise an evening entertainment or reception would have seemed most fitting. If it is to be during the day, what sort of thing are we to have? Should there be any permanent memorial of the occasion? Such questions as these really require answering, and we shall be glad to receive any letters on the subject.

By the time this goes to press the Northcote Shield Competition will have been decided. Up to the present we have every reason to be proud of our College team. Every match so far has been won by an innings. The news has just reached us of the decisive defeat of the Samaldass College at Bhavnagar by an innings and 158 runs. This is a wonderful achievement, considering the long train journey which the team had undergone. Our heartiest congratulations are due to Mr. Mulla, who for the second year in succession has scored a century in these matches. It does not do to be too sanguine about so uncertain a game as cricket, but we may reasonably hope for success against the Fergusson College on the 7th and 8th. In any case we have done exceedingly well, and our team is really rich in varied talent. This reminds us that we might well take this opportunity of publicly congratulating Mr. Chothia on his wonderful display against the Parsi Gymkhana on August 27th. For so young a batsman to score 67 out of a score barely over 100 is a feat that the College should be proud of. Mr. Vakil's catch in the same match was also a thing to be remembered by those who saw it. He is one of the few persons we have seen catch a ball which was absolutely out of reach!

It is a great pity that the College will be closed and the students dispersed at the time of the Royal visit. We should have liked to have taken some part in the general festivities, seeing that our College is the chief representative in the Bombay Presidency of one of the most important departments of government. Perhaps however there may be a large enough number of students in Bombay at the time to get up something in the way of a welcome for their Royal Highnesses. In case anyone should think of a suitable method of celebrating the occasion, the Editors would be glad to receive letters on the subject, not of course for publication in the Magazine, which would be impossible as the next number will not appear till next term, but in order to collect suggestions, which could afterwards be laid before a college meeting sometime before the end of this term. According to the programme which appeared the other day in the *Times of India* the Prince and Princess seem to have very little time to spare, considering the vast number of their Bombay engagements, but if we could arrange even for a quarter of an hour it would be something.

TO THE SKY-LARK.

Thou joyous bird of Earth and Air
That greet'st the dawning day,
And thrill'st the dew-charged morning breeze
With a solemn lay,
Could I but spurn this lowly world
Like thee, and calmly float
Where like a speck thou hangest high
On clouds remote,
Clearing the early paling blue
To higher climes of rarer hue.

Thou leader of Earth's vocal choir
Pouring thy lovely song,
Happy thy lot who thus canst roam
And sing along,
Unpained at Earth's sad fate nor grieved
At losses past repair,
And seest in every morn a birth
Of pleasures gayer,
For I but meet in every dawn
A ghastly wraith of days long-gone.

Teach me, Immortal bard, this song
Which so uplifts thy heart,
That purged of Earth's low thoughts and cares
I too may start
For brighter regions, newer heights,
With thou to lead me on,
Where I may blithely join thy strains
To welcome dawn ;
For then 'twill bring but joy to me
And Faith to soothe my agony.

D.

THE PRINCIPAL'S LECTURES ON JAPAN.

THE first lecture dealt with the history of Japan. When the ancestors of the present Japanese entered the islands, probably by way of Korea, they found them occupied by another race, bigger and hairier than themselves, the Ainu. These were gradually pressed northwards, until now they are confined to the northernmost island, there being only about 17,000 of them left. They support themselves mainly by hunting and fishing, are said never to wash, and are dreadfully drunken. They worship bears, which they bring up in their houses, and then sacrifice at an annual ceremony; and the Ainu girls tattoo their lips with an immense pair of blue moustaches.

The Japanese themselves ascribe the origin of the islands to a pair of deities, who also gave rise to the Sun-goddess, and other gods. A descendant of the Sun-goddess became the first human emperor of Japan; he is said to have begun to reign in 660 B.C., and is now known as Jimmu Tenno. About 200 A.D. the empress Jingo is said to have collected a fleet and invaded Korea. But it is not until the 6th century that European scholars find any firm historical ground; it was then that Buddhism was introduced, and along with it Chinese writing and civilization. From this time on the power gradually passed from the hands of the emperors to those of certain great families, whilst the emperors spent their time in idleness or debauchery, surrounded by women and priests. Many were mere children, forced to abdicate as soon as they grew up.

The first of the great ruling families was the Fujiwara, who retained power for nearly 400 years (670–1050), during which period occurred the only attempt that has been made to invade Japan; the Mongols sent a great fleet, which was wrecked by storms. Towards the end of the 8th century the court was established at Kyoto, which remained the imperial capital for nearly 1100 years. Here the emperors were entirely secluded from view.

But in course of time the Fujiwara themselves decayed, and the two great families of Taira and Minamoto came to the front, their rivalry lasting 150 years. In 1156 the Taira became predominant under Kiyomori, who killed his rival and took his widow as a concubine, sparing her sons in consequence Two of these, Yoritomo and Yoshitsune, were destined to exterminate the Taira Kiyomori himself was hated, and as soon as he died the Minamoto rose, drove the Taira before them to the south of the main island, and there ended the long rivalry by the naval battle of Dannoura, in which the Taira perished with their women and children and the infant emperor. Their souls are believed to animate the peculiar crabs of that coast. After setting up a new emperor at Kyoto, Yoritomo took for himself the title of Shogun, or commander-in-chief, and fixed his seat at Kamekura, near the modern Yokohama.

His jealousy was such that he procured the death of his heroic brother Yoshitsune, still revered as an ideal hero of chivalry, and weakened his own family so much that on his death the power passed into the hands of his father-in-law and the family of Hojo.

During the next period neither the emperor nor the Shogun possessed any real power, both being puppets under the Hojo Regents. At last, in the 14th century, an effort to throw off the Regency was made by the emperor Go-Daigo, which eventually proved successful, thanks chiefly to the heroism of Nitta, who captured Kamakura, and of Kusunoki, the type of unselfish courage, loyalty, and patriotism. Unfortunately the foolish conduct of the restored emperor led to the death of both of these heroes, and threw all the power once more into the hands of a line of Shoguns, the Ashikaga, who ruled for more than 200 years, whilst the country fell into lamentable disorder and misery. In 1542 Japan was discovered by the Portuguese, and Catholic missionaries soon followed, the first being Xavier himself. Hundreds of thousands became converted, including some of the nobles, and embassies were sent to the Pope at Rome.

Meanwhile order was gradually restored out of chaos by three remarkable men, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Ieyasu. Hideyoshi was of low birth, and nicknamed *Monkey*, but by sheer ability he raised himself to the highest position under the emperor. Ambitious of rivalling the empress Jingo, he sent two armies into Korea which wrought great destruction in that unhappy country. Hideyoshi died in 1598, and his son soon fell before Ieyasu of the Tokugawa family.

Ieyasu is perhaps the most remarkable figure in Japanese history. Taking the title of Shogun, he finally reduced the country to order, and organized the system of government which lasted for 250 years. By this time the Portuguese and Spanish missionaries had become suspected of plotting the destruction of the native government. Hence Ieyasu began to persecute them, whilst his grandson Iemitsu prohibited the religion, expelled the teachers, tortured and slaughtered the converts, and finally closed the country against all foreigners for more than 200 years. A few Dutch merchants alone were allowed to trade at Nagasaki.

The lecturer then described some features of the feudal system, which reached its perfection under the Tokugawa Shoguns, with special reference to the samurai, or military and privileged class, their ideas being illustrated by the tale of the Forty-seven Ronin, the practice of *harakiri*, etc.

In the second lecture the inferior position of the farmers was illustrated by the story of Sogoro. During the long peace of the Tokugawa Shogunate, the capital of which was fixed at Yedo, there grew up a literary and political

party, led by its study of history to agitate for the restoration of the emperor to power in place of the Shogun. The march of events was greatly hastened by the arrival of the American commodore Perry in 1853, with his demand for a commercial treaty and better treatment for shipwrecked sailors. Other foreigners followed; the Shogunate could neither keep them out, nor compel the insubordinate feudal lords (*daimyo*) to fulfil its promises to them. After a period of disturbance the Shogun resigned, and the government was unified under the young emperor in 1867–8; the capital being moved from Kyoto to Yedo, the name of which was changed to Tokyo. Feudalism was abolished all classes equalized, and a government of the Western type set up. But many of the samurai were unable to adapt themselves to the new conditions ("though the eagle be starving, he will not eat grain"), and a dangerous rebellion, known as the Satsuma War, broke out in the island of Kyushu, under the command of Saigo, a man of great influence in the province of Satsuma. It was, however, successfully quelled.

At the time of his Restoration the emperor had promised to introduce constitutional government. This promise was fulfilled in 1889, when a constitution drawn up by the marquis Ito was promulgated, and a parliament was assembled a little later. The history of the Japanese parliament has been somewhat stormy, and the real control of the government has lain in the hands of a few men, now known as the Elder Statesmen, acting in the name of the Emperor. The popular belief in the divine descent and divine right of the latter has done much to smooth over matters.

The lecturer then turned to the country of Japan, giving some account of the climate; the chief open ports, Nagasaki, Kobe, and Yokohama; the two capitals, Tokyo and Kyoto, the former of which has a million and a quarter of inhabitants, and is popularly supposed to cover an area of 100 square miles; and the great commercial city of Osaka. Finally, some views of river and marine scenery were shown, including the rapids near Kyoto often descended by tourists.

The third lecture began with views of two out of the three most famous scenes of Japan, namely Matsushima ("pine-islands") in the north, and Miyajima ("temple-island") in the Inland Sea. Modes of conveyance were referred to, these including the *kago*, the chair, and the *jinrikisha*. Rice-fields and teafields were shown, together with typical scenes of pines and sand and water, such as the Japanese love. They love too to enjoy the flowers which succeed one another all round the year; and views were shown of the cherry-blossom, wistaria, azalea, iris, lotus, maples, and chrysanthemums. The lecturer then proceeded to mountain scenery, showing illustrations of the waterfalls and temples of Nikko; of Fuji, the monarch of Japanese mountains; of Aso-san, and other volcanoes; of various hot springs, and of the geyser of Atami.

The fourth lecture was devoted to Japanese manners and customs, the system of writing, dress, and salutations being first illustrated. A number of slides showed the ways of life in a Japanese inn; the arrival, the rooms, the tea and cakes, the dinner, the blind shampooer, and finally the bill. Japanese gardens followed, and such industries as porcelain, silk, and lacquer; common objects of the streets; peasants in their various costumes, or want of costume; and a wedding ceremony.

The fifth lecture continued the subject with indoor occupations, such as games and music; and outdoor amusements, culminating in wrestling-matches.

The lecturer then passed to the subject of religion. Shinto, the "Way of the Gods," is the indigenous religion of Japan, a compound of nature-worship and ancestor-worship, which imbued the Japanese with an intense love of their country, and an intense reverence for their superiors. Shinto itself contains little of what we commonly associate with religion; its want of dogma and ritual was subsequently supplied by Buddhism, its want of a moral code by Confucianism. The outward signs of Shinto are the peculiar gateway, called *torii*; the "heavenly dog" and the "Korean dog," which sit beside the gate, one with open mouth and the other with mouth closed; a straw rope with pendent tassels; and the strips of paper known as *gohei*. The structure of Shinto temples, and some of their accompaniments were then referred to.

The sixth lecture dealt with Buddhism. Introduced into Japan during the 6th century of the Christian era, it gradually spread over the country, thrusting the outward forms of Shinto out of sight, and producing a mingling of the two religions in the popular mind, which has lasted down to the present time. Buddhism still bears traces of its Indian origin. The Ni-o, or Two Kings, who guard the entrance of a Buddhist temple, are said to represent Brahma and Indra; whilst a variety of Indian characters have been deified and invested with fresh attributes in Japan. Amongst these may be mentioned Amida (Sanskrit *Amitabha*), the ideal of boundless light; the Rakan, or immediate disciples of Buddha; Binżuru, who possesses healing virtues; Kwannon (*Avalokitesvara*), Goddess of Mercy; and, most attractive and most Japanese of all, Jizo (*Kshitigarbha*), the friend of travellers and of little children. The pagodas, bells, drums, and other accessories of Buddhism were referred to; together with the revolving cases to contain the 6771 volumes of the Buddhist scriptures, the pilgrims, and the funeral ceremonies of Japan. The lecturer concluded with the Seven Gods of Luck, who seem to be partly Shinto, partly Buddhist, in their origin.

The seventh lecture introduced Confucianism, which from about 1600 exercised great influence in Japan, contributing so large an element as it did to *Bushido*, the "way of fighting men," the agnostic code of chivalry of feudal Japan; and its cardinal virtues of loyalty and filial piety were illustrated by

stories. About 1700 a movement set in to restore Shinto instead of foreign religions, a movement which triumphed at the Restoration of 1868. Since then, however, Shinto has been declared to be no religion at all, but a political and social arrangement.

There remains Christianity, which after 50 years of unprecedented success in the 16th century fell under the ban of the Japanese government, and was practically stamped out early in the 17th. In the last thirty years the Japanese government has become completely tolerant, and the Christians now number about 100,000.

The lecturer then related some stories referring to the magic powers popularly attributed to foxes and badgers; and finally summed up the present state of religious feeling in Japan.

Education was the next subject taken up. The educational facilities of the feudal period were described; and the present primary and secondary schools. The latter carry a boy as far as the Intermediate stage of our course. Between the secondary ("middle") school and the University is interposed a three years' course in a "higher" school, strictly preparatory to the University. The average age for entering this last is 23.

The eighth lecture took up the organization and working of the Universities, which are distinguished by the excellence of their equipment and the lowness of their fees (about 37 rupees only a year). The normal and higher normal, the technical and commercial schools, were then referred to. Female education was always provided for to a certain extent in old Japan; the present primary schools are attended by almost as many girls as boys, and secondary schools for girls are becoming increasingly popular. Already a demand is beginning to be heard for still higher facilities, which are at present afforded only in certain private institutions. Finally a number of pictures were shown such as are issued to schools to illustrate their reading and the moral lessons.

The ninth and last lecture dealt with the war. A number of scenes were shown dealing with the despatch of troops, and the fighting by land and by sea; as also some of the caricatures and cartoons published in Japan during the earlier stages of the war.

THE RESIDENCY DEBATING SOCIETY.

It is to be noted with great pleasure that the working of the Debating Society of the Elphinstone College Residency has been going on very satisfactorily. The Society is founded on broad principles and it may with some justification hope for a brilliant career. The justification for such a prophecy lies in the fact that men of different communities came forth during the last two months and treated their subjects with a freedom unknown beyond the precincts of this institution. The very fact that the students residing in the same hostel assemble once a week to make definite their ideas on various subjects is sufficient to bear out the above statement. Resident students of this college have peculiar opportunities of mingling with each other and making friends. In fact, a student of the Residency may be compared to a pebble in the bed of a stream. Under the pressure of the watery particles and many other substances with which it comes in contact, the pebble loses its angular appearance and presents a smooth, round surface. A resident student, under the influence of his new surroundings, loses many of his singularities of disposition, and emerges from his college life with a character of decidedly liberal tone. The only thing wanted to make the life of a resident student happier and more dignified is the constant society of professors. Somehow or other the old ideal that the teacher and the taught should live together ought to be revived. This necessity, in the case of resident students of the Elphinstone College, is, however, partially met by the practice of occasionally inviting the professors to preside at the meetings of the Debating Society. Thus it was on the 6th of August that Professor Wodehouse presided at a meeting. It is to be hoped that on suitable occasions in future other professors will take their turn of presiding.

In the last report, an account of only two sittings was given. Since then, other meetings have been held: three during the secretaryship of Mr. Advani, and three during my period of office. The subjects of the lectures were very interesting and invited much discussion. A brief account of the lectures and a few important remarks passed on them may be of interest to the reader.

The third meeting of the Residency Debating Society was held on the 6th of July. Mr. Khare was in the chair. Mr. K. N. Desai, M. A. read a paper on "The influence of books on character." The lecturer said, we can roughly classify books under these heads, namely, history, biography and fiction. He advised his hearers to read books of the first two classes. As to the 3rd class, he said, realistic fiction should alone deserve the attention of students. In the course of the discussion that followed, Mr. Shastri remarked upon the great influence which books exercise upon the character of

a nation. Messrs. Nadkarni, Dalal, Shirgaonkar, Chabria, Mirchandani and Digambari, took part in the debate. After a few remarks from the President the meeting was dissolved.

The fourth meeting was presided over by Mr. K. N. Desai, M. A. The lecture was delivered by Mr. M. A. Mujumdar on "Bodily Culture." The lecturer said, that in order to have a sound mind, we must have a sound body; and nothing can keep the body in a proper state of health except good exercise. He especially dwelt on the utility of taking gymnastic exercises, swimming, climbing hills. etc. In the course of the discussion, Mr. Shirgaonkar remarked that women neglected exercise to the great detriment of their health. This was specially the case with women of well-to-do families. Mr. Khare supported him adding that Mr. Herbert Spencer in his "Education" advices all ladies to take exercise, not minding the fear of losing their delicacy. These observations caused much laughter; and the many who had met parted in merriment.

The fifth meeting of the Debating Society was held on the 30th of July. Mr. B. J. Shastri B. A. was in the chair. Mr. Mulkani delivered a good lecture on "the happiness of duty." He classified duty under four heads,—duty towards God, duty towards one's own country, duty towards the family, and duty towards oneself. In spite of many difficulties, he said, the resolution to do one's own duty ought to be carried out. He cited the instance of Leonidas, Nelson, Washington, and others, in support of his statement. The meeting was dissolved after the President had passed some remarks.

The sixth meeting of the Debating Society was held on the 6th of August, Professor E. A. Wodehouse presiding. Mr. J. C. Coyajee B.A., LL.B. delivered a learned lecture on "the Renaissance." The invasions of the Barbarians, said Mr. Coyajee, threatened to extinguish the ancient civilization of Rome. But the Franks relighted the torch. Charlemagne established the Holy Roman Empire, and inaugurated many scholastic institutions. The period between 1400 and 1500 A. D. may be said to be the time of the Renaissance, although the movement was not contemporary in all countries of Europe, having set in earliest in Italy. It was a protest against the domination of the Church which had posed hitherto as a Universal authority. The incipient idea of independent nationalities, the decay of Feudalism, the introduction of printing, and the discovery of new worlds celestial and terrestrial led to the revolt of the human mind against authority. Asceticism was supplanted by a higher conception of the capacities and duties of man. The lecturer traced the growth of the reaction against the Aristotelian doctrine from the days of Scotus. The writings of Machiavelli and others, were discussed, to illustrate the political ideas of the Renaissance period. After this, Mr. Coyajee traced the progress of the Renaissance in the different countries of Europe. Italy was taken up first, as the birthplace of the humanistic

movement. Reasons were then assigned why the humanistic spirit of Renaissance was not sufficiently powerful to affect the local art and literature in Spain, Germany and Holland, to the same extent as in other countries. It was shown, how the Teutonic Renaissance unperceptibly drifted into the Reformation. In England humanistic studies entered simultaneously with the study of Hebrew, and thus their influence on the English literature was only a modified one. Sir Thomas More and Erasmus were described as representatives of the Eerlier Renaissance period, and Casauban and Scaliger as representing the later stages of the movement. Finally a sketch of the reaction which followed the Renaissance was introduced.

The seventh sitting of the society was held on Aug. 13th. Mr. J. E Sanjana, B.A., presiding. Mr. E. K. Palia read a paper on "Wordsworth and his poetry." The care with which the lecture was prepared was indeed admirable. It is to be hoped that other members will study with equal deligence the subject of their lectures. After tracing the poet's quiet and uneventful life, Mr. Palia proceeded to consider the chief circumstances that went to influence his inborn genius and to confirm his peculiar attitude towards man and nature. In the lonely scenes of his early life the poet learnt to look upon nature as a comforter. It was impossible for a man like Wordsworth to follow conventional rules as to the matter any more than the manner of his poetry. Hence arose his much debated theory of poetic diction first propounded in his preface to the famous "Lyrical Ballads." Mr. Palia then discussed "the Prelude" and "the Excursion." He reminded the audience of the wonderful composure with which Wordsworth bore up against the flood of adverse criticism. In conclusion, he traced the gradual recognition of Wordsworth as one of the great poets of England; and ended with an eloquent estimate of his greatness, as shewn by his self-confidence and the lofty conception which he held of his own calling. Messrs. Vachha and Khare then spoke briefly, and the meeting was dissolved, after the President had passed a few remarks, exhorting the students to read Wordsworth, as his philosophy was in many ways akin to oriental systems of thought.

The eighth meeting of the Society was held on the 20th of August, Mr. K. N. Desai, M.A., presiding. Mr. M. R. Nadkarni read a beautiful essay on the early history of Mathematics. He occasionally relieved the seriousness of his lecture by drawing some curious figures on a black-board, figures which in fact represented the notation of the Babylonians, Egyptians, and others. He first explained the scope of Mathematics and remarked that the advance in many subjects studied under the head of Mathematics, such as statics, dynamics, etc. was synonymous with the advance in civilization. His lecture was very elaborate. He first alluded to the progress of the Babilonians, and then referred to that of the Egyptians. The pyramids, he said, still attest to the knowledge of practical Mathematics. The Egyptians did not care for theory for its own sake. In Egypt geometers were called rope-stretchers,

The Egyptian nation was hieroglyphic. Their priests, later on, taught mathematics to the Greeks, many of whom like Pythagoras, Plato, Archimedes, Diaphontus, Euclid and Ptolemy were very famous. He then proceeded to recount the endeavours made by the Hindoos to develop mathematics. With them, these attempts were in fact made subservient to the cultivation of astronomy. Only naked theories of theirs have come down to us. They put their mathematical results into verse, and clothed them in mystic language. They are known for their development of Arithmetic and Algebra. They invented the decimal notation. The names of Brahmagupta, Shridharacharya, and Bhaskaracharya, and many others are ever to be remembered with honour for their share in developing mathematics. On the advent of the Mahomedans in India, the Hindoos ceased to progress. Their civilization was arrested. It was the privilege of the Arabians, then, to take up the task so ably undertaken from time to time by men of different nationalities. And though they made no considerable additions to the Science yet they carefully preserved, and transmitted it to the celtic race from whom mathematic was destined to receive the most brilliant, scientific treatment. The lecturer having finished Messrs. Kulkarni, and Digambari made a few remarks, after which the meeting closed.

A. V. KHARE,
Hon. Secretary.

ODE.

(To a certain striking design on the wall of the Queen's Road.)

What faery vision greets me from yon wall?
Stay, let me gaze upon thee; let mine eye
Dwell but a while in trembling ecstasy
Upon that face.—Ah! wondrous! shall I call
Thee mortal or immortal! thou, whose head,
Girt with a seraph's wings, the painter's art
Hangs bodiless above yon bleeding heart;
And underneath, that all who run may read,
One mystic word, one only,—PURITY.
Ah! heavenly thought!—Sweet purity; unspoil'd
By aught of taint, still innocent, nor soil'd
By this bad world's corruption;—would that I,
That worship here entranc'd, could be as thou,
Divinest angel! For thou speak'st to me
Of things forgotten, joys of Arcady,
And high Olympian splendours—on thy brow
I read of lands where golden apples hang
Long-sought of heroes, and of isles thrice-blest,
Where languid gods in golden slumber rest,
And all things fair that ever poet sang—
All these I read, and note with ravish'd gaze
Those beady eyes, that hair superbly greas'd,
That flower-like mouth, nine inches wide at least,
And——what? More writing?—Horrors!!—For it says
That face of thine, fair Queen of beauty's daughters,
Lives not all holiest things to typify,
But simply to recall to passers-by
DUKE'S JUSTLY CELEBRATED MINERAL WATERS!!

E. A. W.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN SOCIETY.

SINCE the publication of the last number, the members have read *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello*. The reading of *Romeo and Juliet* was not very successful. Nor was the discussion on the play very lively. Our thanks are due to Mr. Engineer who raised many interesting points for discussion in which he displayed a good acquaintance with the plays not only of Shakespeare but of other Elizabethan dramatists too. The main point of discussion was whether Romeo was justified in falling in love with Juliet when he was already in love with Rosaline. Prof. Wodehouse was of opinion that if Romeo was a true lover he would have persisted in his suit to Rosaline instead of falling in love with another girl. Mr. Engineer differed and said that as Romeo received no favour from Rosaline, he was justified in courting another lady. Another champion the young Capulet found in Mr. Ratnagar who defended Romeo's falling in love with Juliet on the ground that the latter must have satisfied his ideals more than Rosaline did. But well did Mr. Gamadia, our present popular Fellow of French, point out that according to Mr. Ratnagar's view a man was justified in deserting even his wife if he afterwards came across a better lady than her!

The reading of *Othello* was in the opinion of Prof. Wodehouse, very good. The discussion has not yet taken place.

One pleasant feature of the last two meetings was the attendance of Prof. Dastur to whom our hearty thanks are due.

It will be with mingled feelings of joy and regret, that the members will note Mr. Patak's departure to England for the I. C. S. examination. Mr. Patak had endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact by his kind genial nature and unassuming modesty, while his elocutionery power had won the admiration not only of all members (excepting, of course, the writer of the puerile letter in the last number of this journal) but also of the President, Prof. Wodehouse. We all heartily wish Mr. Patak a happy sojourn in England and success in his most difficult examination.

J. P. WADIA,
Hon. Secretary.

DISTINGUISHED ELPHINSTONIANS.—I

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT.—(continued)

WHATEVER may have been the nature and subjects of Sir Alexander's controversies, they were managed with such ability and courtesy, that as the time approached when he was to leave the shores of India, he was greeted both by the public and by the official world with marks of the highest respect and appreciation. In the Government minute of 3rd October 1868 it was declared that "he had undoubtedly set his mark on the history of education in India." A minute of the University of Bombay mentioned Grant's administration in the highest terms, while the Duke of Argyll, then Secretary of State for India, bore witness to "the solidity and reality of his administration." On the day of his departure an address was presented to him by the public of Bombay in the Framjee Cowasjee Institute. By a happy chance his distinguished pupil Mr. P. M. Mehta had landed in Bombay the same day and turned to the hall to join in the tribute of honour offered to his master. Sir Alexander was aware of his presence in the room and alluded to his distinguished pupil, "fresh from the atmosphere of Lincoln's Inn." In such happy circumstances closed the Indian portion of the career of Sir A. Grant.

The principalship of the Edinburgh University, having become vacant through the death of Sir D. Brewster, Grant stood a candidate for the post and was elected over Sir James Simpson. His great learning and organizing powers had found their proper theatre and his work in the Edinburgh University left his mark on the history of the institution. His first work was to end the disagreement of the University with the civic authorities. He then worked to obtain new and commodious buildings for the medical department of the University. In this matter his personal exertions succeeded in arousing popular enthusiasm while the Government found its way to provide a grant of £ 80,000 for the purpose. The great celebration of the tercentenary of the Edinburgh University owed its success entirely to Grant, who also prepared for the occasion "the Story of the University of Edinburgh during its first three hundred years."

This work was put forward in two volumes in 1884. In the same fateful year he published a fourth edition of his "Ethics of Aristotle" dedicating it to Benjamin Jowett, "the Socrates of my youth; my unfailing friend during nearly forty years; the wisest and best man that I have ever known." The controversial preface, and the introductory chapters of the book which are a series of valuable and condensed essays on various important philosophical themes, show his usual keen insight into his subject, and his vigorous enjoyment of intellectual problems. In October of that same year he deli-

vered an excellent "Inaugural Address" to the students of the University. He was still in harness and a long career of educational usefulness seemed to be still open to him when he died somewhat suddenly on 30th November 1884.

The fruits of his literary activity were numerous. His chief philosophical work, "The Ethics of Aristotle" was written in 1857, and Editions of it were issued in 1866, 1874 and 1884. In 1866 he edited 'the Lectures and philosophical remains of Prof. Ferrier' of St. Andrews, whose daughter he had married. While in India, he contributed to the Fortnightly an article on the famous devotee and poet of the Deccan, "Tukaram" (1867). He was requested in 1870 to read a paper on "Education in India" before the Social Science Congress at Newcastle upon Tyne. He edited in 1871, the "Recess studies" of which the idea was to utilize the Autumn Recess of that year in preparing judgments on some public questions, with the collaboration of a few personal friends. There was not much editing done in respect of the book since "the papers are now offered up to the public on the strict principle of limited liability, each writer having said his say on his own subject, under his own name." We next find him reviewing Jowett's Plato in the "Edinburgh Review" (1871). In 1872 he reviewed Grote's Aristotle and Fraser's Berkeley. Besides this, he contributed the Article on "Aristotle" to the 9th *Ed.* of the Encyclopœdia Britannica. Though space forbids us to attempt anything like a full review of all the works, we might with advantage notice some of the leading features of his chief writings.

His *magnum opus* is his "Ethics of Aristotle" which has deservedly become a classic on the subject which it treats of. We find in Aristotle no answer to the question of the omnipotence of God nor to the Metaphysical question how free will can exist in the same universe with the invariable sequence of cause and effect. Aristotle, unconscious that he is traversing the field of a future volcanic controversy, takes it for granted that virtue is voluntary. Another new factor in the Ethical science is the question of the ground of moral action and duty—whether our guiding principle is to be a conscience, or the sense of utility, or an æsthetical idea or a categorical imperative. Grant contrasts and compares Aristotles system with each of the modern systems—with Materialism, with Comte's "Religion of humanity," with the Ethics of Evolution. He notices the new elements which have entered into the field of Ethics since the days of the Renaissance and the Reformation, two conceptions borrowed from Theology and both of them semitic in character, the conceptions of the Will of God and the Will of Man. The result is that the "question of Free Will and necessity is now the chief problem for Ethical Science." Of a research into the historical origin of the moral ideas Aristotle could have no idea. Such are some of the materials which have entered into the Moral science and added to its complexity since Aristotle's days.

For Monistic Schools of the Type of Haeckel, Grant thinks, Aristotle could have had no sympathy. For he would have thought it a contradiction to say that reason could evolve out of matter. No fortuitous changes of matter could produce a reason which must precede all adjustment of the world—in a word Reason is not the result but the cause of the development of the Universe—Aristotle would assuredly not have gone back with Mr. Darwin to the 'Ascidians' to find the genesis of the moral faculties; even though the evolution theory would give us the best possible prospect of improvement of morals in the future. Nor would Aristotle have had much sympathy, in Grant's opinion, with the other moral scheme of the nineteenth century—the religion of Humanity set forth by Comte. The Comtiste morality bears a striking appearance of similarity to the Buddhist doctrine, though the resemblance is a merely incidental one. Both insist on self-sacrifice and a devotion to the good of Society in general. But no such idea of a brotherhood of man had dawned on Aristotle for whom there was a wide gulf between the Greek and the barbarian, and who defended slavery as a matter of theory. Several causes, says Grant, go to separate Aristotle from modern systems of Ethics,—the difference between the Hellenic and the Semitic spirit, the changed conditions in Politics, and the progress of Psychology under the stimulus of Religion. Further peculiarities of modern Ethics are—the advance of Biology into the regions of morality and the bold materialism of the spirit of the modern world.

The relation of Aristotle's Ethics to modern systems occupies the 7th Essay in the first volume of the "Ethics" and is by far the most interesting to the general reader. The first Essay deals with the controversial point whether Books V, VI and VII of the Nicomachean Ethics were written by the author of the Eudemian Ethics or have been taken up verbatim into the book of Aristotle. Grant is of opinion that the Disputed Books were not written by Aristotle, and in coming to this conclusion he set aside two other theories; the first was that the three Nichomachean books having been nearly destroyed, the fragments which remained were ingrafted upon the Eudemian books. The second hypotheses was that the three Eudemian books having become mutilated, their remaining fragment were grafted on the corsesponding Nicomachean books with a view to their preservation. The second Essay enters upon a consideration of the earlier history of Ethics and incidentally treats of the Sophists. A controversy has raged in the 19th century about the merits of these unfortunate butts of Socratic reasoning. They were fortunate in finding a champion in Grote, who in his "History of Greece" brought forward many pleas in favour of their respectability as a class; these arguments were carried forward in his subsequent work on Plato; and his views were not altered when he wrote his work on Aristotle. The other side of the question is given in Prof. Jowett's "Dialogues," especially in the introduction to the Dialogue called the "Sophist," but Grant's own view leans rather to the side of Grote. It is true, he says, that "the Sophists were always rather the creatures than the creators of their age and as in the 8th century they followed the impulse of the time

and became rhetoricians, so in the fourth century they appear to be merrily swimming in the tide of dialectic." Yet we read in Xenophon, that the historical Socrates adopted and used a discourse of the sophist Prodicus. Even in Plato portions of the discourse attributed to Prodicus are full of merit; and although Plato puts in the mouths of the younger sophists lax and paradoxical sentiments—for instance that might is right—he no where attributes these sentiments to the greater Sophists. The Third Essay of Grant is a lucid treatment of the relations of Aristotle to Plato, and the sixth chapter treats of his relations to the Stoics.

On the appearance of the first edition of Jowett's Plato in 1871, Grant came forward with an able review of that great work. Though he has occasionally "to attribute to Prof. Jowett a construction of Greek words which is quite untenable," he freely admits the superiority of Jowett's version over all other translations; that of Sydenham is plain and praiseworthy but heavy, while Shelley's version with constant blunders of scholarship is elegant but loses all the dramatic humour. Grant had a great admiration for Jowett, who had been the chief cause of the introduction of a wider range of philosophical studies in Oxford. Drawing on his own rich stores of reading and thought which far transcended the Oxford horizon of those days, he gave in Balliol College lectures on the history of Philosophy which fascinated the minds of those privileged to hear them. His great strength as a translator lay in his keen appreciation of the dramatic humour in Plato and he is peculiarly happy in representing those phases of the Dialogues where Socrates with great urbanity yet with relentless logic keeps his rude antagonists in hand and forces them by degrees to accept his conclusions. But sometimes in making the dialogue lively Jowett makes it too smart, and in the compression which he has used he has made sometimes Plato too curt and has sacrificed the stately rhythm of the original. Jowett's own style of writing is what Grant calls a loaded style that is rather overrich in literary allusions. Thus the translation is not in a style of Jowett's own, but always contains pieces previously current "coined in the mints of the great masters of English Literature." One of Jowett's foibles is to make Plato copy the phraseology of the Bible.

Grant has naturally much to say when he turns to the matter of Plato's writings. He contrasts Plato's Dialogues, with those of Berkeley's in which Philonous obtains such ingenious and prearranged victories over Hylas. The dialogues of Plato contain no foregone conclusions, indeed most often no conclusion at all is arrived at. The dialogue was in Plato's time a sincere effort at deep inquiry, in which the Athenians themselves felt keen interest. Thus the conversation in the Theaetetus is supposed to have been related by Socrates to one Euclid who from memory wrote it all down and got Socrates to revise it; and the subtle discussion in the 'Parmenides' is supposed to be said off by heart by Antiphon who had heard the arguments in his youth, years before,

from another person. The Dialogues are also to be contrasted with Aristotle's works. Aristotle worked out his philosophy in the first fifty years of his life and gave it out completed in the last twelve. Whereas in the Dialogues Plato puts forth in an artistic form the questionings in his mind as fast as they came, with his provisional answers to them. We see how one thought grew out of another, and we see the dialogues broadly falling into divisions which mark the successive phases of Plato's mind. The common thread is the "education of the individual soul." But the programme of education differs at different periods of Plato's life. In the Republic, Dialectic is the crowning study, in "Laws," it is Mathematics. Everybody supposes that the doctrine of Ideas was the leading characteristic of Plato's system, but in the 'Sophist,' 'Politicus,' and 'Laws,' the Ideas are spoken of much as universal would be spoken of in modern books; and in the "Parmenides" the doctrine is submitted to a powerful critique which shows Plato's belief that the doctrine stood in great need of a revision. Grant concludes that Plato did not contemplate notion of any definite system of Philosophy.

While still in India, Grant found time in the midst of his many avocations to study the devotional literature of the Deccan. As the result of these studies he wrote an article in the Fortnightly Review on Tukaram, the mystic poet of Maharashtra. It was not the purpose of the article, he says, "to suggest practical measures, but merely to bring to notice a literature which the writer of the following pages has himself found interesting." In beginning his article Grant reiterates the complaint that with some brilliant exceptions, "the Anglo-Indian books treat of the Bungalow and the Camp, and not of native life and modes of thinking." Hence the rich songs of Tukaram too, "have remained like rich moths floating about in the silence of a tropical forest, which have never been captured by the naturalist and transmitted to the museums of the north."

It requires some study, says Grant, to find out the cause of the profound popularity of Tukaram. Though a contemporary of Sivaji, he could hardly be called a patriotic poet, for he writes like one above the affairs of the world. He cannot be said even to represent the national religion of the Marathas, for he belonged to the isolated sect of the Vithoba-worshippers. Nor was Tukaram a religious reformer, for he merely repeats the thoughts of the poet Namadeva—his predecessor, and the stock ideas of the Vithoba-worshippers. But then, it is to be remarked, that his very life consisted in religion, and this religion he embodied in his songs. His devotional poetry is of a high type, and deserves to be compared with the Psalms of David. His eclectic form of Hinduism which was largely leavened with an unconscious Buddhism, was a living faith, for it is a mistake to regard Hinduism as fixed and stereotyped; at any moment some individual member of that mighty form may show manifestations of the intensest life. Tukaram some times obscures his poetry by the use of metaphysical terms of Vedantism; but he always insists that

religion is a very simple affair consists of singing a hymn or taking a name of God, with faith and earnestness, and accompanying that act with purity of life and charity. Very often he worships God not under the paternal, but under the maternal relationship, which reminds us of the worship of the Virgin in the Catholic Church.

The paths to salvation according to Hindu Philosophy are four—that of faith, of works, of knowledge and of works. Of these Tukaram has chosen for himself of the path faith. Salvation, he compared to the conclusion of a marriage contract which deserves to be celebrated, in the Hindu manner, by a feast for four days. He denounces as idle the external ceremonies of religion but is an advocate of resignation and question and is even ready to bear the prolonged infliction of successive and numerous *avatars* on condition of his being allowed to love God through all these transmigrations. Such is a sketch of Tukaram's teaching. Well may Sir Alexander say, that if this is idolatory, it is certainly not Fetichism, for it assumes the existence of some higher existence behind each of its ceremonies, and the privilege of the Divinity to choose the shapes in which he will appear to worshipper. It may be that to believers in a higher form of Theism are able to see Tukaram's limitations and deficiencies, and to them his morality may well appear then and barren. But it would be hard to convince men to whom the maxims of Tukaram are familier of the superior morality of Christianity. Systems like that of Tukaram make the task of the Missionary more difficult, if he wishes to convert, easier if he merely wishes to civilize.

Before the Social Science Congress at Newcastle Sir Alexander, then fresh from India, presented a weighty and well considered expression of some of his views on Education in India. It sketches rapidly in its commencement with history of Indian Educational policy. It speaks of the noble work inaugurated by Mr. Adam in 1834-38 when he made a searching investigation into the state of education and of educational methods in Bengal preparatory to settling the educational policy of the Government. He then pointed out the danger of popular ignorance to government, and insisted that primary education should be taken in hand by Government. But the proposition was rejected by the Council of Education in Calcutta. To them the idea of establishing primary education of a great continent appeared Quixotic, and they proposed instead to introduce a nucleus of European civilization in India, before introducing a general system of vernacular education. Nor, such is Grant's opinion, was the alternative a bad one. It at once produced a native official class for the government of the country, and brought the conqueror of India into closer touch with its conquered masses. But fifteen years later it seemed that the time had come for putting in force the original idea of Mr. Adam and with the Despatch of 1854 the work of vernacular education may be said to have been energetically taken in hand. But the grant-in-aid system which

was at first adopted to supply the funds needed for educational work failed to meet the requirements of the time, and at last a local cess had to be resorted to which was made fixed compulsory by the Legislature. Grant would make this local cess as far as possible a general, and an equalized burden on the land. It were also wise, so to arrange matters, that those who do not pay land tax and therefore do not contribute to the local tax, should be rated in some other way. Sir Alexander also notes it as an inversion of the English practice, that primary education should be furnished in India, locally by the people, and the higher education mainly by the state. But he finds a parallel for this state of things in the educational administration of Prussia, a country from which, he says, we may not be ashamed to take a hint. The College Professors, are, according to him, the fountain heads of European civilisation, and if government ceased to provide us with them, he does not see how we are going to procure them. Any amount of money may be advantageously spent, on them and on education in general. Educational expenditure has long been a perfect bugbear to our financiers, but it need not be so in all reason as it amounts to much less than 1½ per cent. on the revenue. Deficits are caused not by what is spent on education but by other items any one of which would swamp a whole educational budget. The question of education expenditure should be set at rest by fixing a financial limit of 2 per centum on the annual revenue, for it. But at any rate, Grant would have the higher educational officers very highly paid—there should be no "hard bargains" with them—and he repeats the suggestion which he had once made to the Bombay Government that a system should be devised for Professorial appointments, analogous to that in use for selecting the members of the Civil Service.

In anticipation of the tercentenary celebration of the University of Edinburgh, Sir A. Grant wrote his "Story of the University of Edinburgh in two volumes and brought together a large and valuable mass of knowledge on the subject of his labours. However, as the critics of the work have not failed to remark, the work was done under high pressure: and not only much valuable matter which should have been incorporated in the text is relegated to the appendices, but there are misconceptions in the introductory portions of the work. Thus he disapproves of the view that the University of Glasgow was modelled on that of Bologna, on the mistaken supposition that while all the four faculties were developed at Glasgow, the Bologna University confined its attention mainly to the Faculty of Law. Grant's view is that the model selected by the founders of the University of Glasgow was the Louvain University "then the model University of Northern Europe." Here, it has been pointed out, Sir Alexander forgot that at the time mentioned the Louvain University had existed only for twenty-five years and could not possibly have attained to such a dominating position. He, also does not do justice to the claims of the University of Paris, "the Sinai of the Middle ages',

which of right posed as the model for many of the junior Universities. Most of the ground traversed by the first volume is full of controversies. The University of Edinburgh was really speaking founded in the reign of James VI; and unlike the Universities of Glasgow, Aberdeen and St. Andrews, the new foundation was conceived in an ante-episcopalian spirit. On this account it was looked coldly upon by the Bishop, who was its chancellor, and by King James who had been educated at St. Andrews. Throughout this period, Sir Alexander speaks of the foundation as the "Edinburgh College," implying that it did not become a University until 1798. This is a matter which is far from being clear. Sir Alexander also thinks that the University, without any formal grant, assumed or usurped for itself like the Geneva University the power of granting degrees; this again is a controversial point, and the issue depends on the fact whether there had been an earlier charter than that which we now possess granted to the University. It would appear that there are certain indications of such an earlier grant.

Coming to a later period Grant draws attention to the fact that while the Edinburgh University on account of its comparatively recent origin started untrammeled by midaeval theories of learning, in practice it soon fell back upon the older traditions. The seventeenth century marks the lowest point ever attained by literature and science in Scotland. The influence of the ministers of the Edinburgh churches became supreme; and theological disputations took up too much of the time available for work. One of the ministers once expressed his contempt for Philosophy by calling it the "dishclout of Divinity," and when one of the teachers remonstrated against this language, his opposition cost him his office. After dealing with this stormy period, Sir Alexander had the easier task before him of recording the history of the faculties separately, not, however, without having to write a parallel narrative of the long struggle between the Senatus Academicus and the Town Council which once assumed the serious proportions of a "Thirty Years' War" between the two bodies. Near the conclusion of the book, the historian expresses high satisfac ion at the acquisition of the Parliamentary Franchise by the University—a privilege highly prized by Oxford and Cambridge, but to which all Scotch Educationalists do not seem to have attached the same high value.

Such is the brief sketch of the life and works of the great teacher which our limits would permit. Perhaps in this account a disproportionate share of the space at our disposal has been allotted to the discussion of his literary work, and too little has been made of the facts of his life. But the important question about the life of a man is not, how he lived, or where he died, but what substantial additions he made to the fund of human thought; and over the ample intellectual fruit of the laborious life of Grant, an Elphinstonian may well love to linger. He is the only Elphinstonian who has as yet been an author on a large scale, on historical and philosophical subjects, and he was great also in stimulating the enthusiasm

of the minds of young scholars for their studies. What position he may hold with reference to his Oriel College, or to the Edinburgh University we can not say: But to us he is a Mommsen, a Jowett and an Arnold all in one. Fortunately he had around him a generation of Elphinstonians worthy to sit at his feet and to learn from him and so it came to pass that the teacher whose connection with the College was in point of time of the shortest, has become the one whose name will be linked with that of the institution in the closest manner: and in the Library of the Elphinstone College his likeness stands in the midst of a group of his pupils and his successors, full of a mild and cheerful dignity, exciting successive generations of Elphinstonians to live so as to be

"exhausting thought
and hiving wisdom with each studious year."

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL

A MONUMENT OF LEARNING.

We herewith set before our readers a sample of Egyptian learning.

In answer to the question 'what do you know about Christopher Columbus, William the Conqueror etc.' The following answers were confidently presented. The Examinee was a mature youth approaching his seventeenth year.

THE ANSWERS.

Hanable was not success in the 2nd times for the assembles were not agree and the two generals also were not agree for this wishes to be the generals in this was and also this wishes to be the general in this war. Therefore by this and also by at hers the 2nd battle was not successful.

William The Conqueror.

He was a good man and also a brave and bold man loves War and phisicality. He gained many battles in his waring. He made the agriculture well and numbered it and he was held the poor men and women and all the poor people and also he mend and numbered the Government of some towns well and at 72 of his age he went gone from his life.

The Emperor extended over Asia. The two names of Emperors are Jolaus Ceaser was a good man and brave and he was a man loves war very much and also he numbered the Government as William the Conquerer.

Kristopher Columbus.

He discovered the new World by means North and South America. And the discovering was at one thousand four hundred and fifty-three by means (1453 B.C.)

TRIALS AND PROOFS OF GUILT IN SUPERSTITIOUS AGES.

The strange trials to which those suspected of guilt were put in the Middle Ages, conducted with many devout ceremonies by the Ministers of Religion, were pronounced to be the Judgment of God! The ordeal consisted of various kinds.

1. Passing through fires, *e. g.* the passing through the fire is described in "the Hindu Codes of Yajnavalka" and others, and is an incident in Hindu poetry, where in the Ramayana the virtuous Sitâ thus proves her innocence to her jealous husband Ramâ.

2. Holding in one's hand a red-hot iron-rod.

3. Plunging one's arm into boiling-water.

The traveller may find some of these fiery trials in use, or at least in recent memory, in barbarous regions of Africa, or further Asia—the negro plunging his arm into the caldron of boiling-oil, in order to prove his innocence.

4. Putting an offender in the pillory.

e. g. In the reign of Charles I, a lawyer, named William Prynne, wrote a book which was displeasing to the king and his friends, and for so doing he was condemned to stand twice in the pillory, and to have his ear cut off.

There were many other obnoxious punishments besides those that are mentioned above.

The popular affirmation—"I will put in my hand in the fire to confirm this," was derived from this cruel custom of our rude ancestors.

5. Challenging the accuser to single combat.

e. g. Henry of Essex, hereditary standard-bearer of England, who fled from a battle in Wales, in 1158, threw from him the royal standard, and cried out that the king was slain. Robert de Montfort afterwards, accusing him of having done this with treasonable intent, offered to prove his accusation by combat, and they fought in presence of Henry II and his court, when Essex was defeated, but the king spared his life, and his estates being consficated, he became a monk in Reading Abbey. Swallowing a morsel of consecrated bread; sinking or swimming in a river for witchcraft; or stretching out one's arms before the Cross were others of these tests. Though sometimes these trials might be eluded by artifices of the priest, numerous were the innocent who unquestionably suffered through these superstitious practices.

The strange trial of ordeal was very common in the tenth and twelfth centuries. One Bishop of Mans proved to William Rufus that this practice was against the canons of the Church.

In Germany, a solemn ceremony was practised in the "Judicial Combats." In the midst of the lists they placed a bier; by its side stood the accuser and the accused, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier, and there after a short time they began the combat. "Judicial Combats" appear to have been practised by the Jews. Whenever the Rabbins had to decide on a dispute about property between two parties, neither of which could produce any evidence to substantiate the claim, they terminated it by single combat. But it may however be observed that such judicial combats were more frequently favourable to the criminal than to the innocent, because we find in many cases the wicked often proved to be more ferocious and hardy than the innocent. In fact let us recollect what Rebecca said,—"the silken glove often outweighed the iron-glove." But in many cases this maxim proves false.

Among the proofs of guilt in superstitious ages, one was that of the bleeding of a corpse. It was believed that at the touch or approach of the murderer, blood gushed out of the dead body of the murdered man, *e. g.* when the dead body of Henry VI was stopped by Richard III, on its way to burial, blood flowed from the dead-body of Henry, and Anne, daughter-in-law of Henry, exclaimed

"O, gentlemen see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!
Blush, Blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural."

RICHARD III ACT I SC. 2.

"Ordeals are in truth the rude laws of a barbarous people, who do not possess a code, and also who are not sufficiently advanced in civilization to enter into refined inquiries, the subtile distinctions and elaborate investigations, which a Court of Law demands."

Even in India we had the practice of proving innocence by this rude and barbarous method of ordeal. It was very common among the Hindus. But at least the great Emperor Akbar abolished this system altogether.

H.

ISOLATION: A MOOD.

WHAT a glorious feeling is that of isolation! How one likes to harbour it and what a chord of self does it strike in one! It is a mood in which the soul sinks into its own depth and thence surveys as from a vantage point the principles and ruling passions of its companions. There is a jar in the continuity of the soul's harmony and the individual spirit withdraws for a while from public life with his injured principles and maxims. No miser loves more to gaze upon his precious treasure than he to dwell upon his cherished abstractions. No child mimicking the serious lives of its seniors feels more than he the weight of the moral responsibility of the world.

This mood is only a variation of the much censured spirit of Egoism. It has for its motto the impracticable wish of "All Or Nothing." The subject loves to sever himself from mankind and the vanity of the idea takes his fancy. One self against the world! The ultimatum is given and henceforth every advantage that he gains is a step towards the conquest of the Realm of Souls. Indeed, in such a situation, knocks are far more frequent than indulgent caresses. But who would not cherish knocks against such mock-heroic odds?

What supports him in this conceited exclusion is that for him there are no longer canons of civilisation. He gives as would a chivalrous enemy and receives with light cynicism. He takes a savage delight in refusing favours from acquaintances and considers himself a martyr for disappointing those who should be dearest to him. He sees a flaw in the creation of the universe and cannot take his eyes off it until in a moment of unwariness the charms of nature prevail over him. The World of Delusions evaporates before his eyes as mist before sunshine. He sees himself with his own imperfections and is once more reconciled te the world as it is.

SOME FORGOTTEN SPORTS.

As great interest attaches to the sport and pasture of a nation, we intend in this paper to give a short account of the most popular sports in the England of the past, strictly ignoring the more elegant but less interesting aristocratic sports of hunting, hawking and archery, in order to devote ourselves entirely to those methods of amusement which found favour with the mass of the people. The sport of a nation is a commentary on the national tastes and feelings: it is when people unbend that you learn their real mind. Unfortunately the evidence afforded by the history of sport conclusively proves that in the west at least cruelty entered very largely into the pastimes of the people, kindness to animals is of quite modern growth, and mediaeval human nature took a fiendish delight in inflicting pain.

Not the least curious of the popular English pastimes was the baiting of bears and bulls, a practice of great antiquity in more than one portion of the world. Bears, bulls, asses, and even horses were regularly trained for this purpose. On the appointed day the selected victim was exhibited in a kind of theatre, and before a concourse of enthusiastic spectators, worried to death by dogs. Bull-dogs were most frequently used; but sometimes the torture was administered by human beings, five or six men being selected to whip a blinded bear, which was so chained that it could inflict no damage upon its persecutators. Previous to the performance, the bear, accompanied by minstrels—a monkey often seated on its back—was escorted through the streets to arouse curiosity in the coming show, and to give the people timely warning. Bear-baiting was, it seems, a more popular sport than bull-baiting, probably because the animal is a stranger and more uncommon creature. In the 16th century both sports began to lose the hall-mark of refinement, and with the growth of humanity in modern times, such amusements have ceased to be tolerated.

Nearly akin to bull-baiting was a still more barbarous diversion entitled bull-running, but fortunately it was only indulged in at a limited number of places. At Stamford the wildest bull procurable was provided by the butchers and pursued, after proclamation, by the whole populace. "Hive-skivy, tag and rag, men women and children, of all sorts and sizes, and all the dogs in the town, promiscuously ran after him with their bull-clubs, scattering dirt in each others faces, that one would think them to be so many furies started out of hell for the punishment of Cerberus." At Tutbury in Staffordshire worse things were done. The poor animal, previous to the chase, had his horns sawed off, his ears cropped, his tail cut short, his body smeared over with soap, and his nose filled with pepper, in order to infuriate him. It must have required no mean courage to pursue and capture a beast maddened by tortures such as these.

Badger baiting was another common pastime, and in this connection we are told by the Strutt in his *Sports and pastimes of the English People* that the badger used to be called a 'grey': hence the hounds employed to bait a badger became known as grey-hounds, a derivation which to most people will, we venture to think, be new.

As no sport seemed practicable in those days without cruelty we are not surprised to find that ducks were regularly hunted by dogs as late as the end of the 18th century. The dogs plunged into the water of a pond in pursuit of the ill-fated duck, which was generally caught after a succession of dives. A still more barbarous recreation, barely redeemed by its humour, was to tie an owl upon the back of a duck, and thrust the pair into the water. The duck dived to escape from its burden, and frightened by the hooking of the owl, repeated its dives until the owl at least succumbed to water and terror.

From such heartless practices it is no far cry to cock-fighting, one of the most wide-spread and popular of all old English sports. It was hardly national in the exclusive sense, for people in all countries and all ages have practised cock-fighting. Frequent mention of it may be found in the Greek and Latin classics: throughout Asia it is of high antiquity, and in any country between China and Egypt the present-day traveller may have opportunity to witness a cock-fight. It became popular in England during the 14th century and was soon prohibited by proclamation as an 'idle and unlawful pastime.' But it continued to thrive until kings were included among its votaries. Henry VIII, for instance, built a cock-pit at Whitehall and James I (and VI) amused himself by cock-fighting twice a week. During the 17th century it was as fashionable to attend a cock-fight as to witness a horse-race is at our own day. Statesmen such as Godolphin devoted all their spare time to such diversions, and country gentlemen took their wives and daughters to see the massacre of cocks. The sport of course afforded occasion for pernicious gambling and drinking, and on these grounds, as well as on account of its cruelty we cannot regret its disappearance in Great Britain.

The worst form of cock-fighting was called the Welshmain. Fourteen pairs of cocks fought together, the victors in each round being paired off until all were exterminated. The cruelty of the sport was still further accentuated by the insertion of artificial metal spurs in the heels of the cocks, but this was a comparatively modern practice, started not long before cock-fighting passed out of fashion.

Along with cock-fighting must be mentioned the barbarous custom of "throwing at cocks." Sticks or cudgels were flung skilfully at the unfortunate bird until its legs were broken, when it was propped up with sticks to prolong the pleasure of its torture. This was a sport much indulged in by youth, and Shrove Tuesday was a day usually reserved for its practice.

That these sports are obsolete in the most advancod countries no reasonable person can deplore. The long existence of such horrors tends to prove that the feeling for dumb animals which has subsequently grown up in the West is not merely the heritage of race, nor even the fruit of Christianity, but rather the joint result of a complex skein of causes which we somewhat ineptly describe as the progress of civilization.

(In our next we shall treat of another class of sports, also old—those in which the interest of players and spectators is centred upon a ball instead of upon an animal. This definition will embrace the originals of most of the outdoor games of to-day.)

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CORRESPONDENCE.

POONA,

19th August 1905.

DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for sending me the first copy of your College Magazine. I may also congratulate you on your first number which is full of interest. I trust that the Magazine may have, and I am sure it will have, a very successful career and serve to bind old students to their College after they have left it. All, past and present, ought to give the Magazine cordial support.

Yours faithfully,

E. GILES.

IS THE KAVYAPRAKASA A PROPER TEXT?

DEAR SIR,

As this is the time when the discussion about changes in the curriculum and the texts prescribed by the university, is being carried on seriously, it would not be inopportune if I now venture te express my opinion on the propriety of adopting Kâvyaprakâs'a as a text for the B. A. Students, in compulsory sanskrit.

If it be admitted that Kâvyaprakâs'a is not a book af literature, the word literature being used in a sense opposed to that of science, it will follow that there is no justification for adopting it as a text under the head of classics. Under the present system an ordinary student entering the B. A. class, can hardly be supposed to have read much of Sanskrit Literature. The fact that very few Students can render an ordinary English passage into good Sanskrit even at the Intermeditate examination bears out the truth of the above remark which is especially true of those who manage to pass their matriculation with a vernacular as their second language. It would be natural then for the Sanskrit students in the B.A., to read further literature as their fellow-students actually do in other second languages. But it is strange to find that students who cannot read an extra Sanskrit work with sufficient fluency are given Kâvyaprakâs'a (" the light of poetry" or the science of the figures of speech) to read. And why? Because the study of the figures of speech will help them to appreciate Sanskrit poetry; as if those who are not learned in these figures of speech cannot understand and appreciate poetry. Many read English poetry without having any knowledge of the figures of speech, and find no difficulty in grasping its sense and spirit. Indeed, I can-

not think, for a while, that Sanskrit poetry cannot be appreciated without the study of Kâvyaprakâs'a. It must be said on the contrary that the study of Kâvyaprakâs'a often leads the student into unnecessary hair splitting and so mars his sense of appreciation.

It might be urged that it is open to students desirous of reading Sanskrit literature to take up the group of languages as their optional. But this argument fails to prove the consistency and propriety of forcing the study of rhetoric on students who cannot understand Sanskrit very well. Again if a student is allowed to read a work of literature in his classes, he will be spared the trouble of taking up literature as a voluntary subject and consequently will be able to take up some other optional which may advance other interests of his.

If then, according to the present system, Sanskrit is continued as one of the compulsory second languages, the text of Kâvyaprakâs'a should be replaced by some other work of literature which has sufficient dignity to claim the attention of the students in the B.A., class. If Sanskrit shares the fate of other second languages, that is being made optional, Kâvyaprakâs'a might be made optional along with its substitute.

Hoping that this suggestion will claim a due share of the attention of responsible persons on whose decision hangs the destiny of Kâvyaprakâs'a,

I remain,
Dear Sir,
Yours very truly,

OBSERVER.

THE COLLEGE RESIDENCY.

DEAR SIR,

Will you kindly allow me to voice, through the College magazine, a grievance of the resident students, which needs immediate redress? There is a rumour current among the students here, that the open space between the College residency and the Colaba causeway is about to be appropriated for the erection of some new buildings. If it be true, their discomfort will be great. Sir, I do not choose this occasion to rouse your sympathy for them, by describing their distress due to the annual visit of plague. But I cannot refrain from expressing my view that if the space alluded to, be covered over with buildings, the old quarters will be rendered unfit for habitation not only for the students of the college but also for anybody who likes to have a decent view, good supply of light and air and genial surroundings. In the interest of the resident students, therefore, I propose that the government should hand over the plot to the trustees of this College.

I am sure, if this meets with favourable consideration, the further proposal that all the out-houses of this hostel should be removed to some suitable corner and space be created for a better garden, bigger gymnasium and a small tennis court,

Hoping that this suggestion will be duly attended to,

I remain,
Dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
A RESIDENT STUDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ELPHINSTONIAN."

DEAR SIR,

One benefit that will be reaped from the publication of this journal is that the students of the College will get an opportunity of laying their grievances before the Principal and Professors and suggesting the methods by which these grievances may be removed. Accordingly, I wish to bring to the notice of the Principal and Professors a certain injustice that is done to some deserving students of the College; and it is no other than the manner in which scholarships are distributed to the students of the B.A. Class. Every year about 10 monthly scholarships of Rs. 20 each are awarded to the students who pass the Intermediate examination with the highest number of marks from our College, and these scholarships they continue to hold for the next year. Besides getting these scholarships, they have to pay only half the college-fee every term for these two years, so that these fortunate men at the end of the second year find themselves richer by Rs. 600 than their less fortunate, but perhaps not less deserving, brethren! Sir, you will readily admit that standing among the first ten in the Intermediate Examination is not a sufficient test of a student's intellectual capacities to make him worthy of a fat emolument of Rs. 600. It often happens, and as a matter of fact it did happen last year, that an Intermediate student who has worked hard with the ambition of obtaining these scholarships is attacked by a bad headache or some other malady (which is natural under the scorching Bombay sun of the first week of November) with the result that he cannot write so well as he would have done had he been in the best of health. Now is it not sheer injustice, that mere headache should make him lose Rs. 600 which he would most probably have won, had he been in good health? This then is the main disadvantage of the present way of distributing scholarships, *viz.*, it bars many deserving students from obtaining this distinction.

To prevent this injustice, I would advocate the system of examining the junior B.A. students in all the subjects done in the first year, and awarding the scholarships according to the result of this examination. It is a notorious fact that we, the junior B.A. students, idle away the first year, and then in the second year try to fill our minds with such facts as may enable us to get through our examination by hook or by crook. This undesirable state of affairs would to a certain extent be remedied if the examination-system advocated above were adopted, so that two birds might be killed with one stone. But if this system is at all adopted, I sincerely hope, the examination will not be held at the end of the first year, but at the very beginning of the second year; and the reason for this is obvious, namely, that the junior B.A. students get a vacation of not less than three months in which they have not to study for any examination. Now if the test examination were to be held at the beginning of the second year, these three months would be passed in hard study, and the result of this would be that Elphinstonians would be able to make a much better show in the University examination. Besides, Professors will be justified in drawing up severely hard papers for the test examination, taking into consideration the preparation not only of term-time but more especially of the three months' vacation, so that standing high in such an examination will be a sufficient guarantee of a student's high intellectual capacities and will make him worthy of the high distinction of being called a "scholar" not only in name (as is often the case at present) but in deed.

The only objection that may be brought against holding examinations in the beginning of the year is that it will entail additional labour on Professors who have to work very hard at the beginning of the year. But if the examination is held in the very beginning of the year (when the attendance of students is very small) and if it is to be a severely hard examination, only those who want to compete for scholarships (and this will be a very small number) will sit in the examination. This will give very slight labour to the Professors which, I am sure, they will willingly take upon themselves in the name of justice, for the good of the students, and for the better use of the money of the Government.

Believe me Sir,

Yours etc.,

DISAPPOINTED JUNIOR B.A. STUDENT.

DEAR SIR,

It was with great surprise that I read in the first issue of the "Elphinstonian," that Mr. Chothia has the distinction of being the only man to score a century among the schools.

But for the benefit of the contributor of that article, I here embrace the opportunity of informing him of the fact that Messrs. Date and Kolabewala have also scored a century from their respective schools.

Such statements, that are the results of limited knowledge, instead of enhancing the merit of the college students, derogate greatly from their real work.

Yours etc.,

V. V. DHURANDHAR.

DEAR SIR,

I write in the interests of humanity and kindness to others. Could not something be done to make the Peons more comfortable? As it is, anyone passing through the Entrance Hall at about 3 P.M., is met by the harrowing sight of these poor old men sleeping on hard unsympathetic benches in the most cramped and angular of positions. Considering the amount of toil to which these unfortunate beings are subjected, that perhaps once a day they have to go on an errand of a few yards or carry a bag across the hall for a professor, it surely seems hard that their comfort should be so little respected. Could not four feather-beds be placed in the entrance hall and four more outside Mr. McDougall's room, in order that, wherever they might be, the Peons might be certain of having a comfortable two hours nap within easy reach?

Hoping that something will be done to ameliorate the lot of these long-suffering public servants.

I remain, Sir,

Yours etc.,

PHILANTHROPIST.

DEAR SIR,

Their is a bird in the B.A. lecture room possessed of such a strident voice as to make lecturing almost a matter of impossibility. The pathetic legend about it is that it has lost its mate, and its shrieks and yells are attributed to this tragic occurrence. May I suggest either that the clerk should be at once commissioned to secure, through the medium of government, another mate for the poor thing, or that Professors who have to lecture in the B.A. room should be supplied with speaking trumpets at the public expense. At present the only resource is to throw note-books and balls of paper at the offending songster; but as the standard of aiming in the B.A. class is not very high, this has hitherto only provoked the mateless one to renewed exertions. It has the very human fault of liking to hear its own voice, which in one so young is very strongly to be deprecated.

Trusting that you will see to this,

I am, etc.

DEAFENED B.A.

TO BYRON.

Byron, the very music of thy name,
Has struck a sympathetic chord in me,
And roused the dormant love of liberty,
So long suppressed; 'tis thine the holy flame,
Within whose sacred precincts burns the flame,
Whose light brings death to low-born tyranny,
And coward vice is chased far o'er the sea,
To her dark haunts of everlasting shame.

No second Goethe need the sons of men,
To prove the strength of thy poetic wings,
Or trace the glory of thy fiery pen,
As swift o'er barren lands it incense flings,
And scatters seeds of gold in every glen,
From each of which a bounteous harvest springs.

M. R. P.

GYMKHANA NOTES.

In our last we anticipated that our team would come out successful in the Northcote shield tournament. Our anticipations have been realised and the shield is once more in our possession. We shall deal with the series of matches in their order. In the first round we met the Grant Medical College on the Hindu Gymkhana ground kindly lent us by the authorities. The medical won the toss and went in against the bowling of Neksautkhan and Vakil. Their first man was smartly held by Driver off the second ball of Neksautkhan. Our opponents found our bowlers extremely difficult to manage as is shewn by the fact that only their captain Photographer entered into double figures scoring 20. Their innings closed for 65. Our side began with Antia (Jun.) and Driver when the latter was caught for four. Neksautkhan joined Antia and the two made a magnificent stand the second wicket falling for 126–Antia 41. He had played a careful game and completely broken the bowling. The next three wickets fell for 14 runs when another stand was made by Neksautkhan and Chothia producing 54 between them Chothia scoring 24. Dastur showed some pretty strokes and his twenty-five were made in good style. Neksautkhan who had been playing almost from the beginning had given a brilliant exhibition or falling all round the wicket but when his score had peached 90 he managed to put his leg in front of the wicket and had to retire. Our innings closed for 215. In their second venture the Medical College fared much better chiefly owing to the good stand of Pavri who played stubborn uphill game for 81. This secured him a place in the combined Colleges' Eleven shortly after. Thus the scores were Photographer 13 and P. M. Taleyarkhan 18. Their total was 152. We were thus left victors by an innings and 8 runs. In bowling Neksautkhan took 4 wickets for 23 runs and Vakil 5 wickets for 20 in the first innings and in the second innings Neksautkhan took 4 for 79, Antia 5 for 39 and Vakil 1 for 24.

In the second round we met the St. Xavier's College on the Parsee Gymkhana ground. The Xavierites took first service at the wickets but Neksautkhan and Antia (Sen.) proved too much for them and they were all disposed of for 34 the former taking 8 wickets for 14 and the latter 2 for 14 the rest being Byes.

Our side opened with Antia (Jun.) and Driver and runs began to come very freely the pair making a stand of 83 when Antia was dismissed for 41. Driver soon retired for 37, after the fall of another two wickets Mulla the Captain went in and gave a vigorous display of sound hitting. At one stage he sent all the six balls of one over to the boundary a feat but once before performed in Bombay by A. H. Mehta who scored 30 runs in one over. Our total was 219. In their second venture the Xavierites scored 93. Vijaykar

playing a fine innings for 32. We thus won the match by an innings and 92 runs. In bowling Driver took 6 wickets for 44 Neksautkhan 2 for 26 and Chothia 1 for 17.

In the combined Colleges match which followed shortly after this our College sent five representatives when Chothia played perhaps the innings of his life scoring 66 in perfect style.

For the semi-finals we were invited to Bhownugger to play against the Samaldas College. We were the guests of the Bhownugger State which has always been known for its hospitality. We were lodged at one of the State guest-houses and everything was done to make our stay as comfortable as possible. As for the match we again lost the toss but were sent in by the Samaldas Captain on a fast matting wicket. Antia (Jun.) and Chothia went in first but the latter almost immediately played on to his wicket and retired for 1. Neksautkhan and Forbes for 8 and 3 respectively and Dastur joined Antia. Antia was dismissed shortly after for a careful 25 and Mulla took his place. Then followed the stand of the day Dastur and Mulla putting up 120 between them. Dastur showed some very pretty late cuts and Mulla's magnificent hitting was a treat to watch. Dastur retired for 39 and towards the end of the innings Mulla was splendidly caught at long for 130. The next score was Jehangir Antia's 18, the total being 265.

The Samaldas College went in when Neksautkhan and Antia (Sen.) again carried all before them dismissing the team for 46 Neksautkhan 6 for 22 and Antia 3 for 16. They followed on and were again dismissed for 61 Neksautkhan 4 for 26 Driver 4 for 22 two being run out. We thus won the match by an innings and 158 runs (see next page).

We played another match at Bhownugger against the Bhownugger Cricket Club and gained a victory by an innings and 8 runs. In this match Mr. Dastur again showed some pretty cricket scoring 33, the other scores being Neksautkhan 20, Singara 26, Taleyarkhan 20, and Vakil 19, not out. For the home team Oghad one of the best cricketers in Kathiawad and Mr. Umrigur did good service with the ball taking five wickets each for 76 and 46 respectively, while for our side Vakil took 5 wickets for 29 in the first and 6 for 29 in the second. Driver 3 wickets for 1 run in the first and 2 wickets for 11 in the second and Antia (Sen.) took two wickets in both innings for 18 and 23 respectively.

After the match we were invited to the Moti Baug to play tennis on the first day against Lieut. Joravarsingh and another of the Samaldas College and on the next against the Divan Saheb and another gentleman Neksautkhan and Dastur played for the college and on both occasions came off victorious. In the evening we were invited to the Samaldas College to witness a bioscope performance

where we witnessed some beautiful representations of the Coronation Procession, the Delhi Durbar and a Spanish bullfight while not a little interesting was love-making as seen through the X Rays. We may mention that the Secretary of the Samaldas College and Lieut. Joravarsingh of the Imperial Cadet Corps who is related to the Maharajah spared no pains in looking to our comforts. We were given a most cordial send off with an earnest invitation to repeat the visit next year.

The final tie for the Northcote shield was played at Poona against the Fergusson College on the College of Science grounds.

Arrangements were made this year and two men of the Lancashire Regiment stationed at Poona were asked to act as umpires. Their decision on the whole were satisfactory. Our College won the toss this time and went in to bat against the bowling of S. & L. Mehendele. The bowling of the two brothers was quite on the spot and they kept a beautiful length throughout. Antia and Singara faced the bowling but the latter was held in the slips for 3 after being twice let off. Chothia joined Antia who was shortly after given L. B. W. to S. Mehendale. Chothia was held in the slips off J. Mehendele for 6. Neksautkhan played with great confidence and scored 22 by dint of close watching and neat hitting. Mulla again made a vigorous display of his hitting powers and scored 25 in a very short time. The rest did not do very well and our total was 82.

The Fergussonians commenced their innings badly. Tambe repeated to be a careful sticky bat being run out for 3. Naravane joined Samel the Captain and carried the score steadily up to 48 when the latter was caught off Vakil. After this our bowlers Vakil and Antia had it very much their own way and dismissed the team for 75 Naravane and S. Mehendele playing a patient and faultless innings for 14 each.

In the second innings Antia and Driver opened against the same bowlers when the latter was bowled before he could score. Chothia went in and played a brilliant innings for 48 being the last man out. Antia was again given L. B. W. in trying to force a ball from J. Mehendele to leg. Mulla joined Chothia but when he had made 7 he was declared L. B. W. to the surprise of all he having clearly played the ball. Neksautkhan again played a careful innings for 15 while the other scores were Forbes 7 and Umrigur 8 his drive to corner being perhaps the prettiest stroke in the innings. Our total this time was 110.

This with the 7 runs on the first innings left the Fergusson with 118 to make to win. Tambe and Samel went into face the bowling of Vakil and Antia. When they had put up 16 between them Tambe glanced a ball from Antia and was smartly held by Mulla just off his bat. Naravane who came next set to work immediately and 40 were signalled in a very short time. During this time Vakil was relieved by Driver who did not prove very successfu At 40 Vakil was again put on and he bowled with a vengeance.

He clean bowled Samel at 46 for a well played 27 and a regular procession followed the remaining 8 wickets falling for as many runs. His bowling was tremendous and the Fergussonians found it impossible to face it. In this innings he captured 8 wickets for 18 runs while Antia (Sen.) who bowled very steadily throughout took 2 for 14. We thus won the shield for the fourth time by 63 runs. We must make honourable mention of Mulla the Captain's splendid wicket keeping. He did magnificent service behind the wickets throughout the shield matches being responsible for no less than 17 wickets in their while the boxes he gave were very few indeed. We append the scores of the last match below :—

ELPHINSTONE COLLEGE.

1st Innings :—

Antia (Jun.)	...c. b. w. b. S. Mehendele ...	7
Singara ...	...c. S. Mehendele b. L. Mehendele...	3
Chothia S. K.	...c. S. Mehendele b. L. Mehendele ...	6
Neksautkhan	...c. Tambe b. L. Mehendele ...	22
Dastur ...	...b. S. Mehendele	1
Mulla ...	...b. L. Mehendele	25
Forbes ...	...b. S. Mehendele	1
Driver ...	... Not Out ...	2
Umrigur ...	...b. L. Mehendele	0
Vakil ...	...b. L. Mehendele	5
Antia (Sen.)	...b. L. Mehendele	0
	Extras...	10
	Total...	82

2nd Innings :—

Antia (Jun.)	...c. b. w. b. L. Mehendele... ...	14
Singara ...	...b. S. Mehendele	0
Chothia ...	...b. L. Mehendele	48
Neksautkhan	...b. S. „	15
Dastur ...	...C. Tambe b. L. Mehendele ...	2
Mulla ...	...I. B. W. b. L. „ ...	7
Forbes ...	...c. Pawar b. S. Mehendele ...	7
Driver ...	...b. S. Mehendele	0
Umrigur ...	...c. & b. S. Mehendele	8
Vakil ...	... Not Out ...	1
Antia (Sen.)	...b. S. Mehendele	0
	Extras...	8
	Total...	110

FERGUSSON COLLEGE.

1st Innings.

Tambe ...	... Run Out	...	2
Samel ...	...c. Singara b. Vakil	... ...	27
Naravne ...	...b. Vakil	... ...	14
Kalavade ...	...b. Vakil	... ...	0
Pawar ...	...c. Singara b. Driver	... ...	1
Mehendele S.	...c. Mulla b. Antia ...	... ...	14
Damle ...	...b. Vakil	... ...	6
Thatte ...	...b. Antia	... ...	2
Ranade ...	...b. Antia	... ...	0
Limaye ...	... Not Out	...	1
Mehendele L.	...b. Antia	... ...	0
		Extras...	8
		Total...	75

2nd Innings.

Tambe ...	...c. Mulla b. Antia ...	... ...	5
Samel ...	...b. Vakil	... ...	27
Naravane ...	...b. Vakil	... ...	13
Kalavade ...	...c. Mulla b. Vakil ...	... ...	0
Pawar ...	...c. Mulla b. Antia ...	... ...	0
Mehendele S.	...b. Vakil	... ...	0
Damle ...	... Not Out	...	3
Thatte ...	...b. Vakil	... ...	0
Ranade ...	...b. Vakil	... ...	0
Limaye ...	...c. Chothia b. Vakil	... ...	2
Mehendele L.	...b. Vakil	... ...	0
		Extras...	4
		Total...	54

A LECTURE BY PRINCIPAL MACMILLAN.

The following is an extract from the "Oxford Chronicle" of Friday Aug. 18th, which contains reports of the various lectures given at Oxford in connection with the University Extension Course.

A lecture was delivered this morning on Bacon, by Principal MacMillan of Elphinstone College, Bombay. In the course of his remarks the lecturer said they could not but be deeply impressed by the originality, the clearness, and the suggestiveness of his treatment of moral science, and might with good reason add to his other honours the title of the father of English moral philosophy. He preferred the active to the contemplative life, and had little admiration for ancient systems of philosophy or modern religious professions that prevented a man from doing vicious acts by removing him from temptation and shutting him up in a tub or a convent, where he might selfishly pursue his own happiness and salvation, but could do little for the benefit of the human race. He strongly advocated bold and active morality. They should not cultivate " divine tranquility without one pleasure and without one pain," and secure for themselves the mental serenity and innocence that a recluse might find in his lonely cell. He rather bid them enter boldly into the battle of life and do their best for their fellow men. Bacon thought the great end of general happiness could be best attained by good laws, good morality, and by inventions through which man obtained increased power over nature. Now, he (the speaker) supposed that no one would be inclined to dispute the efficacy of good laws and good morality as a means to the promotion of happiness. But Bacon throughout his works, paid far more attention to the third means, namely, inventions, so that a careless reader of his writings might suppose that he really valued no other means to happiness. To a great many people it seemed to be an obvious truth that the inventor of any new means of shortening labour, curing disease, and conquering time and space by improved locomotion was a benefactor of the human race. Yet there nevertheless was a very strong reason for doubting this assumption, whether they considered the mental satisfaction derived from the employment of inventions or the great changes that inventions had brought about in the conditions of human life. The idea that men were made permanently happier by the mental satisfaction they felt owing to the possession of new power over nature acquired by inventions was due to a rather transparent fallacy of the kind called by logicians a *dicto secundum quid ad dictum simpliciter*. Because new inventions with which they had lately been acquainted gave them pleasure, it was falsely concluded that they would be permanent sources of pleasure when the charm of novelty had passed away. If Bacon had been suddenly transported into the nineteenth or twentieth century and been allowed to travel in a railway train, or steamship, or motor-car, he would no doubt have been thereby raised

to a high pitch of happiness—for a time. But the delight would have been diminished by familiarity. When they fairly consulted their own experience of life they would probably be inclined to come to the melancholy conclusion that in spite of all the wonderful inventions that had been made since Bacon's time by clever men of science working in the spirit of his philosophy, in spite of the steam engine, the telegraph, vaccination, the bicycle, the motor-car, and electric light, they were really not much if at all happier than the men and women who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and King James. Therefore, many who agreed with Bacon entirely in thinking that the happineas of men was the final end of moral science, might reasonably disagree with him as to the means by which that end might be promoted. (Applause.) Dr. Sidney Lee, in his recent work entitled "Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century," quoted as one of Bacon's precepts the following words "Mixture of falsehood is like alloy which may make the mental work better." Now, these were Bacon's very words, but that they should be quoted as a precept of Bacon was a striking example of the injustice that might be done by quoting, apart from the context, a sentence or, as in this case, a bit of a sentence. Bacon pointed out the baseness of falsehood, though he admitted that a certain amount of falsehood might make a men more effective. Must they not all allow that there was some truth in this admission? But this admission was only a concessive clause in a sentence the main purport of which was that falsehood was a disgrace and truth a glory to human nature. Elsewhere Bacon showed his high regard for truth by a fine application of the question which Job asked of his friends, "Will you lie for God as one man will do for another to gratify him?" (Applause.) The lecturer went on to show that there was also a lower strain of morality running through Bacon's writings, and that there was the same mixture of the noble and the base in his life. He was guilty of many base deeds exemplifying his to scientific treatment of men as if they were inanimate ingredients in a chemical mixture. The high eulogies of his friends might be accounted for on the ground that they were based on the last years of his life when he was chastened by adversity.

"ELPHINSTONIAN" COMPETITIONS.

THE prize for the best copy of verses suitable as an introduction to the "Elphinstonian" has been awarded by the Editors to Mr. Nargolwala for the following lines, sent in under the pseudonym of "Miskin."

The world was hushed in sleepy calm,
I too was soothed by "Nature's balm"
I dreamt these lay in front of me
A deep unruffled silvery sea.
I walked the shingly shore (in dream),
My mind of thoughts a constant stream,
When, from the briny bosom sprung,
Its neck with coral festoons hung,
A sprite of ghostly shape and look
Placed in my trembling hands a book,
And said to me in whispers deep
"Do thou this book *for ever* keep"
Saying this it thinned and grew
Invisible in the airy blue.

× × × × ×

The sea was called the Sea of Fame,
The "Elphinstonian" the volume's name.

The prize for the most suitable quotation from Shakespeare, in connection with the controversy between Lord Curzon and Lord Kitchener, has been awarded to Mr. M. H. Nanavati, who sends in the following quotations:—

1 "Ye Gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.
Why, man, he doeth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves,
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

2 But man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep.

ODE.

TO A "BULBUL"

I.

Awake Walkerian Lyre!
And with thy wonted fire
Sweep, Sweep the frenzied string of Ecstasy—
Whether it be cat-gut or brazen wire
I Know not—I
Who for my very life
Could never tell a fiddle from a fife.
What matters it? The theme is high
And great the argument "th' occasion dear,"
But rhyming most severe.
I have it at my fingers' ends,
The classic claptrap of our "Bulbul" friends,
Nymph and faun and Satyr,
Phœbus and Zephyrs, Philomel and Naiads
Furies and Fates, Dryads and Hamadryads,
But Rhyme's another matter,
To Bards a "direful spring" of grim "unnumbered woes"
Then Walker to my aid!—and here it goes.

II.

Mark, mark this Lover of the rose
In most poetic pose
Reclining in the ancientest "Victoria"
Sighing "Sic transit gloria"!
As he regards old Jehu's fez,
The beauteous fez that sure could tell a story
Of by gone days
Of long-departed days of carmine and of glory,
When high it sate
In primal state
Upon the Shining, poll
Of him who vended erst "Buddi-ka-Boll."

III.

He gazes at the sky,
Ever with half an eye
To those, who look at him with awe:
He smiles, he mutters slowly,
Is full of melancholy,
And from the Empyrean seems his breath to draw!

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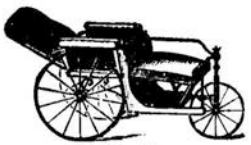

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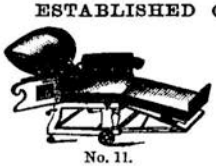

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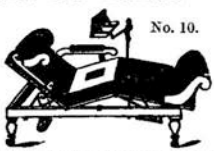

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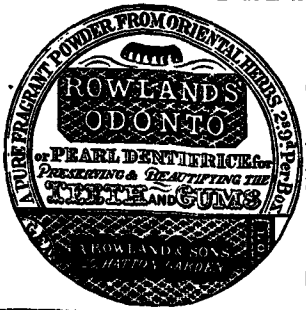

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FEBRUARY 1902.

BROWNING IN VENICE.

BEING RECOLLECTIONS BY THE LATE KATHARINE DE KAY BRONSON, WITH A PREFATORY NOTE BY HENRY JAMES.

* * *

I HAVE read the following pages of cordial and faithful reminiscence, in which a frank, predominant presence seems to live again, with an interest inevitably somewhat sad—so past and gone to-day is so much of the life suggested. Those who fortunately knew Mrs. Bronson will read into her notes still more of it—more of her subject, more of herself too, and of many things—than she gives, and some may well even feel tempted to do for her what she has done here for her distinguished friend. In Venice, during a long period, for many pilgrims, Mrs. Arthur Bronson, originally of New York, was, so far as 'society,' hospitality, a charming personal welcome were concerned, almost in sole possession; she had become there, with time, quite the prime representative of those private amenities which the Anglo-Saxon abroad is apt to miss just in proportion as the place visited is publicly wonderful, and in which he therefore finds a value twice as great as at home. Mrs. Bronson really earned in this way the gratitude of mingled generations and races. She sat for twenty years at the wide mouth, as it were, of the Grand Canal, holding out her hand, with endless good-nature, patience, charity, to all decently-accredited petitioners, the incessant troop of those either bewilderedly making or fondly renewing acquaintance with the dazzling city.

Casa Alvisi is directly opposite the high, broad-based florid church of S. Maria della Salute—so directly that from the balcony

over the water-entrance your eye, crossing the canal, seems to find the key-hole of the great door right in a line with it; and there was something in this position that, for the time, made all Venice-lovers think of the genial *padrona* as thus levying in the most convenient way the toll of curiosity and sympathy. Everyone passed, everyone was seen to pass, and few were those not seen to stop and to return. The most generous of hostesses died a year ago at Florence; her house knows her no more—it had ceased to do so for some time before her death; and the long, pleased procession—the charmed arrivals, the happy sojourns at anchor, the reluctant departures that made Ca' Alvisi, as was currently said, a social *porto di mare*—is, for remembrance and regret, already a procession of ghosts; so that, on the spot, at present, the attention ruefully averts itself from the dear little old faded but once familiarly bright façade, overtaken at last by the comparatively vulgar uses that are doing their best to 'paint out' in Venice, right and left, by staring signs and other vulgarities, the immemorial note of distinction. The house, in a city of palaces, was small, but the tenant clung to her perfect, her inclusive position—the one right place that gave her a better command, as it were, than a better house obtained by a harder compromise; not being fond, moreover, of spacious halls and massive treasures, but of compact and familiar rooms, in which her remarkable accumulation of minute and delicate Venetian objects could show. She adored—in the way of the Venetian, to which all her taste addressed itself—the small, the domestic and the exquisite; so that she would have given a Tintoretto or two, I think, without difficulty, for a cabinet of tiny gilded glasses or a dinner-service of the right old silver.

The general receptacle of these multiplied treasures played at any rate, through the years, the part of a friendly private box at the constant operatic show, a box at the best point of the best tier, with the cushioned ledge of its front raking the whole scene and with its withdrawing-rooms behind for more detached conversation; for easy—when not indeed slightly difficult—polyglot talk, artful *bibite*, artful cigarettes too, straight from the hand of the hostess, who could do all that belonged to a hostess, place people in relation and keep them so, take up and put down the topic, cause delicate tobacco and little gilded glasses to circulate, without ever leaving her sofa-cushions or intermitting her good-nature. She exercised in these conditions, with never a block, as

we say in London, in the traffic, with never an admission, an acceptance of the least social complication, her positive genius for easy interest, easy sympathy, easy friendship. It was as if, at last, she had taken the human race at large, quite irrespective of geography, for her neighbours, with neighbourly relations as a matter of course. These things, on her part, had at all events the greater appearance of ease from their having found to their purpose—and as if the very air of Venice produced them—a cluster of forms so light and immediate, so pre-established by picturesque custom. The old bright tradition, the wonderful Venetian legend, had appealed to her from the first, closing round her house and her well-plashed water-steps, where the waiting gondolas were thick; quite as if, actually, the ghost of the defunct Carnival—since I have spoken of ghosts—still played some haunting part.

Let me add, at the same time, that Mrs. Bronson's social facility, which was really her great refuge from importunity, a defence with serious thought and serious feeling quietly cherished behind it, had its discriminations as well as its inveteracies, and that the most marked of all these, perhaps, was her attachment to Robert Browning. Nothing in all her beneficent life had probably made her happier than to have found herself able to minister, each year, with the returning autumn, to his pleasure and comfort. Attached to Ca' Alvisi, on the land side, is a somewhat melancholy old section of a Giustiniani palace, which she had annexed to her own premises mainly for the purpose of placing it, in comfortable guise, at the service of her friends. She liked, as she professed, when they were the real thing, to have them under her hand; and here succeeded each other, through the years, the company of the privileged and the more closely domesticated, who liked, harmlessly, to distinguish between themselves and outsiders. Among visitors partaking of this pleasant provision Mr. Browning was of course easily first. But I must leave her own pen to show him as her best years knew him. The point was, meanwhile, that if her charity was great even for the outsider, this was by reason of the inner essence of it—her perfect tenderness for Venice, which she always recognised as a link. That was the true principle of fusion, the key to communication. She communicated in proportion—little or much, measuring it as she felt people more responsive or less so; and she expressed herself—in other words her full affection for the place—only to those who had

most of the same sentiment. The rich and interesting form in which she found it in Browning may well be imagined—together with the quite independent quantity of the genial at large that she also found; but I am not sure that his favour was not primarily based on his paid tribute of such things as 'Two in a Gondola,' and 'A Toccata of Galuppi.' He had more ineffaceably than anyone recorded his initiation from of old.

She was thus, all round, supremely faithful; yet it was perhaps after all with the very small folk, those to the manner born, that she made the easiest terms. She loved, she had from the first enthusiastically adopted, the engaging Venetian people, whose virtues she found touching, and their infirmities but such as appeal mainly to the sense of humour and the love of anecdote; and she befriended and admired, she studied and spoiled them. There must have been a multitude of whom it would scarce be too much to say that her long residence among them was their settled golden age. When I consider that they have lost her now I fairly wonder to what shifts they have been put and how long they may not have to wait for such another messenger of Providence. She cultivated their dialect, she renewed their boats, she piously relighted—at the top of the tide-washed *pali* of *traghetto* or lagoon—the neglected lamp of the tutelary Madonetta; she took cognisance of the wives, the children, the accidents, the troubles, as to which she became, perceptibly, the most prompt, the established remedy. On lines where the amusement was happily less one-sided she put together in dialect many short comedies, dramatic proverbs, which, with one of her drawing-rooms permanently arranged as a charming diminutive theatre, she caused to be performed by the young persons of her circle—often, when the case lent itself, by the wonderful small offspring of humbler friends, children of the Venetian lower class, whose aptitude, teachability, drollery, were her constant delight. It was certainly true that an impression of Venice as humanly sweet might easily found itself on the frankness and quickness and amiability of these little people. They were at least so much to the good; for the philosophy of their patroness was as Venetian as everything else; helping her to accept experience without bitterness and to remain fresh, even in the fatigue which finally overtook her, for pleasant surprises and proved sincerities. She was herself sincere to the last for the place of her predilection; inasmuch as though she had arranged herself, in the later time—and largely for the love of

'Pippa Passes'—an alternative refuge at Asolo, she absented herself from Venice with continuity only under coercion of illness.

At Asolo, periodically, the link with Browning was more confirmed than weakened, and there, in old Venetian territory, and with the invasion of visitors comparatively checked, her preferentially small house became again a setting for the pleasure of talk and the sense of Italy. It contained again its own small treasures, all in the pleasant key of the homelier Venetian spirit. The plain beneath it stretched away like a purple sea from the lower cliffs of the hills, and the white *campanili* of the villages, as one was perpetually saying, showed on the expanse like scattered sails of ships. The rumbling carriage, the old-time, rattling, red-velveted carriage of provincial, rural Italy, delightful and quaint, did the office of the gondola; to Bassano, to Treviso, to high-walled Castelfranco, all pink and gold, the home of the great Giorgione. Here also memories cluster; but it is in Venice again that her vanished presence is most felt, for there, in the real, or certainly the finer, the more sifted Cosmopolis, it falls into its place among the others evoked, those of the past seekers of poetry and dispensers of romance. It is a fact that almost everyone interesting, appealing, melancholy, memorable, odd, seems at one time or another, after many days and much life, to have gravitated to Venice by a happy instinct, settling in it and treating it, cherishing it, as a sort of repository of consolations; all of which to-day, for the conscious mind, is mixed with its air and constitutes its unwritten history. The deposed, the defeated, the disenchanted, the wounded, or even only the bored, have seemed to find there something that no other place could give. But such people came for themselves, as we seem to see them—only with the egotism of their grievances and the vanity of their hopes. Mrs. Bronson's case was beautifully different—she had come altogether for others.

HENRY JAMES.

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[1] In a letter from Browning dated in London, speaking of a pleasant experience in Venice, he says: 'It has given an association which will live in my mind with every delight of that dearest place in the world.' Again, in allusion to an album of carefully chosen

[1] Copyright, 1902, in the United States of America by the Century Co.

Venetian photographs received as a Christmas gift, he says: 'What a book of memories, and instigations to yet still more memories, does that most beautiful book prove to me! I never supposed that photographers would have the good sense to use their art on so many out-of-the-way scenes and sights, just those I love most.'

Nevertheless, he did not acquiesce when people suggested that he should leave England and take up his permanent abode in Venice. His answer was: 'Impossible! I have too many friends in London. I would never forsake them. Still, I admit that for three or four months in the year I should like nothing half so well as Venice.'

To this end he once made all arrangements for the purchase of an ancient Venetian palace. Everything seemed propitious. He was charmed with the early fifteenth-century construction, with the arched windows and exquisite façade covered with medallions of many-coloured marbles, and pleased himself with plans and fancies of how, with certain alterations, it could easily be made a perfect summer and autumn residence. All was decided, the law formalities were nearly complete, and the purchase-money was ready, when, at the last hour, a flaw in the title became apparent, partly owing to the fact that the property belonged to absentees. So, to the poet's intense chagrin, he was obliged to give up his darling scheme. Perhaps he had never, in his long lifetime, been so thoroughly annoyed by a thwarted project as by the failure of this one. There came a day, some years later, when he saw that all had been ordained for his good. As a matter of fact, the foundations of the palace were as insecure as the title, there were many sunless rooms, some of the floors were sunken badly, and an enormous outlay of money would have been required to make the place habitable.

These drawbacks the poet at first refused to consider. He thought only of the beauty and the archæological interest; he doubted that the façade was in a perilous condition; pleased himself by fancying how many windows he could open to the morning sun on the garden, how many balconies could be added towards the south; in fact, he may be said to have passed a month, not in building but in restoring a 'castle in the air' hanging over the waters of the Grand Canal. Even when he became convinced that Fate had kept a kindly hand over him, and that the purchase, had it been concluded, would have proved a source of endless trouble and perhaps regret, he still remained offended with the unseen and

unknown owners of the palazzo. It was only after his son had bought the Palazzo Rezzonico[1] that the father was really reconciled to the loss of the Manzoni.

The poet's nature was so essentially joyous that one was at a loss to decide where he took the keenest pleasure, whether in his daily walks or his afternoon rows in the gondola. He seemed never to weary of either, but my personal experience of his delight was in the latter, when we floated over the still lagoons. The view of the rose-coloured city rising from the pale-green waters, of the golden light of sunset on the distant Alps, of the day as it turned to evening behind the Euganean Hills, never seemed to pall upon his sense.

'Only Shelley has given us an idea of this,' he would say, and quote lines from 'Julian and Maddalo.' 'Never say Eugánean,' he corrected me; 'many people make that mistake, but if you keep in mind that the poet makes the word rhyme to 'pæan,' you will remember to pronoun it Eugané-an.'

His memory for the poems he had read in his youth was extraordinary. If one quoted a line from Byron, who, he said, was the singer of his first enthusiasm, he would continue the quotation, never hesitating for a word, and then interrupt himself, saying 'I think you have had enough of this,' to which his dear sister and I would give silent consent, lest the effort of memory should tire him. He was very proud of his retentive memory and of his well-preserved sight; the latter he attributed to his practice of bathing his eyes in cold water every morning. He was proud, too, of his strength, of his power of walking for hours without fatigue, of the few requirements of his Spartan-like daily life, and above all he was proud of his son, who was his idol.

Yes, that was his vulnerable point, the heel of Achilles. People who praised or loved or noticed his only child found the

[1] It is on the left side of the palace, at the corner above the little canal, that one may see the memorial tablet erected by the municipality of Venice:

A
ROBERTO BROWNING
MORTO IN QUESTO PALAZZO
IL 12 DICEMBRE 1889
VENEZIA
POSE

'Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."'

direct road to his heart. Even those who only spoke with him of 'Pen' were at once his friends and worthy of attention and interest. He said to me many years ago, while awaiting anxiously the result of his son's earnest art studies:

'Do you know, dear friend, if the thing were possible, I would renounce all personal ambition and would destroy every line I ever wrote, if by so doing I could see fame and honour heaped on my Robert's head.'

What a proof are these words of an intense nature devoid of all egotism! In his boy he saw the image of the wife whom he adored, literally adored; for, as I felt, the thought of her, as an angel in heaven, was never out of his mind. He wore a small gold ring on his watch-chain. 'This was hers,' he said. 'Can you fancy that tiny finger? Can you believe that a woman could wear such a circlet as this? It is a child's.'

The only other souvenir on his chain was a coin placed there years ago, the date 1848, a piece of the first money struck by Manin in Venice to record the freedom from Austrian dominion. 'I love this coin,' he said, 'as she would have loved it. You know what she felt and wrote about United Italy.'

He had no personal vanity: it never occurred to him to admire himself in any way, to call attention to the beauty of his hand, which in old age was the hand of youth, nor did he seem to be aware of the perfect outline of his head, the colour and brightness of his eyes, or the fairness of his skin, which, with his snow-white hair, made him look as if carved in old Greek marble.

After his disappointment with regard to the Palazzo Manzoni he cherished a momentary—idea, may I call it?—perhaps fancy is the better word—of buying an unfinished villa on the Lido, the sand-strip towards the Adriatic, begun in years gone by for Victor Emmanuel. He would talk of this with great zest, saying, 'Thence one could see every day the divine sunsets,' and continue with a list of the charms and advantages of the really beautiful place, then pause and wait for the assent and approbation of his sister or some listening friend. He seemed annoyed when no such word was spoken. He could not bring those who loved him quite to agree with so unpractical a scheme, yet all contrary arguments of distance from town and markets, exposure to storms, and so on, seemed to annoy him, until at last everyone ended by listening to his enthusiastic plans, while offering no direct opposition to them. After a time, finding that in this case silence meant the

reverse of consent, he ceased to talk and dream of a 'villa on the Lido.'

He expressed one day a wish to go to the Church of San Niccolò to find the tomb of his hero Salinguerra. On the way he talked of the character and deeds of this soldier prince, who plays so important a part in the poem of 'Sordello'; how he was taken by the Venetians at Ferrara, and kept for years an honoured prisoner by the republic, and how he died in Casa Bosco at San Tomà, and was buried with great pomp at San Niccolò al Lido. After searching vainly for some time through the lonely church, where no sacristan was to be found, he discovered or rediscovered the memorial tablet in a sort of corridor attached to the east side of the church. It bears in Gothic characters the name and date of death of the renowned Salinguerra, which being translated signifies 'leap to war.'

The poet looked at the ancient stone with great interest and attention, and on the way back to Venice he seemed lost in thought. Though he said but little, I could follow through that the current of his thought. He was repassing in his mind that complicated bit of mediæval Italian history so strongly treated in his own great poem. While he took a vivid and ever-present interest in all he had written, he very rarely spoke on the subject, even to his most intimate friends. In a letter of thanks for a manuscript collection of dramatic episodes taken from Venetian archives, he said:

'The extracts are all very characteristic and valuable. If I do not immediately turn them to use, it is because of an old peculiarity in my mental digestion—a long and obscure process. There comes up unexpectedly some subject for poetry, which has been dormant, and apparently dead, for perhaps dozens of years. A month since I wrote a poem of some two hundred lines about a story I heard more than forty years ago, and never dreamed of trying to repeat, wondering how it had so long escaped me; and so it has been with my best things. These *petits faits vrais* are precious.'

The poem he spoke of is 'Donald.' I always fancied that in Venice the poet was more ready to be pleased than elsewhere; everything charmed him. He found grace and beauty in the *popolo*, whom he paints so well in the Goldoni sonnet. The poorest street children were pretty in his eyes. He would admire a carpenter or a painter who chanced to be at work in the house,

and say to me: 'See the fine poise of the head, the movement of the torso, those well-cut features. You might fancy that man in the crimson robe of a senator, as you see them on Tintoret's canvas.'

I would occasionally translate his compliment to the man in question, in milder terms: 'The signore says you look like the people in the old pictures'; and it amused him to see the workman change colour at words of praise from the one he well knew as the *sommo poeta*. Professor Molmenti wrote to him one day with the request that he would write something for a pamphlet published at the time of the unveiling of Goldoni's statue in Venice. He acquiesced without hesitation, and the very next day the sonnet was ready for print. It was written very rapidly; probably it was thought out carefully before he put pen to paper, as I observed there were but two or three trifling alterations in the original copy. He seemed pleased that the committee should have asked him to write, and pleased to accede to the wish. The subject appealed to his taste, and he seemed most happy to show his sympathy with Venice and Venetians.

The saying that 'no man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*' was disproved in the case of Robert Browning. He was so gracious and yet so dignified with servants that he was as profoundly revered by them as he was beloved. An exact account of his gentle geniality in this regard might read like exaggeration. He appeared to dread giving his inferiors trouble; it was as though he would fain spare them the sense of servitude, which his own independent spirit caused him to imagine a painful burden. It seemed as if he were ever striving to place a cushion under a galling yoke, and in vain one sought to convince him that service rendered to such as he could only be a source of pride and pleasure to the server. He would always resist the hand of a friend or menial that tried to assist him, even in so small a matter as the adjustment or removal of his great-coat or his hat.

'Nothing that I can do for myself should be done for me,' he would say, and brave was the servant who dared hold an umbrella over his head as he stepped into or out of the gondola. 'What do you take me for,' he would exclaim—'an infant or a man?'

In Venice his memory will live in many a humble heart until its pulse has ceased to beat. 'There'll never be another like

him,' is still the common saying whenever his name is mentioned to those who served him.

In his immense humanity he refused to make distinctions of manner among those of his own class of life who approached him, always excepting the rare cases where base qualities had been proved beyond a doubt to his mind. The thing he most abhorred was untruthfulness; even insincerity in its most conventional form was detestable to an upright mind which loved and sought for truth in all its phases. His first impulse was to think well of people, to like them, to respect them; they were human souls, and therefore to him of the greatest earthly interest. He conversed affably with all. Lover of beauty as he was, he would talk as pleasantly with dull old ladies as with young and pretty ones. He made himself delightful at a dinner-party; whether the guests chanced to be of mediocre intelligence or of superior brains, his fund of sparkling anecdote for all was never exhausted. In this, as in many other ways, one learned from him the lesson of self-forgetfulness. He never asked, 'Do these people amuse me? Do I find them agreeable?' His only thought was, 'Let me try to make their time pass pleasantly.'

He wrote a few words some years ago in the album of Lia, a daughter of Princess Mélanie Metternich, a lovely little creature, just ten years of age, who died some months later of scarlet fever. Among her books the mother found one containing original verses, some most pathetic lines, bidding her brother farewell, and prophetic of her approaching death. The child had never shown them to anyone, not even to her governess. I copied and sent them to Mr. Browning, and he thus wrote in answer:

'I want to say how much touched I was by those dear innocencies of the poor sweet child a week before the end. The mother's discovery of that book, those unsuspected yearnings in verse, one cannot venture to try and realise that. I like to think that when the kind little creature asked me so prettily to write my name in her birthday book there went some sort of true sympathy (in the asking) with a person she had heard was a "poet," not merely a stranger with a name other people told her they had heard of. Perhaps she was meaning to be herself a "poet." Well, she is passed into poetry, for all who knew her even so slightly as I.'

Some years ago an overflow of rivers, and consequent inundation of a part of the Venetian territory, interrupted for a time all

communication between Venice and northern Italy. In a letter written at this fateful time, soon after his return to London, he said:

'As for the failure to get to Venice, we, my sister and I, have only regretted it once, that is, uninterruptedly ever since. You must know that, beside the adverse floods and bridge-breakings, I was, for the first time in my life, literally lamed by what I took for an attack of rheumatism, which I caught just before leaving St. Pierre de Chartreuse, through my stupid inadvertence in sitting with a window open at my back—reading the Iliad, all my excuse!—while clad in a thin summer suit, and snow on the hills and bitterness everywhere; . . . but this was no such slight matter at Bologna, and I fancied I might be absolutely crippled at Venice if I even managed to overcome all obstacles and get there. Of course now that what is done is done, I am tantalised with fancies of what might have been done otherwise. But, if I live and do well, be sure that I will go as early to Venice next year, and stay as late, as circumstances will allow.'

A gifted friend of mine, who met Mr. Browning in my house, thus writes of him:

'It was evident to me that he always strove to excuse the faults of others and overlook their weaknesses, gathering all, with his large charity, into the great brotherhood of humanity. But his indignation at anything low, base, or untrue was like a flash of fire. His whole face would change and glow as he denounced those who used their talents to corrupt the world, as he thought some of the modern French novelists do. No word was too scathing, no scorn too intense, for that great sin consciously committed.'

In this connection I recollect that a certain lady, whom he had known slightly years ago in Rome, met him one day in the street and greeted him with, 'Oh, Mr. Browning, you are the very person I wished to see!' This was somewhat embarrassing, as he did not recognise his former acquaintance in the least; so she hurriedly explained to him who she once had been—the wife of an English banker in Rome—and who she then was—the wife of an Italian councillor of prefecture.

'And what, pray, can I do for you?' asked Mr. Browning.

'I have written a poem,' was her answer, 'and I want you to read it and tell me what you think of it;' so there and then she brought forth a manuscript from her pocket, and was about to read it aloud in the street when he stopped her, saying:

'Not here, not here! Had we not better go into a shop?'

So, as they chanced to be near the library on the Piazza, they stepped into a book-shop, and the title and dedication of the poem were read. It was addressed to a French novelist, whom the author called 'the Jenner of literature.' Mr. Browning was displeased, but, as he said, he managed to conceal his real sentiments, only saying:

'I think I should be an unfair critic on such a subject. I would rather not hear the poem.'

Surprised, the lady asked his reason. 'Do you not think,' she inquired, 'that the portrayal of the evil existing in the world has the effect of making people fear and avoid it?'

'Not in the very least,' he explained; 'the exact contrary is the case. It tends to make people who sin occasionally consider themselves admirably virtuous as compared with those who commit sins every day and hour.' So saying, he took leave of the poetess.

One of his great pleasures was to walk with my daughter through the little Venetian *calli*. He liked to find himself suddenly in one so narrow as to force him to close his umbrella, whether in sun or rain.

'Edith is the best cicerone in the world,' he said; 'she knows everything and teaches me all she knows. There never was such a guide.'

In past years he had known little of the tortuous inner streets of Venice, so all was new to him. He sometimes fancied that he and his young companion had discovered a hitherto unknown bit of stone carving or bas-relief. I remember hearing him give a description of the tablet which marks the visit of Pope Alexander to Venice, which the two explorers had found in a dim, out-of-the-way corner, and he seemed so pleased that I dared not disappoint him by saying that its existence is mentioned in various guide-books. One of his favourite walks was to SS. Giovanni e Paolo to see the Colleoni, which he considered the finest equestrian statue in the world. He remarked that the artist was well named Verocchio, or 'true eye,' and related to us one day, in his own inimitable terse manner, the story of the checkered life of the great *condottiere*, and why his statue had been erected in Venice. He never passed a day without taking one or more long walks; indeed, his panacea for most ills was exercise, and the exercise he chiefly advocated was walking. He wrote:

'I get as nearly angry as it is in me to become with people I love when they trifle with their health,—that is, with their life,—like children playing with jewels over a bridge-side, jewels which, once in the water, how can we, the poor lookers-on, hope to recover? You don't know how absolutely well I am after my walking, not on the mountains merely, but on the beloved Lido. Go there, if only to stand and be blown about by the sea-wind.'

His long walks on the Lido were among his greatest pleasures. At one time he went there daily with his congenial friends Mr. and Mrs. Sargent Curtis. He would return full of colour and health, talk of the light and life and fresh air with enthusiasm, combined with a sort of pity for those who had remained at home. 'It is like coming into a room from the outer air,' he said, 'to re-enter Venice after walking on the sea-shore.'

When storms kept him by force in the house all day, he never complained; but one could see that it troubled him to find himself a prisoner. He would stand at the window and watch the sea-gulls as they sailed to and fro, their presence a sure sign of heavy storms in the Adriatic. He remarked upon their strength of wing and grace of flight, as they swept down to the wreaths and long lines of dark-green seaweed floating on the surface of the canal between the house and the Church of the Salute. One day he observed: 'I do not know why I never see in descriptions of Venice any mention of the sea-gulls; to me they are even more interesting than the doves of St. Mark.'

Indeed, the white-winged creatures so charmed him that I often thought the world would see a poem from his pen to immortalise the birds. He admired the Salute, the sometimes adversely criticised Church of Our Lady of Health.

'Is it possible,' he said, 'that wise men disapprove of those quaint buttresses? To me they rise out of the sea like gigantic shells; but then I am not an architect, and only know what is beautiful to my own eyes.'

'One of his most charming traits was the readiness with which he always acquiesced when asked to read aloud his own poems. He accepted no thanks, saying in a genial manner: 'It is very kind of you to wish to hear them; when shall it be?'

He liked especially to read for his friends the Curtises at the Palazzo Barbaro, where he felt at home, feeling certain that hosts and guests were sympathetic. The day and hour fixed, he allowed nothing to interfere with his intention. The sense of honour

which showed itself in the smallest matters made it impossible for him to frame even a conventional excuse when his absence might disappoint others. Rather than break a promise he would brave a storm, or force himself to keep his word even when he justly complained that his throat was not quite as it should be. That word, once given, must be held to, despite all obstacles. Let me quote again from my friend's letter:

'His reading of his own poems was a never-to-be-forgotten delight—simple, direct, and virile as was the nature of the man. The graver portions he read in a quiet, almost introspective way, as if he were thinking it all out again. I remember once that in finishing the grand profession of faith at the end of "Saul" his voice failed him a very little, and when it was ended he turned his back to us, who were gathered about him in reverent silence, and laying the book quietly on the table, stood so for a moment. . . . He seemed as full of dramatic interest in reading "In a Balcony" as if he had just written it for our benefit. One who sat near him said that it was a natural sequence that the step of the guard should be heard coming to take Norbert to his doom, as, with a nature like the queen's, who had known only one hour of joy in her sterile life, vengeance swift and terrible would follow on the sudden destruction of her happiness.

'"Now, I don't quite think that," answered Browning, as if he were following out the play as a spectator. "The queen had a large and passionate temperament, which had only once been touched and brought into intense life. She would have died, as by a knife in her heart. The guard would have come to carry away her dead body."

'"But I imagine that most people interpret it as I do," was the reply.

'"Then," said Browning, with quick interest, "don't you think it would be well to put it in the stage directions, and have it seen that they were carrying her across the back of the stage?"

'Whether this was ever done I do not know; but it was wonderful to me, as showing the personal interest he took in his own creations.'

He had a fund of simple playfulness which often comes with genius. One evening, after dinner at the Casa Alvisi, he was talking on the subject of certain music with the lady whose letter I have quoted, when he said suddenly:

'Come, I will play to you on the spinet in the anteroom.'

So they went together, and found the place but partly lighted by one dim lamp. The spinet had no chair, so he knelt on the carpet before it, the light falling on his bent head, its snow-white hair, and on his small, eloquent hands. He played a little fugue of Bach, and finding that one or two of the ancient keys refused to do their work,—for the spinet was a curiosity, and not meant for use,—he said:

'Raise the wooden bar over the hammers; let us see if it will do better.'

The lady obeyed, and all going well, he was threading some of the intricacies of the great maestro, when she, thinking still to improve the tone, lifted the bar higher, then all at once the little hammers, tipped with bits of crow-quill, freed from captivity, leaped into the air and fell lifeless on the strings. Then all was lost, and in the midst of suppressed laughter he said:

'Now you have ruined the instrument! Let us cover it quickly and go back.'

So they covered over the destruction, and, like naughty children, lifted the portière and went back demurely to the drawing-room, making no confession of the crime. He would refer to this escapade with boyish amusement.

He was on friendly terms with one of the foreign residents in Venice, an old Russian prince, a man of intelligence and varied experience. Born in Rome in the beginning of the nineteenth century and educated in Russia, he afterwards represented his country at the courts of Athens, Constantinople, and Turin. At the latter place he was the friend of Cavour and of good service in maintaining friendly diplomatic relations between St. Petersburg and newly formed United Italy. Between him and Browning, therefore, numerous subjects of common interest existed, and their long conversations were enjoyed equally on both sides.

'I like Gagarin, with his crusty old port flavour,' the poet says in one of his letters.

On one never-to-be-forgotten evening the subject of music took the place of old-time politics. To the great surprise of the prince, the poet recalled to his memory, and sang in a low, sweet voice, a number of folk-songs and national airs he had caught by ear during his short stay in Russia, more than fifty years before. First one would sing and then the other; if one hesitated for a note or phrase, the other could generally supply the deficiency, and with great spirit and mutual delight they continued the

curious tournament for quite an hour. It was evident that the old music took them both back to the days of their youth. The Russian expressed himself amazed at the poet's musical memory. 'It is better than my own, on which I have hitherto piqued myself not a little,' he said at the time, and he often referred to the experience of that evening as the most remarkable proof of memory he ever met with.

Browning never failed to read the London daily papers, but seldom found time to look at those published in Venice. When he did take up one of the latter he would smile and say:

'Now listen to the iniquities committed in this wicked city yesterday!'

Then he would read aloud the police reports, which never recorded anything more serious than a petty theft of oars or *forcole, cavalli di gondola*, or, at the worst, some household linen —by a bold thief abstracted from its drying place—to the value of five francs. Comparison of these delinquencies with those of similar columns in other lands was really a source of delight to the poet.

'How pleasant it is to be in the midst of so guileless a community!' he would say, with a genial laugh. On reading the necrologies, which often recorded the demise of someone 'morto nella ancora fresca età di sessanta-cinque anni' (dead at the still youthful age of sixty-five), 'They consider sixty-five an early death apparently,' he said, with a smile.

A modern book was brought to his notice during his last sojourn (but one) in Venice. It is Tassini's 'Curiosità Veneziane,' which gives a history in brief of the old palaces, together with their divers legends; also the origin of the names of the streets and bridges. He was interested in this, and even mentions the book in a letter written after his return to London: 'Tassini tempts me to dip into him whenever I pass the book-case.'

He was impressed by a story in this volume, which he afterwards told in verse. It is published in 'Asolando,' and is entitled 'Ponte dell' Angelo.' Not content with Tassini's version of the legend, the poet looked it up in the 'Annals of the Cappucini,' by Father Boverio. He said nothing of this to anyone until a certain day, when, to the question, 'Where would you like to go?' he answered promptly:

'To see the house of the Devil and the Advocate.'

We rowed quickly to the place where three waterways meet,

and where the Ponte dell' Angelo spans one of the narrow canals. Opposite stands the old Soranzo palace, with an angel carved in stone on the façade.

'Stop,' he said to the gondolier, 'broad-backed Luigi,' as he always called him. 'Do you know the story of that angel?'

'Sì, signore.'

'Then relate it.'

The boatman at once proceeded to repeat most volubly in the Venetian dialect the tale, familiar to him from childhood.

'Do you think it is true, Luigi?' said the poet.

'Yes, sir, it is really true; it has been printed.' The man's faith in the veracity of print amused the poet immensely.

He was much pleased on one occasion when Professor Nencioni came from Rome expressly to see him. Nencioni is perhaps the only Italian who has thoroughly mastered the difficulties of Browning's poetry, certainly the only one who has translated and written essays upon it, and one need hardly say that he is an enthusiastic admirer. Browning was already aware of this through a series of articles in the 'Fanfulla della Domenica,' published at Rome. Italian recognition of his work was especially gratifying to him for various reasons, and he welcomed this distinguished exponent of it with genuine gratitude and pleasure. 'I subscribed to the paper at once,' he said, with his usual frank geniality, 'after reading your first kind notice of me.'

Together with his clever young friend and 'fellow-pilgrim' Carlo Placci, the professor dined with the poet at Casa Alvisi. Everyone was in the best of spirits, but to recall such conversation is beyond my power. I only remember that in the evening Nencioni, speaking to me in an aside, said: 'I have studied Browning since my early youth, when first I saw him in Siena. I consider that his work has qualities not to be found even in Shakespeare; in fact, in some respects I regard him as the superior of the two.'

After the Professor had gone I said to the poet, 'Do you know what your admirer says of you?'

'No; what?'

So I made myself a base tattler and repeated his words. The poet frowned and shook his head impatiently.

'No, no, no; I won't hear that. No one in the world will ever approach Shakespeare—never!'

So I repented my boldness, but fancied, nevertheless, he must

have been somewhat pleased by what, in his modesty, he found an exaggerated expression of admiration. Indeed, this was but one of many instances which went to prove that, although he had a sincere consciousness of his own merit as a poet, he placed others far above himself. Nothing annoyed him more than comparisons so often made between himself and Tennyson, for whom he had a heartfelt appreciation. The slightest word of dispraise or faint praise of his friend and brother poet roused him to positive anger. His admirers frequently displeased him in this way, thinking to flatter him by some such expression of opinion, and his sharp quick answer always punished their want of tact and discrimination.

In one of his later letters he says:

'Did you get a little book by Michael Field, "Long Ago," a number of poems written to *innestare* what fragmentary lines and words we have left of Sappho's poetry? . . . The author is a great genius, a friend we know. Do you like it?'

In speaking afterwards to me on the subject of this work, his praise was enthusiastic, and he added to his expressions of admiration for the author's genius his sorrow for the trouble and anxiety she had been lately called upon to bear.

In Venice, as elsewhere, Browning rose early, and after a light breakfast went with his sister to the Public Gardens. They never failed to carry with them a store of cakes and fruits for the prisoned elephant, whose lonely fate was often pityingly alluded to by the poet, in whom a love of animals amounted to a passion. A large baboon, confined in what had once been a greenhouse, was also an object of special interest to him. This beast fortunately excited no commiseration, being healthy and content, and taking equal pleasure with the givers in his daily present of dainty food. After saying 'Good morning' and 'Good appetite' to these animals, he gave a passing salutation to a pair of beautiful gazelles, presented to the gardens by one of his friends; then a word of greeting to two merry marmosets, the gift of another friend; then a glance at the pelicans, the ostriches, and the quaint kangaroos; he had a word and a look for each, seeming to study them and almost to guess their thoughts. After this he made the tour of the gardens, three times round the inclosure with great exactness, and then returned to his temporary home in the Palazzo Giustiniani-Recanati.

On a certain day he met one of the servants, whose joy it was

to wait upon him, carrying a rather heavy basket of grapes and other fruits on her arm.

'Oh, Giuseppina,' he cried, 'let me help you!' and seized the basket suddenly from her hand.

The woman, overwhelmed by such condescension, protested, 'Troppo onore, signore.'

'Nonsense!' said the poet. 'You are always helping me; won't you allow me for once to help you?'

Still the woman resisted, saying, 'It is not for such as you, O signore!'

This was more than he could bear.

'We are all made of the same clay, Giuseppina'; and gaining his point—for who could withstand his will?—he held one handle of the basket until they reached the palace door.

This same worthy woman is fond of relating a story of her master which illustrates another side of his character. He had paid her weekly account, and there remained one centesimo as change. The woman showed the little coin, saying shyly, 'I cannot offer this trifle to the signore.'

'Yes, my good Giuseppina,' he said, taking it from her hand; 'it is one thing to be just and another to be generous; you do right to return it to me.'

'And not long after this,' continues the woman, 'he made me such a grand present!'

The Giustiniani-Recanati palace was in some respects worthy of a poet's sojourn. It is one of the oldest in Venice, built in the fifteenth century, and has a fine façade, with Gothic windows looking out upon a court and garden, and a southern exposure. It belongs to a lineal descendant of one of the most ancient and historically interesting families in Italy, the one in which the well-known circumstance of the marriage of a monk, by order of the Pope, occurred many centuries ago. The aroma of antiquity —and we may add sanctity, since many members of the family lived and died in the odour thereof—was a source of pleasure to the poet. He said once, 'I am glad to have written some of my verses in the house of the Giustiniani,' for his soul rejoiced in the heroic deeds and romantic records of bygone days.

It was curious to see that, on each one of his arrivals in Venice, he took up his life precisely as he had left it. On Sunday morning he always went with his sister to the same Waldensian chapel, in which they seemed to take great interest, especially enjoying the

preaching of a certain eloquent pastor, whose name, I regret to say, I have forgotten. On the return from the brisk morning walk he read his newspapers and letters, answering each day a few among the many received from friends and admirers. He was amused, but never impatient, with the innumerable requests for autographs, some of which were written in illiterate and inelegant handwriting, many of them from the Western States and far California. When his instinct told him these were genuinely asked for, and not from the idly curious, he would answer them, unless, indeed, the number of important private letters took up too much of his precious time. When people asked him *viva voce* for an autograph, he looked puzzled, and said:

'I don't like to write always the same verse, yet I can remember only one.'

Of course the person addressed replied: 'I am grateful for anything whatever that comes to your mind.' Then he would take up his pen at once and write:

All that I know of a certain star, etc.

Sometimes, when in a merry mood, he wrote this verse in so fine a handwriting that only such extraordinary eyesight as his own could decipher it, and on one occasion, in the same microscopic calligraphy, he wrote Mrs. Barbauld's lines,

Life! we've been long together, &c.

saying, after he had read it aloud, 'If she had never written aught but that one verse she would deserve to be for ever remembered.'

I recollect an amusing incident *à propos* of autographs. A Venetian banker had asked, through me, an autograph for his daughter's album. Browning said, 'I really cannot write always the same thing;' then, after a pause, he exclaimed, 'Ah, now I have it,' and, seating himself at a table, he quickly wrote a verse which I had often heard him quote and laugh at, about pence and pounds, a variety of the well-known proverb. Edith said timidly:

'But will they not find that rather personal?'

The poet thought a moment, and, laughing heartily, said, 'I believe you are right, my dear; here, keep this for yourself, and I will write something else for the banker's daughter.'

He could not possibly have managed to keep pace with his large correspondence but for the aid of his sister, his guardian angel, who helped him in this as in many other ways—not obtrusively, for she knew his strong spirit of independence, but with

the fine tact that can be inspired by intense affection only, combined with a high order of intelligence. The most perfect understanding existed between the two, and the devotion of the sister to the supremely endowed brother was appreciated and admired by all who were privileged to observe it. At midday these two dear friends took their second breakfast together, ordering by preference Italian dishes, such as *risotto*, macaroni, and all fruits in their season, especially grapes and figs. They enjoyed their novel menus and tête-à-tête repasts, talking and laughing the while, and approving especially of the cook's manner of treating ortolans, of which 'mouthfuls for cardinals' the poet writes so amusingly in the prologue to 'Ferishtah's Fancies.' About three o'clock they went out in a gondola. To the question, 'Where shall we go?' the answer was:

'Anywhere. All is beautiful, but let it be toward the Lido.'

They seldom wished to make formal visits, though they were scrupulously exact in returning those which, as he always said, people were 'kind enough to make him.'

Sometimes, though rarely, they wandered through the antiquity shops. The poet had a keen *flair* for good *bric-à-brac*, and had an especial liking for tapestry and old carved furniture. He seldom sought for them, but his eye seized quickly upon an object of interest or value. He never hesitated or changed his mind; his intuition was always correct. A purchase once made, he was as thoroughly delighted as if the particular object were the first bibelot he had ever had the good luck to acquire. Like a child with a new toy, he would carry it himself (size and weight permitting) into the gondola, rejoice over his chance in finding it, and descant eloquently upon its intrinsic merits. In this, as in every other phase of his character, he was entirely unspoiled. Then he would explain minutely where the object should be placed in the London house, and add significantly, 'I never buy anything without knowing exactly what I wish to do with it,' which was quite true, as his mind was unfailingly clear from great things to trifles. 'You might take this lesson from me, if none other,' he said to me playfully; for he disapproved of the habit of buying useless things in a vague manner only because they were old and pretty.

He never expressed a wish to 'see sights' in the tourist manner, but would occasionally visit such churches as SS. Giovanni e Paolo or the Frari, and study the monuments with close attention.

These seemed to interest him more than old pictures, and he examined carefully, on one occasion, the marble carvings within and without of the Miracoli, which he called a 'jewel of a church.' The ancient palaces with their strangely varied façades were always interesting and suggestive to him; we see how suggestive in that wonderful short poem called 'In a Gondola,' in which he pictures Venice, it seems to me, as no one else in prose or verse has ever depicted the sea-city.

About five o'clock, when we returned to the Alvisi for tea, the poet would sometimes say, 'Excuse me for to-day,' and retire to his own apartments in the Giustiniani. He never gave nor was asked his reason for doing so; it was enough that he wished it. At other times he would join us at the tea-table and talk with equal facility in English, French, or Italian with visitors who chanced to be present. Occasionally, to our great delight, he would say, 'Edith dear, you may give me a cup of tea to-day;' but, as a rule, he abstained from what he considered a somewhat unhygienic beverage if taken before dinner. When it so pleased them the brother and sister went together to their own rooms, and punctually at half-past seven returned to dine at Casa Alvisi. The poet, unlike many men of letters, was always scrupulously careful in his dress, especially in his dinner-hour toilet. His sister wore beautiful gowns of rich and sombre tints, and appeared each day in a different and most dainty French cap and quaint antique jewels. They were both so genial and content that, puzzle the brain as one might, it was impossible to know whether the quiet family dinner or the presence of guests was the more agreeable to them. In face of the doubt we decided on the latter; it seemed selfish to do otherwise, and we were rarely without common friends to share the pleasure of the poet's conversation. If the direct question were asked on this subject, the invariable answer was, 'Do as you please; you know we are always perfectly happy.'

Browning's strong dramatic instinct made him take intense pleasure in plays, whether written or acted. Though he was rarely seen at the theatre in London, he greatly enjoyed a 'short season' at the Goldoni, where he went every night to see Gallina's clever Venetian comedies. He had two boxes thrown into one, and, seated in an armchair quite at his ease, he followed each play with the deepest interest, never taking his eyes off the stage until the fall of the curtain. Gallina was invited during an entr'acte to come into the box to be presented to the poet and hear from his

own lips an expression of genuine admiration for his work. The Italian was pleased and flattered, as may be easily imagined, for Browning's art of praise was as distinguishing a characteristic as was his art of dedication, which caused someone to style him the 'Prince of Dedicators.' It was a combination of judgment and enthusiasm, so turned that each word should have its due 'specific gravity,' and of which there should be neither too many nor too few.

Each night after the play Gallina waited at the door of the theatre to see the poet pass, and the latter invariably turned a few steps out of his way to exchange a hearty hand-shake with his 'brother dramatist,' as he liked to call him. Browning's large and genial nature made him always wish to express his thanks, either for favours received, the occasion for which happened rarely in his independent mode of life, or for pleasures procured him by anyone; author or actor, whoever it might be, he always longed to say the words, 'I thank you.' The following extract from one of his letters, written at Primiero, is an illustration of this:

'The little train from Montebelluna to Feltre was crowded; we could find no room except in a smoking-carriage, wherein I observed a good-natured elderly gentleman—an Italian, I took for granted. Presently he said, "Can I offer you an English paper?"

'"What, are you English?"

'"Oh, yes, and I know that you are going to see your son at Primiero."

'"Why, who can you be?"

'"One who has seen you often."

'"Not surely Mr. Malcolm?"

'"Well, nobody else."

'So ensued an affectionate greeting, he having been the guardian angel of Pen in all his chafferings about the purchase of the palazzo. He gave me abundance of information, and satisfied me on many points.'

The time of year which Browning always gave to his sojourns in Venice was one which all the great Venetian families pass in their country homes, so that comparatively few among them had the pleasure of the illustrious stranger's acquaintance. Among these few the Countess Marcello was a favourite of his, and he accepted, for himself and his sister, her invitation to pass a day at her villa at Mogliano. The day was bright and beautiful,

and he seemed to enjoy the short hour's journey by rail, and to admire the smiling country about him. The countess, with several of her children, met us at the little station, and we were quickly whirled away, the younger people with their ponies, the elders in a comfortable landau, through the country road and pretty park to a villa of simple yet imposing architecture. On one side of the house is a sun-dial with the familiar motto (in Latin), 'I count only the hours of sunshine,' and the lawns near the house bear English mottoes in flowers and coloured plants, together with the device of the countess, a trefoil joined by letters to form her name, Andriana. After luncheon we all repaired to the tennis-ground, past the deer-houses and through a stately avenue of ancient beech-trees whose great branches met and interlaced far above our heads, making a gigantic arbour. The young people gave up their usual games and seated themselves on rustic benches, listening attentively to every word from the poet's lips. A Venetian sculptor, who chanced to be one of the guests, hid himself behind a group of trees, and, peeping through their trunks from his coign of vantage, drew in his album a fairly good portrait of Browning. The countess, who was Queen Margherita's favourite lady of honour, showed the poet a specimen of the handwriting of her royal mistress, which he greatly admired, as being at once forcible and graceful.

Before the hour of departure, the daughter of the house, a young and very lovely creature, asked the favour that Mr. Browning should write in her album.

'With the greatest pleasure,' he said, 'but I am ashamed to say I remember only one verse.'

Everyone smiled at this, and the poet, as usual, wrote 'My star.' When the *contessina* looked at it, she exclaimed: 'This is one of my favourites. See, I have copied it in my book of verses'; and turning over the pages, she showed the poem, neatly written out by her own hand, among many others by the same author. Browning was surprised to find his writings understood and admired by this fair young foreigner, and complimented her on her proficiency in so difficult a language, adding, with a smile: 'Even English girls do not find my poems easy to read, you know.' Then he said: 'Let us compare the verses, the one you have copied and the one I have written; I am sure we shall find some mistake.'

There were indeed a few errors, and as he corrected them

he said: 'See what a service you have rendered me. I should have left the verse full of faults if you had not been able to correct me.'

The girl flushed with pleasure, which made her beauty still more apparent. In speaking afterwards of this most agreeable visit, Browning gave a glowing description of the beautiful mother and her children. 'It is like an English family,' he said, which was the highest praise he could bestow.

At the railway-station, while we were awaiting the arrival of the train, a young Italian *littérateur* asked to be presented to Browning. The countess introduced him as 'one who has already distinguished himself in the world of letters,' which was of course a passport to the poet's interest. They talked together until forced to part by the shrill whistle of warning, and then came cordial farewells to all who had accompanied us to the station.

'He seems a youth of promise,' said Browning, as we sped Venice-ward; 'I liked him. I hope he will do well and that I shall hear of him again.'

Unluckily, when next his name was mentioned, it was in connection with a series of lectures announced in the papers as 'twelve lectures on Zola,' which, as may be supposed, the poet expressed no desire to attend.

All who strove to attain success in art or literature interested him. Each one struck, with more or less force, his most responsive chord. He was pleased, on the occasion of one of his readings at the Palazzo Barbaro, to meet the novelist Castelnuovo, and mentioned an incident which had long before made the writer's name familiar to his ear. He related how, on his second visit to Asolo, whither he had taken his sister to bear witness to the wisdom of his early admiration for the place, they found themselves without a book of any sort, an unusual position for book-lovers such as they. The poet went out in search of something or anything readable in the little town, where book-shops are even now unknown. He found one volume only, in a paper-shop I think it was, containing a series of short stories by Castelnuovo, entitled 'Alla Finestra.' The brother and sister were both delighted with the book, and ever after procured for themselves each work by the same author as soon as it was given to the public.

Browning's memory is still green in Asolo, where many of the

citizens remember him well, where his son owns not only Pippa's Tower, erected after his father's death, but other houses with fine outlooks over the Venetian plain. The small museum in the town hall has his bust in plaster by a local artist, and other relics of the poet who so doted on Asolo. These rambling reminiscences of hours spent with him in Asolo and Venice may have the good fortune to bring him in spirit nearer to his admirers, for I have striven to give an exact report of the man and his character as they appeared to me during an unbroken friendship of many years.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE CONSOLATION OF MEDIOCRITY.

I.

THOSE persons happiest I deem
  Who learn the valuable lesson
How better is than each extreme
  What Aristotle calls the Meson:

Who sit secure upon a fence,
  Nor are by passing crazes bitten,
But with judicial sentiments
  Review the feuds of Boer and Briton,—

Nor prophesy an instant storm
  Though Germans growl and Frenchmen vapour,
Nor straightway don their uniform
  Whene'er they read a foreign paper:

Who hope not much the truth to find
  In statements of demented dailies,
But with a philosophic mind
  Accept them all *cum grano salis*:

Who know the worth of party names,
  Nor much revere those titles hoary,
When Tories strive for Liberal aims
  And Liberal apes the ways of Tory:—

II.

Who,—when some bard of new renown
  Provides a theme that critics rave on,
And Robinson asserts that Brown
  Is equal to the Swan of Avon,—

Their mental equilibrium
  By judgment rational controlling
Amid the loud diurnal hum
  Of logs reciprocally rolling,

Calmly such ecstasies survey,
  Nor blame the age with useless sorrow:
Because they know the boom to-day
  Is followed by a slump to-morrow.

III.

This is the reasonable man
  Who cultivates content and patience,
And does not spend his vital span
  In looking out for new sensations:

Who covets not with effort vain
  The mind of Mill, the strength of Sandow,
But sees his limitations plain,
  And what he can't, and what he can do:

Nor murmurs much nor makes a fuss
  About the marks which fates assign us
(Though Delta mayn't be Alpha Plus
  'Tis better far than Lambda Minus),

And when of life's supreme rewards
  He sees that he can ne'er be winner,
Yet with a solid joy regards
  The daily prospect of his dinner.

IV.

Such are the good and truly great,
  And attributes like these will show them:
But hitherto, I grieve to state,
  I've not been privileged to know them.

A. D. GODLEY.

THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY.[1]

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM THE MIDST OF THE WHIRL.

'REALLY I must congratulate you on your latest, Sarah,' remarked Lady Blixworth, who was taking tea with Mrs. Bonfill. 'Trix Trevalla is carrying everything before her. The Glentorlys have had her to meet Lord Farringham, and he was delighted. The men adore her, and they do say women like her. All done in six weeks! You're a genius!'

Mrs. Bonfill made a deprecatory gesture of a *Non nobis* order. Her friend insisted amiably:

'Oh, yes, you are. You choose so well. You never make a mistake. Now do tell me what's going to happen. Does Mortimer Mervyn mean it? Of course she wouldn't hesitate.'

Mrs. Bonfill looked at her volatile friend with a good-humoured distrust.

'When you congratulate me, Viola,' she said, 'I generally expect to hear that something has gone wrong.'

'Oh, you believe what you're told about me,' the accused lady murmured plaintively.

'It's experience,' persisted Mrs. Bonfill. 'Have you anything that you think I sha'n't like to tell me about Trix Trevalla?'

'I don't suppose you'll dislike it, but I should. Need she drive in the park with Mrs. Fricker?' Her smile contradicted the regret of her tone, as she spread her hands out in affected surprise and appeal.

'Mrs. Fricker's a very decent sort of woman, Viola. You have a prejudice against her.'

'Yes, thank heaven! We all want money nowadays, but for my part I'd starve sooner than get it from the Frickers.'

'Oh, that's what you want me to believe?'

'Dearest Sarah, no! That's what I'm afraid her enemies and yours will say.'

[1] Copyright, 1902, by A. H. Hawkins, in the United States of America.

'I see,' smiled Mrs. Bonfill indulgently. She always acknowledged that Viola was neat—as a siege-gun might admit it of the field artillery.

'Couldn't you give her a hint? The gossip about Beaufort Chance doesn't so much matter, but——' Lady Blixworth looked as if she expected to be interrupted, even pausing an instant to allow the opportunity. Mrs. Bonfill obliged her.

'There's gossip about Beaufort, is there?'

'Oh, there is, of course; that can't be denied; but it really doesn't matter as long as Mortimer doesn't hear about it.'

'Was there never more than one aspirant at a time when you were young?'

'As long as you're content, I am,' Lady Blixworth declared in an injured manner. 'It's not my business what Mrs. Trevalla does.'

'Don't be huffy,' was Mrs. Bonfill's maternal advice. 'As far as I can see, everything is going splendidly.'

'It is to be Mortimer?'

'How can I tell, my dear? If Mortimer Mervyn should ask my advice, which really isn't likely, what could I say except that Trix is a charming woman, and that I know of nothing against it?'

'She must be very well off, by the way she does things.' There was an inflection of question in her voice, but no direct interrogatory.

'Doubtless,' said Mrs. Bonfill. Often the craftiest suggestions failed in face of her broad imperturbability.

Lady Blixworth smiled at her. Mrs. Bonfill shook her head in benign rebuke. The two understood one another, and on the whole liked one another very well.

'All right, Sarah,' said Lady Blixworth, 'but if you want my opinion, it is that she's out-running the constable, unless——'

'Well, go on.'

'You give me leave? You won't order me out? Well, unless—— Well, as I said, why drive Mrs. Fricker round the Park? Why take Connie Fricker to the Quinby-Lees's dance?'

'Oh, everybody goes to the Quinby-Lees's. She's never offered to bring them here or anywhere that matters.'

'You know the difference; perhaps the Frickers don't.'

'That's downright malicious, Viola. And of course they do;

at least they live to find it out. No, you can't put me out of conceit with Trix Trevalla.'

'You're so loyal,' murmured Lady Blixworth in admiration. 'Really Sarah's as blind as a bat sometimes,' she reflected as she got into her carriage.

A world of people at once inquisitive and clear-sighted would render necessary either moral perfection or reckless defiance; indifference and obtuseness preserve a place for that mediocrity of conduct which characterises the majority. Society at large had hitherto found small fault with Trix Trevalla, and what it said, when passed through Lady Blixworth's resourceful intellect, gained greatly both in volume and in point. No doubt she had very many gowns, no doubt she spent money, certainly she flirted, possibly she was, for so young and pretty a woman, a trifle indiscreet. But she gave the impression of being able to take care of herself, and her attractions, combined with Mrs. Bonfill's unwavering patronage, would have sufficed to excuse more errors than she had been found guilty of. It was actually true that, while men admired, women liked her. There was hardly a discordant voice to break in harshly on her triumph.

There is no place like the top—especially when it is narrow, and will not hold many at a time. The natives of it have their peculiar joy, those who have painfully climbed theirs. Trix Trevalla seemed, to herself at least, very near the top; if she were not quite on it, she could put her head up over the last ledge and see it, and feel that with one more hoist she would be able to land herself there. It is unnecessary to recite the houses she went to, and would be (save for the utter lack of authority such a list would have) invidious; it would be tiresome to retail compliments and conquests. But the smallest choicest gatherings began to know her, and houses which were not fashionable but something much beyond—eternal pillars supporting London society—welcomed her. This was no success of curiosity, of whim, of a season; it was the establishment of a position for life. From the purely social point of view, even a match with Mervyn could do little more. So Trix was tempted to declare in her pride.

But the case had other aspects, of course. It was all something of a struggle, however victorious; it may be supposed that generally it is. Security is hard to believe in, and there is always a craving to make the strong position impregnable.

Life alone at twenty-six is—lonely. These things were in her mind, as they might have been in the thoughts of any woman so placed. There was another consideration, more special to herself, which could not be excluded from view: she had begun to realise what her manner of life cost. Behold her sitting before books and bills that revealed the truth beyond possibility of error or of gloss! Lady Blixworth's instinct had not been at fault. Trix's mouth grew rather hard again, and her eyes coldly resolute, as she studied these disagreeable documents.

From such studies she had arisen to go to dinner with Beaufort Chance and to meet the Frickers. She sat next Fricker, and talked to him most of the time, while Beaufort was very attentive to Mrs. Fricker, and the young man who had been procured for Connie Fricker fulfilled his appointed function. Fricker was not a bad-looking man, and was better bred and less aggressive than his wife or daughter. Trix found him not so disagreeable as she had expected; she encouraged him to talk on his own subjects, and began to find him interesting; by the end of dinner she had discovered that he, or at least his conversation, was engrossing. The old theme of making money without working for it, by gaming or betting, by chance or speculation, by black magic or white, is ever attractive to the children of men. Fricker could talk very well about it; he produced the impression that it was exceedingly easy to be rich; it seemed to be anybody's own fault if he were poor. Only at the end did he throw in any qualification of this broad position.

'Of course you must know the ropes, or find somebody who does.'

'There's the rub, Mr. Fricker. Don't people who know them generally keep their knowledge to themselves?'

'They've a bit to spare for their friends sometimes.' His smile was quietly reflective.

Beaufort Chance had hinted that some such benevolent sentiments might be found to animate Mr. Fricker. He had even used the idea as a bait to lure Trix to the dinner. Do what she would, she could not help giving Fricker a glance, half-grateful, half-provocative. Vanity—new-born of her great triumph—made her feel that her presence there was really a thing to be repaid. Her study of those documents tempted her to listen when the suggestion of repayment came. In the drawing-room Trix found herself inviting Mrs. Fricker to call. Youthful experiences made

Trix socially tolerant in one direction if she were socially ambitious in another. She had none of Lady Blixworth's shudders, and was ready to be nice to Mrs. Fricker. Still her laugh was conscious and she blushed a little when Beaufort Chance thanked her for making herself so pleasant.

All through the month there were renewed and continual rumours of what the Tsar meant to do. A speech by Lord Farringham might seem to dispose of them, but there were people who did not trust Lord Farringham—who, in fact, knew better. There were telegrams from abroad, there were mysterious paragraphs claiming an authority too high to be disclosed to the vulgar, there were leaders asking whether it were actually the fact that nothing was going to be done; there was an agitation about the Navy, another final exposure of the methods of the War Office, and philosophic attacks on the system of party government. Churchmen began to say that they were also patriots, and dons to remind the country that they were citizens. And—in the end—what did the Tsar mean to do? That Potentate gave no sign. What of that? Had not generals uttered speeches and worked out professional problems? Lord Glentorly ordered extensive manœuvres, and bade the country rely on him. The country seemed a little doubtful; or, anyhow, the Press told it that it was. 'The atmosphere is electric,' declared Mr. Liffey in an article in the 'Sentinel': thousands read it in railway carriages and looked grave; they had not seen Mr. Liffey's smile.

Things were in this condition, and the broadsheets blazing in big letters, when one afternoon a hansom whisked along Wych Street and set down a lady in a very neat grey frock at the entrance of Danes Inn. Trix trod the pavement of that secluded spot and ascended the stairs of 6A with an amusement and excitement far different from Peggy Ryle's matter-of-fact familiarity. She had known lodging-houses; they were as dirty as this, but there the likeness ended. They had been new, flimsy, confined; this looked old, was very solid and relatively spacious; they had been noisy, it was very quiet; they had swarmed with children, here were none; the whole place seemed to her quasi-monastic; she blushed for herself as she passed through. Her knock on Airey Newton's door was timid.

Airey's amazement at the sight of her was unmistakable. He drew back saying:

'Mrs. Trevalla! Is it really you?'

The picture he had in his mind was so different. Where was the forlorn girl in the widow's weeds? This brilliant creature surely was not the same!

But Trix laughed and chattered, insisting that she was herself.

'I couldn't wear mourning all my life, could I?' she asked. 'You didn't mean me to, when we had our talk in Paris?'

'I'm not blaming, only wondering.' For a moment she almost robbed him of speech; he busied himself with the tea (there was a cake to-day) while she flitted about the room, not omitting to include Airey himself in her rapid scrutiny. She marked the shortness of his hair, the trimness of his beard, and approved Peggy's work, little thinking it was Peggy's.

'It's delightful to be here,' she exclaimed as she sat down to tea.

'I took your coming as a bad omen,' said Airey, smiling, 'but I hope there's nothing very wrong?'

'I'm an impostor. Everything is just splendidly right, and I came to tell you.'

'It was very kind.' He had not quite recovered from his surprise yet.

'I thought you had a right to know. I owe it all to your advice, you see. You told me to come back to life. Well, I've come.'

She was alive enough, certainly; she breathed animation and seemed to diffuse vitality; she was positively eager in her living.

'You told me to have my revenge, to play with life. Don't you remember? Fancy your forgetting, when I've remembered so well! To die of heat rather than of cold—surely you remember, Mr. Newton?'

'Every word, now you say it,' he nodded. 'And you're acting on that?'

'For all I'm worth,' laughed Trix.

He sat down opposite her, looking at her with a grave but still rather bewildered attention.

'And it works well?' he asked after a pause, and, as it seemed, a conscientious examination of her.

'Superb!' She could not resist adding, 'Haven't you heard anything about me?'

'In here?' asked Airey, waving his arm round the room, and smiling.

'No, I suppose you wouldn't,' she laughed; 'but I'm rather famous, you know. That's why I felt bound to come and tell you —to let you see what great things you've done. Yes, it's quite true, you gave me the impulse.' She set down her cup and leant back in her chair, smiling brightly at him. 'Are you afraid of the responsibility?'

'Everything seems so prosperous,' said Airey. 'I forgot, but I have heard one person speak of you. Do you know Peggy Ryle?'

'I know her by sight. Is she a friend of yours?'

'Yes, and she told me of some of your triumphs.'

'Oh, not half so well as I shall tell you myself!' Trix was evidently little interested in Peggy Ryle. To Airey himself Peggy's doubts and criticism seemed now rather absurd; this bright vision threw them into the shade of neglect.

Trix launched out. It was the first chance she had enjoyed of telling to somebody who belonged to the old life the wonderful things about the new. Indeed who else of the old life was left? Graves, material or metaphorical, covered all that had belonged to it. Mrs. Bonfill was always kind, but with her there was not the delicious sense of the contrast that must rise before the eyes of the listener. Airey gave her that; he had heard of the lodging-houses, he knew about the four years with Vesey Trevalla; it was evident he had not forgotten the forlornness and the widow's weeds of Paris. He then could appreciate the change, the great change, that still amazed and dazzled Trix herself. It was not in ostentation, but in the pure joy of victory, that she flung great names at him, would have him know that the highest of them were familiar to her, and that the woman who now sat talking to him, friend to friend, amidst the dinginess of Danes Inn, was a sought-after, valued, honoured guest in all these houses. Peggy Ryle went to some of the houses also, but she had never considered that talk about them would interest Airey Newton. She might be right or wrong. Trix Trevalla was certainly right in guessing that talk about herself in the houses would.

'You seem to be going it, Mrs. Trevalla,' he said at last, unconsciously reaching out for his pipe.

'I am,' said Trix. 'Yes, do smoke. So will I.' She produced her cigarette-case. 'Well, I've arrears to make up, haven't I?' She glanced round. 'And you live here?' she asked.

'Always. I know nothing of all you've been talking about.'

'You wouldn't care about it anyhow, would you?' Her tones were gentle and consolatory. She accepted the fact that it was all impossible to him, that the door was shut, and comforted him in his exclusion.

'I don't suppose I should, and at all events——' He shrugged his shoulders. If her impression had needed confirmation, here it was. 'And what's to be the end of it with you?' he asked.

'End? Why should there be an end? It's only just begun,' cried Trix.

'Well, there are ends that are beginnings of other things,' he suggested. What Peggy had told him recurred to his mind, though certainly there was no sign of Mrs. Trevalla being in trouble on that or any other score.

Yet his words brought a shadow to Trix's face, a touch of irritation into her manner.

'Oh, some day, I daresay,' she said. 'Yes, I suppose so. I'm not thinking about that either just now. I'm just thinking about myself. That's what you meant me to do?'

'It seems to me that my responsibility is growing, Mrs. Trevalla.'

'Yes, that's it, it is!' Trix was delighted with the whimsicality of the idea. 'You're responsible for it all, though you sit quietly here and nobody knows anything about you. I shall come and report myself from time to time. I'm obedient up to now?'

'Well, I'm not quite sure. Did I tell you to—— ?'

'Yes, yes, to take my revenge, you know. Oh, you remember, and you can't shirk it now.' She began to laugh at the half-humorous gravity of Airey's face, as she insisted on his responsibility. This talk with him, the sort of relations that she was establishing with him, promised to give a new zest to her life, a pleasant diversion for her thoughts. He would make a splendid onlooker, and she would select all the pleasant things for him to see. Of course there was nothing really unpleasant, but there were a few things that it would not interest him to hear. There were things that even Mrs. Bonfill did not hear, although she would have been able to understand them much better than he.

Trix found her host again looking at her with an amused and admiring scrutiny. She was well prepared for it; the most select of parties had elicited no greater care in the choice of her dress than this visit to Danes Inn. Was not the contrast to be made as wonderful and striking as possible?

'Shall I do you credit?' she asked in gay mockery.

'You're really rather marvellous,' laughed Airey. 'And I suppose you'll come out all right.'

A hint of doubt crept into his voice. Trix glanced at him quickly.

'If I don't, you'll have to look after me,' she warned him.

He was grave now, not solemn, but, as it seemed, meditative.

'What if I think only of myself too?' he asked.

Trix laughed at the idea. 'There'd be no sort of excuse for you,' she reminded him.

'I suppose not,' he admitted, rather ruefully.

'But I'm going to come out most splendidly all right, so we won't worry about that.' As she spoke she had been putting on her gloves, and now she rose from her chair. 'I must go; got an early dinner and a theatre.' She looked round the room, and then back to Airey; her lips parted in an appealing confidential smile that drew an answer from him, and made him feel what her power was. 'Do you know, I don't want—I positively don't want—to go, Mr. Newton.'

'The attractions are so numerous, so unrivalled?'

'It's so quiet, so peaceful, so out of it all.'

'That a recommendation to you?' He raised his brows.

'Well, it's all a bit of a rush and a fight, and—and so on. I love it all, but just now and then'— she came to him and laid her hand lightly on his arm—'just now and then may I come again?' she implored. 'I shall like to think that I've got it to come to.'

'It's always here, Mrs. Trevalla, and, except for me, generally empty.'

'Generally?' Her mocking tone hid a real curiosity; but Airey's manner was matter-of-fact.

'Oh, Peggy Ryle comes, and one or two of her friends, now and then. But I could send them away. Any time's the same to them.'

'Miss Ryle comes? She's beautiful, I think; don't you?'

'Now am I a judge? Well, yes, I think Peggy's attractive.'

'Oh, you're all hypocrites! Well, you must think me attractive too, or I won't come.'

It was a long while since Airey Newton had been flirted with. He recognised the process, however, and did not object to it; it also appeared to him that Trix did it very well.

'If you come, I shall think you most attractive.'

Trix relapsed into sincerity and heartiness. 'I've enjoyed coming awfully,' she said. Airey found the sincerity no less attractive. 'I shall think about you.'

'From the midst of the whirl?'

'Yes, from the midst of the whirl! Good-bye.'

She left behind her a twofold and puzzling impression. There was the woman of the world, with airs and graces a trifle elaborate, perhaps, in their prettiness, the woman steeped in society, engrossed with its triumphs, fired with its ambitions. But there had been visible from time to time, or had seemed to peep out, another woman, the one who had come to see her friend, had felt the need of talking it all over with him, of sharing it and getting sympathy in it, and who had in the end dropped her graces and declared with a frank heartiness that she had enjoyed coming 'awfully.' Airey Newton pulled his beard and smoked a pipe over these two women, as he sat alone. With some regret he came to the conclusion that as a permanent factor, as an influence in guiding and shaping Trix Trevalla's life, the second woman would not have much chance against the first. Everything was adverse to the second woman in the world in which Trix lived.

And he had sent her to that world? So she declared, partly in mockery perhaps, enjoying the incongruity of the idea with his dull life, his dingy room, his shabby coat. Yet he traced in the persistence with which she had recurred to the notion something more than mere chaff. The idea might be fanciful or whimsical, but there it was in her mind, dating from their talk at Paris. Unquestionably it clung to her, and in some vague way she based on it an obligation on his part, and thought it raised a claim on hers, a claim that he should not judge her severely or condemn the way she lived; perhaps, more vaguely still, a claim that he should help her if ever she needed help.

CHAPTER V.

THE WORLD RECALCITRANT.

BEAUFORT Chance was no genius in a drawing-room—that may be accepted on Lady Blixworth's authority. In concluding that he was a fool in the general affairs of life she went beyond her premises and her knowledge. Mrs. Bonfill, out of a larger experience, had considered that he would do more than usually well; he was ingenious, hard-working, and conciliatory, of affable address and sufficient tact; Mrs. Bonfill seemed to have placed him with judgment, and Mr. Dickinson (who led the House) was content with his performances. Yet perhaps after all he was, in the finest sense of the term, a fool. He could not see how things would look to other people, if other people came to know them; he hardly perceived when he was sailing very near the wind; the probability of an upset did not occur to him. He saw with his own eyes only; their view was short, and perhaps awry.

Fricker was his friend; he had bestowed favours on Fricker, or at least on Fricker's belongings, for whose debts Fricker assumed liability. If Fricker were minded to repay the obligation, was there any particular harm in that? Beaufort could not see it. If, again, the account being a little more than squared, he in his turn equalised it, leaving Fricker's kindness to set him at a debit again, and again await his balancing, what harm? It seemed only the natural way of things when business and friendship went hand in hand. The Frickers wanted one thing, he wanted another. If each could help the other to the desired object, good was done to both, hurt to nobody. Many things are private which are not wrong; delicacy is different from shame, reticence from concealment. These relations between himself and Fricker were not fit subjects for gossip, but Beaufort saw no sin in them. Fricker, it need not be added, was clearly, and even scornfully, of the same opinion.

But Fricker's business affairs were influenced, indeed most materially affected, by what the Tsar meant to do, and by one or two kindred problems then greatly exercising the world of politics, society, and finance. Beaufort Chance was not only in the House, he was in the Government. Humbly in, it is true, but actually. Still, what then? He was not in the Cabinet. Did he know secrets? He knew none; of course he would never

have used secrets or divulged them. Things told to him, or picked up by him, were *ex hypothesi* not secrets, or he would never have come to know them. Fricker had represented all this to him, and, after some consideration and hesitation, Fricker's argument had seemed very sound.

Must a man be tempted to argue thus or to accept such arguments? Beaufort scorned the idea, but, lest he should have been in error on this point, it may be said that there was much to tempt him. He was an extravagant man; he sat for an expensive constituency; he knew (his place taught him still better) the value of riches—of real wealth, not of a beggarly competence. He wanted wealth and he wanted Trix Trevalla. He seemed to see how he could work towards the satisfaction of both desires at the same time and along the same lines. Mervyn was his rival with Trix—every day made that plain. He had believed himself on the way to win till Mervyn was brought on the scene—by Mrs. Bonfill, whom he now began to hate. Mervyn had rank and many other advantages. To fight Mervyn every reinforcement was needed. As wealth tempted himself, so he knew it would and must tempt Trix; he was better informed as to her affairs than Mrs. Bonfill, and shared Lady Blixworth's opinion about them.

Having this opinion, and a lively wish to ingratiate himself with Trix, he allowed her to share in some of the benefits which his own information and Fricker's manipulation of the markets brought to their partnership. Trix, conscious of money slipping away, very ready to put it back, reckless and ignorant, was only too happy in the opportunity. She seemed also very grateful, and Beaufort was encouraged to persevere. For a little while his kindness to Trix escaped Fricker's notice, but not for long. As soon as Fricker discovered it, his attitude was perfectly clear and, to himself, no more than reasonable.

'You've every motive for standing well with Mrs. Trevalla, I know, my dear fellow,' said he, licking his big cigar and placing his well-groomed hat on Beaufort's table. 'But what motive have I? Everybody we let in means one more to share the—the profit—perhaps, one might add, to increase the risk. Now why should I let Mrs. Trevalla in? Any more than, for instance, I should let—shall we say Mrs. Bonfill—in?' Fricker did not like Mrs. Bonfill since she had quailed before Viola Blixworth.

'Oh, if you take it like that!' muttered Beaufort crossly.

'I don't take it any way. I put the case. It would be different if Mrs. Trevalla were a friend of mine or of my family.'

That was pretty plain for Fricker. As a rule Mrs. Fricker put the things plainly to him, and he transmitted them considerably disguised and carefully wrapped in his dry humour. On this occasion he allowed his hint to be fairly obvious; he knew Beaufort intimately by now.

Beaufort looked at him, feeling rather uncomfortable.

'Friends do one another good turns; I don't go about doing them to anybody I meet, just for fun,' continued Fricker.

Beaufort nodded a slow assent.

'Of course we don't bargain with a lady,' smiled Fricker, thoughtfully flicking off his ash. 'But, on the other hand, ladies are very quick to understand. Eh, Beaufort? I daresay you could convey——?' He stuck the cigar back into his mouth.

This was the conversation that led to the little dinner-party hereinbefore recorded; Fricker had gone to it not doubting that Trix Trevalla understood; Mrs. Fricker did not doubt it either when Trix had been so civil in the drawing-room. Trix herself had thought she ought to be civil, as has been seen; it may, however, be doubted whether Beaufort Chance had made her understand quite how much a matter of business the whole thing was. She did not realise that she, now or about to be a social power, was to do what Lady Blixworth would not and Mrs. Bonfill dared not—was to push the Frickers, to make her cause theirs, to open doors for them, and in return was to be told when to put money in this stock or that, and when to take it out again. She was told when to do these things, and did them. The money rolled in, and she was wonderfully pleased. If it would go on rolling in like this, its rolling out again (as it did) was of no consequence; her one pressing difficulty seemed in a fair way to be removed. Something she did for the Frickers; she got them some minor invitations, and asked them to meet some minor folk, and thought herself very kind. Now and then they seemed to hint at more, just as now and then Beaufort Chance's attentions became inconveniently urgent. On such occasions Trix laughed and joked and evaded, and for the moment wriggled out of any pledge. As regards the seemliness of the position, her state of mind was very much Beaufort's own; she saw no harm in it, but she did not talk about it; some people were stupid, others malicious. It was, after all, a private concern. So she said

nothing to anybody—not even to Mrs. Bonfill. There was little sign of Airey Newton's 'second woman' in her treatment of this matter; the first held undivided sway.

If what the Tsar meant to do and the kindred problems occupied Fricker in one way, they made no less claim on Mervyn's time in another. He was very busy in his office and in the House; he had to help Lord Glentorly to persuade the nation to rely on him. Still he made some opportunities for meeting Trix Trevalla; she was always very ready to meet him when Beaufort Chance and Fricker were not to the fore. He was a man of methodical mind, which he made up slowly. He took things in their order, and gave them their proper proportion of time. He was making his career. It could hardly be doubted that he was also paying attentions, and it was probable that he meant to pay his addresses, to Trix Trevalla. But his progress was leisurely; the disadvantages attaching to her perhaps made him slower, even though in the end he would disregard them. In Trix's eyes he was one or two things worse than leisurely. He was very confident and rather condescending. On this point she did speak to Mrs. Bonfill, expressing some impatience. Mrs. Bonfill was sympathetic as always, but also, as always, wise.

'Well, and if he is, my dear?' Her smile appealed to Trix to admit that everything which she had been objecting to and rebelling against was no more than what any woman of the world would expect and allow for.

Trix's expression was still mutinous. Mrs. Bonfill proceeded with judicial weightiness.

'Now look at Audrey Pollington—you know that big niece of Viola's? Do you suppose that, if Mortimer paid her attentions, she'd complain of him for being condescending? She'd just thank her stars, and take what she could get.' (These very frank expressions are recorded with an apology.)

'I'm not Audrey Pollington,' muttered Trix, using a weak though common argument.

There are moments when youth is the better for a judicious dose of truth.

'My dear,' remarked Mrs. Bonfill, 'most people would say that what Audrey Pollington didn't mind, you needn't.' Miss Pollington was grand-daughter to a duke (female line), and had a pretty little fortune of her own. Mrs. Bonfill could not be held wrong for seeking to temper her young friend's arrogance.

'It's not my idea of making love, that's all,' said Trix obstinately.

'We live and learn.' Mrs. Bonfill implied that Trix had much to learn. 'Don't lose your head, child,' she added warningly. 'You've made plenty of people envious. Don't give them any chance.' She paused before she asked, 'Do you see much of Beaufort now?'

'A certain amount.' Trix did not wish to be drawn on this point.

'Well, Trix?'

'We keep friends,' smiled Trix.

'Yes, that's right. I wouldn't see too much of him, though.'

'Till my lord has made up his mind?'

'Silly!' That one word seemed to Mrs. Bonfill sufficient answer. She had, however, more confidence in Trix than the one word implied. Young women must be allowed their moods, but most of them acted sensibly in the end; that was Mrs. Bonfill's experience.

Trix came and kissed her affectionately; she was fond of Mrs. Bonfill and really grateful to her; it is possible, besides, that she had twinges of conscience; her conversations with Mrs. Bonfill were marked by a good deal of reserve. It was all very well to say that the matters reserved did not concern Mrs. Bonfill, but even Trix in her most independent mood could not feel quite convinced of this. She knew—though she tried not to think of it—that she was playing a double game; in one side of it Mrs. Bonfill was with her and she accepted that lady's help; the other side was sedulously hidden. It was not playing fair. Trix might set her teeth sometimes and declare she would do it, unfair though it was; or more often she would banish thought altogether by a plunge into amusement; but the thought and the consciousness were there. Well, she was not treating anybody half as badly as most people had treated her. She hardened her heart and went forward on her dangerous path, confident that she could keep clear of pitfalls. Only—yes, it was all rather a fight; once or twice she thought of Danes Inn with a half-serious yearning for its quiet and repose.

Some of what Mrs. Bonfill did not see Lady Blixworth did—distantly, of course, and mainly by putting an observed two together with some other observed but superficially unrelated two—a task eminently congenial to her mind. Natural inclination was quickened by family duty. 'I wish,' Lady Blixworth said, 'that

Sarah would have undertaken dear Audrey; but since she won't, I must do the best I can for her myself.' It was largely with a view to doing the best she could for Audrey that Lady Blixworth kept her eye on Trix Trevalla—a thing of which Trix was quite unconscious. Lady Blixworth's motives command respect, and it must be admitted that Miss Pollington did not render her relative's dutiful assistance superfluous. She was a tall handsome girl, rather inert, not very ready in conversation. Lady Blixworth, who was never absurd even in praise, pitched on the epithet 'statuesque' as peculiarly suitable. Society acquiesced. 'How statuesque Miss Pollington is!' became the thing to say to one's neighbour or partner. Lady Blixworth herself said it with a smile sometimes; most people, content as ever to accept what is given to them, were grave enough.

Audrey herself was extremely pleased with the epithet, so delighted, indeed, that her aunt thought it necessary to administer a caution.

'When people praise you or your appearance for a certain quality, Audrey dear,' she observed sweetly, 'it generally means that you've got that quality in a marked degree.'

'Yes, of course, Aunt Viola,' said Audrey, rather surprised but quite understanding.

'And so,' pursued Aunt Viola in yet more gentle tones, 'it isn't necessary for you to cultivate it consciously.' She stroked Audrey's hand with much affection. 'Because they tell you you're statuesque, for instance, don't try to go about looking like the Venus of Milo in a pair of stays.'

'I'm sure I don't, Auntie,' cried poor Audrey, blushing piteously. She was conscious of having posed a little bit as Mr. Guise, the eminent sculptor, passed by.

'On the contrary, it does no harm to remember that one has a tendency in a certain direction; then one is careful to keep a watch on oneself and not overdo it. I don't want you to skip about, my dear, but you know what I mean.'

Audrey nodded rather ruefully. What is the good of being statuesque if you may not live up to it?

'You aren't hurt with me, darling?' cooed Aunt Viola.

Audrey declared she was not hurt, but she felt rather bewildered.

With the coming of June, affairs of the heart and affairs of the purse became lamentably and unpoetically confounded in Trix

Trevalla's life and thoughts. Mrs. Bonfill was hinting prodigiously about Audrey Pollington; Lady Blixworth was working creditably hard, and danger undoubtedly threatened from that quarter. Trix must exert herself if Mervyn were not to slip through the meshes. On the other hand, the problems were rather acute. Lord Farringham had been decidedly pessimistic in a speech in the House of Lords, Fricker was hinting at a great *coup*, Beaufort Chance was reminding her in a disagreeably pressing fashion of how much he had done for her and of how much he still could do. Trix had tried one or two little gambles on her own account and met with serious disaster; current expenses rose rather than fell. In the midst of all her gaiety Trix grew a little careworn and irritable; a line or two showed on her face; critics said that Mrs. Trevalla was doing too much, and must be more careful of her looks. Mrs. Bonfill began to be vaguely uncomfortable about her favourite. But still Trix held on her way, her courage commanding more admiration than any other quality she manifested at this time. Indeed she had moments of clear sight about herself, but her shibboleth of 'revenge' still sufficed to stiffen, if not to comfort her.

Some said that Lord Farringham's pessimistic speech was meant only for home consumption, the objects being to induce the country to spend money freely and also to feel that it was no moment for seeking to change the Crown's responsible advisers. Others said that it was intended solely for abroad, either as a warning or, more probably, as an excuse to enable a foreign nation to retire with good grace from an untenable position. A minority considered that the Prime Minister had perhaps said what he thought. On the whole there was considerable uneasiness.

'What does it all mean, Mr. Fricker?' asked Trix, when that gentleman called on her, cool, alert, and apparently in very good spirits.

'It means that fools are making things smooth for wise men, as usual,' he answered, and looked at her with a keen glance.

'If you will only make them plain to one fool!' she suggested with a laugh.

'I presume you aren't interested in international politics as such?'

'Not a bit,' said Trix heartily.

'But if there's any little venture going——' He smiled as he tempted her, knowing that she would yield.

'You've been very kind to me,' murmured Trix.

'It's a big thing this time—and a good thing. You've heard Beaufort mention the Dramoffsky Concessions, I daresay?'

Trix nodded.

'He'd only mention them casually, of course,' Fricker continued with a passing smile. 'Well, if there's trouble, or serious apprehension of it, the Dramoffsky Concessions would be blown sky-high—because it's all English capital and labour, and for a long time anyhow the whole thing would be brought to a standstill, and the machinery all go to the deuce, and so on.'

Again Trix nodded wisely.

'Whereas, if everything's all right, the Concessions are pretty well all right too. Have you noticed that they've been falling a good deal lately? No, I suppose not. Most papers don't quote them.'

'I haven't looked for them. I've had my eye on the Glowing Star.' Trix was anxious to give an impression of being business-like in one matter anyhow.

'Oh, that's good for a few hundreds, but don't you worry about it. I'll look after that for you. As I say, if there's serious apprehension, Dramoffskys go down. Well, there will be—more serious than there is now. And after that——'

'War?' asked Trix in some excitement.

'We imagine not. I'd say we know, only one never really knows anything. No, there will be a revival of confidence. And then Dramoffskys—well, you see what follows. Now it's a little risky—not very—and it's a big thing if it comes off, and what I'm telling you is worth a considerable sum as a marketable commodity. Are you inclined to come in?'

To Trix there could be but one answer. Coming in with Mr. Fricker had always meant coming out better for the process. She thanked him enthusiastically.

'All right. Lodge five thousand at your bankers' as soon as you can, and let me have it.'

'Five thousand!' Trix gasped a little. She had not done the thing on such a scale as this before.

'It's always seemed to me waste of time to fish for herrings with a rod and line,' observed Fricker; 'but just as you like, of course.'

'Does Beaufort think well of it?'

'Do you generally find us differing?' Fricker smiled ironically.

'I'll go in,' said Trix. 'I shall make a lot, sha'n't I?'

'I think so. Hold your tongue, and stay in till I tell you to come out. You can rely on me.'

Nothing more passed between them then. Trix was left to consider the plunge that she had made. Could it possibly go wrong? If it did—she reckoned up her position. If it went wrong—if the five thousand or the bulk of it were lost, what was left to her? After payment of all liabilities, she would have about ten thousand pounds. That she had determined to keep intact. On the interest of that—at last the distinction was beginning to thrust itself on her mind with a new and odious sharpness—she would have to live. To live—not to have that flat, or those gowns, or that brougham, or this position; not to have anything that she wanted and loved, but just to live. *Pensions* again! It would come to going back to *pensions*.

No, would it? There was another resource. Trix, rather anxious, a little fretful and uneasy, was sanguine and resolute still. She wrote to Beaufort Chance, telling him what she had done, thanking him, bidding him thank Fricker, expressing the amplest gratitude to both gentlemen. Then she sat down and invited Mervyn to come and see her; he had not been for some days, and, busy as he was, Trix thought it was time to see him, and to blot out, for a season at least, all idea of Audrey Pollington. She reckoned that an interview with her, properly managed, would put Audrey and her ally out of action for some little while to come.

Mervyn obeyed her summons, but not in a very cheerful mood. Trix's efforts to pump him about the problems and the complications were signally unsuccessful. He snubbed her, giving her to understand that he was amazed at being asked such questions. What then was Beaufort Chance doing, she asked in her heart. She passed rapidly from the dangerous ground, declaring with a pout that she thought he might have told her some gossip, to equip her for her next dinner party. He responded to her lighter mood with hardly more cordiality. Evidently there was something wrong with him, something which prevented her spell from working on him as it was wont. Trix was dismayed. Was her power gone? It could not be that statuesque Miss Pollington had triumphed, or was even imminently dangerous?

At last Mervyn broke out with what he had to say. He looked, she thought, like a husband (not like Vesey Trevalla, but

like the abstract conception), and a rather imperious one, as he took his stand on her hearthrug and frowned down at her.

'You might know—no, you do know—the best people in London,' he said, 'and yet I hear of your going about with the Frickers! I should think Fricker's a rogue, and I know he's a cad. And the women!' Aristocratic scorn embittered his tongue.

'Who have you heard it from?'

'Lots of people. Among others, Viola Blixworth.'

'Oh, Lady Blixworth! Of course you'd hear it from her!'

'It doesn't matter who tells me, if it's true.'

That was an annoying line to take. It was easy to show Lady Blixworth's motive, but it was impossible to deny the accuracy of what she said. A hundred safe witnesses would have confounded Trix had she denied.

'What in the world do you do it for?' he asked angrily and impatiently. 'What can Fricker do for you? Don't you see how you lower yourself? They'll be saying he's bought you next!'

Trix did not start, but a spot of colour came on her cheeks; her eyes were hard and wary as they watched Mervyn covertly. He came towards her, and, with a sudden softening of manner, laid his hand on hers.

'Drop them,' he urged. 'Don't have anything more to do with such a lot.'

Trix looked up at him; there were doubt and distress in her eyes. He was affectionate now, but also very firm.

'For my sake, drop them,' he said. 'You know people can't come where they may meet the Frickers.'

Trix was never slow of understanding; she saw very well what Mervyn meant. His words might be smooth, his manner might be kind, and, if she wished it at the moment, ready to grow more than kind. With all this he was asking, nay, he was demanding, that she should drop the Frickers. How difficult the path had suddenly grown; how hard it was to work her complicated plan!

'A good many people know them. There's Mr. Chance——' she began timidly.

'Beaufort Chance! Yes, better if he didn't!' His lips, grimly closing again, were a strong condemnation of his colleague.

'They're kind people, really.'

'They're entirely beneath you—and beneath your friends.'

There was no mistaking the position. Mervyn was delivering an ultimatum. It was little use to say that he had no right because he had made her no offer. He had the power, which, it is to be feared, is generally more the question. And at what a moment the ultimatum came! Must Trix relinquish that golden dream of the Dramoffsky Concessions, and give up those hundreds —welcome if few—from the Glowing Star? Or was she to defy Mervyn and cast in her lot with the Frickers—and with Beaufort Chance?

'Promise me,' he said softly, with as near an approach to a lover's entreaty as his grave and condescending manner allowed. 'I never thought you'd make any difficulty. Do you really hesitate between doing what pleases me and what pleases Chance or the Frickers?'

Trix would have dearly liked to cry 'Yes, yes, yes!' Such a reply would, she considered, have been wholesome for Mortimer Mervyn, and it would have been most gratifying to herself. She dared not give it; it would mean far too much.

'I can't be actually rude,' she pleaded. 'I must do it gradually. But since you ask me, I will break with them as much and as soon as I can.'

'That's all I ask of you,' said Mervyn. He bent and kissed her hand with a reassuring air of homage and devotion. But evidently homage and devotion must be paid for. They bore a resemblance to financial assistance in that respect. Trix was becoming disagreeably conscious that people expected to be paid, in one way or another, for most things that they gave. Chance and Fricker wanted payment. Mervyn claimed it too. And to pay both as they asked seemed now impossible.

Somehow life appeared to have an objection to being played with, the world to be rather unmalleable as material, the revenge not to be the simple and triumphant progress that it had looked.

Trix Trevalla, under pressure of circumstances, got thus far on the way towards a judgment of herself and a knowledge of the world; the two things are closely interdependent.

(To be continued.)

THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.

BENEVOLENCE, said Hobbes, is a love of power and delight in the exercise of it. Strange that so trenchant a definition never provoked from a somewhat self-righteous mankind such protest as was raised by La Rochefoucauld when he laid it down that virtue is for the most part only self-love in disguise. Perhaps mankind felt instinctively that the Frenchman had overstated his case, but had an equally instinctive disinclination to adventure in the defence of disinterested virtue against the position taken up by Hobbes. For, although there exist men and women with whom an actual, positive affection for self is the predominant motive, realised and not merely unconsciously present—men and women who, in whatever they say or do, think not simply of what they are saying or doing, but of the way in which their sensations will be affected by it—yet these persons are rare and exceptional; just as are those others who regulate all their words and works by a kindly thought of some fellow-creature. Action in itself is pleasant; inaction, except by contrast, destitute of pain; and most acts of the ordinary mortal are performed for the perfectly natural satisfaction which attends the accomplishing of any end.

Very low down in the scale of evolution men are impelled to act by the pains and pleasures attending hunger and thirst. Yet even here it is pretty certain that if one savage sees another whittling incompetently at a stick in the endeavour to make a bow, he will take the tool and go to work himself sooner than watch the job bungled. He will not be deterred by the notion that in equipping a rival he sacrifices something of his own superiority, for the excellent reason that the idea will not occur to him. He will want to do the thing just for the sake of doing it right, desiring, so far as he consciously has a desire in the matter, the glow of gratification that attends any successful exhibition of power just as surely as pleasure accompanies the filling of a stomach. In the sphere of life that most of us think about, hunger and thirst have only a theoretical existence. We work, no doubt, in order to get more of the good things of existence, but we work also very largely to let off steam.

It is an axiom of conduct that if you want a thing done you should go to the busiest man of your acquaintance; and we all act upon this maxim without reflecting that it concedes the theory of benevolence put forward by Hobbes. How else should one account for this practical paradox? Is it to be supposed that busy men are more sympathetic than idle ones? Hardly. If you want sympathy, someone to be sorry for you or glad with you, an idle person is the best recipient of your confidence. You will occupy a larger and a more enduring place in his mind. But two things go to make up benevolence—sympathy and energy—and for practical purposes the latter is the more important. It may seem that sympathy lies nearer to the fount of action, and is, therefore, to be ranked as a cause, whereas energy is merely a condition. And this is true in a sense. Stupidity and indolence are the two hindrances to benevolence, and of the two, stupidity—that is, dulness of perception—is the more potent obstacle; for the stupid man will never realise in sympathy the need of help, nor leap to a sight of the means to supply it; whereas the indolent man may be moved by sympathy to shake off his indolence.

But my argument is that most acts of practical benevolence are traceable not to the desire to help, but to the instinct to do. Every energetic man is a reservoir of unexhausted force, for hardly anyone is employed up to the limit of his capacity. No salary will buy the monopoly of a man's power, and very few have so much work to do for themselves that there is no energy left over. Certain pursuits, such as the passionate study of an art, or the business of money-making, when the object is not what money will buy but simply the acquisition of wealth, have power to engross the faculties so far that no object unconnected with the one main purpose will tempt the man to exertion. But these cases are abnormal; and if you go to the ordinary successful busy man with a request for help in a difficulty, you propound to him a practical problem: What is to be done? If he likes you, it will of course give him pleasure to gratify you, but the exertion by which he does so will be pleasant for its own sake. And even if you are perfectly indifferent to him, you will still have propounded a problem to one who has the habit of doing things and the instinct for getting them done. His mind by its very nature and training instantly turns to think of an expedient. He sees something that can be done, and in nine cases out of ten cannot resist what is really an appetite to do it. The surplus energy flows as naturally as water

when you turn a tap. Moreover, it is a positive pain to a capable man to see labour misapplied, capacity going to waste, or a life bungled; and if he interposes, it is often from just the same motive as the savage with the bow; he helps because he cannot endure to see the work being done badly.

It is worth while to emphasise this aspect of benevolence, because so many people, especially in England, dislike the idea of 'giving trouble,' as they call it—but in reality the idea of laying themselves under an obligation. Yet, if they would realise how they themselves would probably welcome the chance of doing a good turn to some acquaintance, there would surely be less of this ungenerous reluctance. It is the sense of obligation which breeds ingratitude; for ingratitude is not merely indifference, but an ill-suppressed malignity. 'I owe him one' is the thought of the ungrateful, and it bears a sinister meaning. The cheerful and natural philosophy of Hobbes would tell us that we have afforded to another human being the delight of exercising the power which he loves, and if we are the gainers by the transaction, why, so is our friend. The other view of the relation degrades benevolence almost to the level of the charity which confers an official merit on the giver and an official stigma on the recipient. Yet the Charity Organisation Society would, I am sure, disclaim all pretension to benevolence, and I am sure that whatever unfortunate person has gone to them for help would amply bear them out in the disclaimer. No right-minded person can feel a pleasure in giving what cannot be accepted without a sense of humiliation, whereas the essence of benevolence lies in giving help which is both given and received with pleasure. The Society I speak of, which stands, on the whole, rightly for the perfected type of scientific almsgiving, concerns itself with strict justice—the administration of the indispensable aid. Benevolence does not look so closely into the title of the person to be helped, does not ask whether he or she has failed to save money, but helps simply for the sake of helping. In this way benevolence is often first-cousin to jobbery; and for jobbery also there is a good word to be said.

Most of the help which is worth giving or getting takes the shape of assisting another person to find work. And that help comes to us chiefly (we are taught to believe) from our connections, but in my own experience of life much more often from our competitors—that is, from those in our own profession. One hears

a great deal of professional jealousies, and very little of professional good-fellowship, yet the latter is in reality a much more potent factor, and for very good reasons. To begin with, of course, every man knows the ropes more or less in his own trade; professional knowledge suggests means to help which would be less evident to an outsider. But this does not account for the willingness to put those means into operation—a willingness which is, nevertheless, quite natural.

The career of each of us is to himself or herself a matter of the most vivid interest; every colour, every shade, every turn in a life is acutely realised by the person who lives it. Yet to the rest of the world, as Mr. Hardy has remarked in more than one page of melancholy comment, each of us is only a passing thought—at best, to our nearest and dearest only a thought of frequent recurrence. The points at which our fortunes are least inadequately realised by our neighbours, at which they assume to others something of the importance that they wear to ourselves, are the points of community. The ambitions, the hopes and fears, of a son who is a barrister must be always somewhat vague to his father, the doctor; but every other barrister is interested by them almost as keenly as a mother by all that relates to her daughter's marriage. That is the cause of professional sympathy—a feeling so strong that for one man who stops to reflect that the profession is already overcrowded, and competition increasing in severity, you shall find twenty who gladly give a hand to the man on a lower rung of the ladder, regardless of the fact that he may one day be jostling them off it. They will remember to put in a word where a word is useful, when another friend with equal opportunities would forget, just because the young man's fortunes resemble their own as one woman's love affairs resemble another's. Professional benevolence is, in short, very nearly allied to matchmaking, and, like nearly all the most lovable traits in human nature, has no claim to be regarded as a disinterested virtue, The healthy-minded energetic man does not stop to consider whether the man he backs is the ideal person for a given employment—he simply desires to get the job for the man whom he is backing; and I have no doubt that the trouble which he will take for almost an absolute stranger is unconsciously prompted by the desire to effectuate his own personality, to utilise some of his spare energy in accomplishing an end with which he has identified himself.

Perhaps it is wrong to deny that this natural propensity of a strong physical and mental constitution ranks or ought to rank as a virtue when it is exercised on behalf of mere friends or acquaintances. But if so, I am sure it should not be condemned as nepotism or jobbery when allowed free play on behalf of kinsfolk. We praise the Scotch for the clannish tendency which they seldom fail to manifest when a Scot is among the candidates for an employment (the Irish, I am glad to say, exhibit something of the same characteristic), yet what is this but the most extended nepotism? Even if we grant that the ideally benevolent man will be too delicate to make interest for himself or his nearest kin, but will wear himself out in the endeavour to serve some stray aspirant who, either by promise of merit or need of help, has excited his sympathy (and I have known such a character), yet it must be urged that the men who go far out of their way to secure good things for their relatives are as a rule the industrious, active men who do service to the world, and are also men who, in default of a relation, will be exceedingly prone to serve a stranger sooner than leave undone a good turn which they see their way to doing. Of course, like all other creditable and harmless propensities, this may be exaggerated into a defect, just as every truth may be pushed into a heresy; but upon the whole nepotism lies nearer to virtue than to vice, and a race or family in whom the instinct of racial benevolence has died out is in extreme danger of dying out itself. But it is superfluous to labour a defence of jobbery. The virtue of nepotism is commended to us by the highest examples—the State and the law lend it illustrious sanction.

On the other hand, there is a kind of benevolence which runs very easily into an odious failing; but it is the sort which popularly figures as an accredited virtue. This is the benevolence which seeks to substitute its own goodwill for its neighbour's possibly very inferior inclination; which is always willing, and even anxious, to help its neighbour, but not as the neighbour desires to be helped. There is no need nowadays—or there should not be—to condemn the other-worldliness which sees in the human beings placed at a disadvantage the occasion for a profitable investment of good works. And yet there are still those who argue that Socialism is impious because it seeks to abolish poverty, whereas we are promised that the poor shall be always with us, to afford stepping-stones to celestial preferment. This,

however, is plainly not benevolence. The benevolence of which I speak is the benevolence of a benevolent despotism—the love of power passing into a tyranny. The respectable Christian who knows a young man bent upon becoming an actor or a journalist, or upon devoting himself to the study of physical science or any other of the pursuits habitually disapproved by respectable Christians, and who offers that young man a stool in his counting-house, may be doing a wise thing, but is not really benevolent. And yet in many cases he talks of black ingratitude because the would-be author or scientist does not thank him for the offer, and perhaps rejects it with contumely. Such, says the respectable Christian, is the reward of benevolence. But benevolence consists in helping your neighbour to attain an end which he desires, not in substituting an end which you would be glad to see him attain by your assistance. Much of the assistance offered with the keenest sense of merit in the offering is about as valuable or appropriate as the ugly sack stitched at a working-party is to the South Sea islander whose harmonious proportions it is designed to conceal. Sometimes the offer is accepted, and, whether it be the sack or the high stool, it seldom does much good to the person who accepts what is foreign to his or her whole nature and desires.

Yet suppose it accepted, and suppose everything turns out well, who is to be grateful? I who accepted, let us say, or you who volunteered the help? I may be grateful for assistance that I sought or desired, but this was none of my seeking. The convention demands that I should feel gratitude, but the morality of the case is very different. To interpolate our personality into the life of another human being is always a liberty, it may be an impertinence; and if the act, however kindly meant, be taken in a friendly spirit, we should be amply contented. We have had the satisfaction of doing what we designed to do; we have probably been thanked for it. But the gratitude that endures should be on our side, for there is no truer truth than that we love those whom we have benefited—another person being converted into a monument of our good deed. But to be angry because someone else will not efface his will to let us have this satisfaction is really iniquitous. Benevolence is not often self-sacrifice—it is always self-realisation; and to attempt to realise ourselves at someone else's expense, to express our own personality by sacrificing our neighbour's, is one of the

wickednesses which not only escape the social stigma, but continually masquerade as virtues.

In short, the luxury of doing good is a luxury, and like all luxuries carries with it a temptation. We cannot do too much good; but we can easily administer to ourselves too often the pleasant sensation of having done it, neglecting to establish thoroughly the necessary premise that we have administered a pleasurable sensation to others—whether in the present or the future. How often does the sense that we have done good to some other person arise out of a conviction that we have administered to him or to her a sensation the reverse of pleasurable!

STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE CASE OF GOVERNOR EYRE.

NEAR the extreme south-east corner of the island of Jamaica, washed by the Caribbean rollers and hemmed in between the sea and the Blue Mountains, lies Morant Bay, a little West Indian township with its houses half-hidden amid cane-fields and cocoa-nut groves. Not far from the shelving beach, its back to the water, stands the Court-house. Adjoining it are a group of buildings, and the square or parade before the steps forms a spacious frontage, upon which several streets converge. Here, on the afternoon of October 11, 1865, an anxious group of British subjects were collected together face to face with one of those crises which from time to time try the mettle of men whose lot is cast among an alien people.

The history of Jamaica needs no telling here. Won from the Spaniards by Cromwell's fleet, governed and enriched by Morgan and his buccaneers, it has shared in the prosperity and decay of the West Indies. The slave trade and the sugar-cane made it, during the eighteenth century, the most flourishing of the King's possessions over-sea, and Rodney, after his great victory had saved it from the French, described it as the first gem in the diadem of England. Emancipation and the equalisation of the sugar duties brought down the planters from wealth to penury. A vast negro population was suddenly, without any preparation or restraint, invested with the full civil rights of English citizens. When a period of prolonged and apparently hopeless industrial depression accompanies such a social upheaval, only a match is needed to kindle the flame of revolution.

All through the early months of 1865 trouble had been brewing in Jamaica. A certain Dr. Underhill, the secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, had seized the opportunity of a long drought, with its consequent distress, to lay before Mr. Cardwell, the Secretary for the Colonies, a highly coloured memorandum as to the poverty and political grievances of the negroes. This document was sent back from England to the Governor of Jamaica with directions for an inquiry, and its contents were not long in finding their way into the colonial papers. An agitation was set on foot, largely supported by the ministers of the native Baptist con-

nection, meetings were held at which inflammatory speeches were delivered by orators of colour, and appeals to united action were widely circulated. It was notorious that much excitement prevailed among the negroes, but the months passed on and there seemed good reason to hope that the storm would blow over.

On Saturday, October 7, the ordinary court of petty sessions for the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East was held at Morant Bay. Readers of last month's CORNHILL will not need to be reminded that in Jamaica justice is still administered, as in the rural districts of England, by the local gentry, among whom the 'squire' and the clergyman loom large. On that day the business was mostly of an ordinary description, 'consisting principally of charges of assault and of the use of abusive language,' but the court was unusually crowded and there was much disturbance, culminating in something very like a riot and in the rescue from the police of a negro whose arrest had been ordered by the magistrates.

On the following Monday warrants were issued for the arrest of, amongst others, a certain Paul Bogle, who had taken a leading part in the disturbance and was a man of importance among the negroes of the parish. They were placed in the hands of a black policeman, who started early on the morning of Tuesday, the 10th, with five of his comrades and two rural constables, for Stony Gut, a negro settlement about five miles from Morant Bay, where Paul Bogle's habitation was situated. The warrants were not destined to be executed. Arrived at Stony Gut, the officers of the law were surrounded by a mob of some hundreds of negroes armed with cutlasses, sticks, and pikes. Bogle called on them for help; the police were overpowered, beaten, and only released after a detention of some hours upon taking an oath that from henceforth they would 'join their colour' and 'cleave to the black'; while Bogle openly expressed the intention of leading his men down to Morant Bay on the morrow, and threats were uttered of 'killing all the white men and all the black men that would not join them.'

The news of this outrage and of the threat to march on Morant Bay was not long in reaching Baron von Ketelhodt, a naturalised German who filled the position of Custos of the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East, an office combining some of the functions of the Lord-Lieutenant of an English county with those of a chairman of quarter sessions. The Baron had incurred some unpopularity among the negroes, and had been stigmatised in an anonymous placard some months previously as 'an unscrupulous and

oppressive foreigner.' He now lost no time, but despatched a letter to Spanish Town begging the Governor for military aid, and as there were no troops in the parish he summoned the Volunteers of the neighbouring district of Bath to assemble early the next morning at Morant Bay. Accordingly, by 8 A.M. on Wednesday, the 11th, the St. Thomas-in-the-East Volunteers, No. 1 company, drawn from the scanty white population, and mustering about twenty strong, were in full march under Captain Hitchens. For all practical purposes they were untrained men; they knew little drill, were barely acquainted with their manual and firing exercises, and were restricted to ten rounds of ball ammunition apiece. When they reached Morant Bay they were joined by nine or ten of the Volunteers of that locality, and finding everything quiet there were allowed by the Custos, after a few preliminary evolutions, to fall out and obtain refreshment.

Meanwhile the vestry, which consisted of certain elected members, coloured as well as white, and of the magistrates who sat *ex officio*, were transacting their routine business, and up till four o'clock in the afternoon it looked as if, after all, there would be no disturbance. Suddenly one of the rector's sons was seen galloping at full speed across the parade, and a cry was raised 'They are coming, they are coming!' The Volunteers had scarcely time to load their muskets and form up in front of the Court-house when the whole open space was filled with a surging mob of negroes armed with cutlasses, sticks, and firearms. The Custos came out on to the steps with the magistrates and vestrymen. His cries of 'Keep peace, go back, keep peace!' were drowned with yells of 'War, war!' Stones were flung from the crowd, Captain Hitchens was struck on the head, an ineffectual effort was made to read the Riot Act, and the order was given to the Volunteers to fire. Some of the rioters fell, but the mob were too close to be checked; the Volunteers were overwhelmed in a moment, some were mortally wounded, others disarmed, and the rest were compelled either to flee or to take refuge in the Court-house with the Custos and the magistrates. Here for a time resistance was maintained, the mob returning the fire with the weapons they had captured, and with showers of stones. One by one the defenders sank down wounded. After a time a cry was heard of 'Burn the brutes out!' The school-house, which adjoined the Court-house, was seen to be on fire, the flames spread to the latter building, and as the roof was beginning to

fall in, the surviving occupants made their way out of the building, hoping, by the aid of the darkness—for it was now night—to conceal themselves in the vicinity. Some few were successful and remained undiscovered till morning, but others were dragged from their hiding-places and beaten to death, or left for dead on the ground. Among those who perished in this miserable fashion were the Custos, Mr. Herschell the curate of the parish, and several of the magistrates and Volunteer officers, together with some of the coloured vestrymen. Altogether eighteen lives were taken and thirty more of the party were wounded, some of them very severely. The town remained in the hands of the rioters, the gaol was broken into and the prisoners released, several stores were attacked, and a considerable quantity of gunpowder was taken.

Later on in the evening, when all was over, Bogle, who throughout the assault had acted as the ringleader, returned to Stony Gut, and there, in the chapel in which he was in the habit of conducting service, returned thanks to God that he 'went to this work and that God had succeeded him in his work.' Early the next morning a party of 200 negroes armed with guns and pikes, and with shells blowing to summon their comrades, proceeded to Coley, a few miles to the north-west of Stony Gut, obtaining fresh adherents as they went, and compelling all they met, under the threat of immediate death, to swear that they would henceforth join the blacks. 'Colour for colour!' was the cry everywhere. Bath was entered by a large party marching in military order, with flags flying and drums beating. The stores in the town were pillaged, and property to a large amount was taken or destroyed, while the few white inhabitants took refuge in the bush. In the course of the next three days the insurgents spread over a tract of country extending from White Horses, a few miles to the west of Morant Bay, to Elmwood, a distance of upwards of thirty miles to the north-east, burning and plundering the houses and estates.

In one or two instances the owners or the managers were murdered, in others they were severely wounded, but in most cases timely warning was given, and the persons who were sought for were able to escape, frequently by the connivance and assistance of faithful black servants. At Blue Mountains, a valuable estate belonging to Sir William Fitzherbert, the white bookkeeper was done to death with cutlasses, but Mr. Beresford Fitzherbert, a young man just arrived from England, was spared,

on the intercession of a coloured overseer, and catching a bare-backed mule, he rode, without saddle or bridle, some thirty miles across the mountains into safety. Meanwhile women and children were cowering in hiding-places in the woods, exposed to hourly apprehensions of a fate worse than death,[1] many of them having already suffered bereavement, and more still in a state of sickening uncertainty as to the safety of those who were dearest to them.

Fortunately, the agony was not of long duration. It will be remembered that on the afternoon of the 10th the ill-fated Baron von Ketelhodt had despatched a letter asking for military aid. On the morning of the 12th, H.M.S. *Wolverine*, under the command of Captain Algernon de Horsey, and with a company of the West India Regiment on board, steamed into Morant Bay. The soldiers were landed and marched through the square, still strewn with maimed and disfigured corpses,[2] and during the course of that day and the next the fugitives, men, women and children, were placed on board the vessel and conveyed to Kingston.

His Excellency John Edward Eyre, the Governor of Jamaica, was a man in the prime of life, and with a prolonged and varied experience in dealing with subject races. Born in August 1815, the son of a Yorkshire clergyman, and the descendant of that gallant Sir Gervase Eyre who held Newark for King Charles against the armies of Meldrum and Willoughby, he owed nothing to fortune or connection. Emigrating to Australia at the age of eighteen, he had thriven and prospered, and was appointed a resident magistrate and Protector of the Aborigines, in which capacity he became known as the consistent and unflinching champion of the natives against the settlers. 'He was too big a dog,' wrote Henry Kingsley, 'to be bayed down by any small bush clique.' He won fame as an explorer by his memorable and fearless journey with a single black companion across the terrible desert from Sydney to Swan River, and in 1846 he was made Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand under Sir George Grey. Thence he was transferred as Governor to St. Vincent in 1854, and to Antigua in 1859, in each position winning

[1] In or two cases insult was offered, but there is no authenticated case of outrage, though the rioters made no secret as to what the fate of the women would be when their protectors were slain.

[2] Blood-curdling stories were in circulation, and ultimately transmitted to England, of atrocities committed on the bodies of the fallen before life was extinct, but they appear to have had little or no foundation.

golden opinions and maintaining his former reputation for even-handed justice between black man and white. In 1862 he was sent to Jamaica as acting Governor during the absence of Sir Charles Darling, and on the latter's retirement, in 1864, he succeeded him as Governor-in-Chief.

There from the very beginning he found himself at variance with the turbulent and ill-regulated local Legislature, in which the negro element was largely represented. The year 1865 had been calamitous in many ways. Dr. Underhill's lucubrations had added fuel to the flame, and as far back as July the Governor had received warning of an intended negro rising on August 4, and had taken his measures accordingly. Now he was confronted with that most awful of scourges—a Servile war in which colour is pitted against colour. None knew better than he that, though the negro brain is utterly wanting in that power of combination which alone can give reality to what we understand by conspiracy, yet a common grievance and a common end will suddenly transmute themselves into concerted action with appalling rapidity. Where distress and disaffection undoubtedly existed, the least encouragement or show of weakness was certain to be fatal, and it should be borne in mind that in the hundred years immediately preceding the Emancipation Act of 1834 there had been in Jamaica some half-dozen formidable negro risings, in the course of which plantations had been fired and proprietors killed by the score.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 11th, immediately on the receipt of Baron von Ketelhodt's letter, Governor Eyre communicated its purport to the officer commanding the forces in Jamaica, Major-General O'Connor, and requested him to despatch troops to Morant Bay. In the course of the morrow came the news of the rising and massacre. The Governor rode straight into Kingston, and, after hurriedly concerting measures of repression with the military and naval authorities, he summoned his Executive Committee and Privy Council. There was no divergence of opinion as to the necessity for the immediate proclamation of martial law, but under the island constitution it was necessary to obtain the advice and sanction of a so-called 'Council of War.' The next morning, the 13th, that body assembled, comprising the senior naval and military officers, the Governor, and the members of the two branches of the Legislature. A proclamation, drawn up by the Attorney-General, was approved, and it was announced in the Queen's name,

to all whom it may concern, that martial law shall prevail throughout the said county of Surrey, except in the city and parish of Kingston, and that our military forces shall have all power of exercising the rights of belligerents against such of the inhabitants of the said county, except as aforesaid, as our said military forces may consider opposed to our Government and the well-being of our beloved subjects.

The force at the disposal of Major-General O'Connor was certainly not excessive. Rather more than 500 regular soldiers drawn from the 1st West India Regiment and the 2nd battalion of the 6th Foot, together with one or two field guns under the care of an artillery subaltern, represented all that was available for the repression of the rebellion, leaving another 500 for the protection of an island with an area of 4,193 square miles, much of which consisted of mountain fastnesses or dense jungles with few facilities for intercommunication, and with a population in the ratio of 350,000 blacks to 13,000 whites. Besides this, however, were the officers and bluejackets of the *Wolverine*, the *Onyx*, and the *Aurora*, some hastily-enrolled Volunteers and the town pensioners, while as a last resort were the Maroons, a strange wild race, the descendants of the slaves held in bondage by the Spaniards when the island was taken from them in 1658. The Maroons had retreated to the mountains, they had never been reduced to slavery by the English, they had warred against them and made peace with them time out of mind, and they had never intermarried or mingled with the negro population, by whom they were held in great awe. To call out, arm, and enroll these men was a desperate experiment, but it has had many parallels in our history, and on this occasion it was completely successful. It is not too much to say that the fate of Jamaica rested for the moment on the loyalty of the Maroons.

The object of the Governor was to hem in the insurgents between the mountains and the eastern coast, and thus prevent them from effecting raids in the central, western, and northern districts of the island. Ably carried out by the military and naval authorities, his plans were completely successful. The area of disturbance was strictly confined to the seat of the original outbreak, the refugees were promptly extricated from their perilous position, and the insurgent negroes, equally surprised and cowed by the arrival of the troops, slunk away without offering more than the shadow of an armed resistance. Paul Bogle, on whose head had been set a reward of four thousand dollars, was captured by the Maroons, handed over to the military, and promptly hanged. On October 30 it was formally announced

by the Governor that the rebellion had been subdued, and that the chief instigators and actors therein had been visited with condign punishment.

As to the severity of the punishment, indeed, there could be no two opinions. During the thirty days for which martial law extended over the county of Surrey, 439 negroes were either shot down or executed, sometimes with, sometimes without the formality of a trial, and over 600, amongst whom were included a number of women, were flogged, in some cases with revolting cruelty. Due allowance must be made for the soldiers, few in number amidst an overwhelming population, acting in small detachments where it was difficult to keep prisoners, and with the memories of the Indian Mutiny still fresh in their minds. For the first two or three days after the murders at the Court-house the fate of Jamaica was trembling in the balance, and it was idle to expect any great self-restraint on the part of those engaged in repressing the insurrection. But it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the reign of terror was continued long after it had ceased to have any justification, that proper discrimination was not always used in sifting the innocent from the guilty, that many perished who had no connection with the rising, and that the number of hangings and floggings was grossly in excess of the requirements of the emergency. The youth and inexperience of the ensigns and naval lieutenants who sat on many of the courts-martial that dealt out such heavy measure with so free a hand were unfortunate circumstances, though it was afterwards held by the Royal Commission 'that in the great majority of cases the evidence seems to have been unobjectionable in character and quite sufficient to justify the finding of the Court,' and justice was done to the manner and deportment of the officers themselves. On the other hand, unfortunately several of them, and those not the youngest, placed on record their own condemnation by the reckless levity and brutality in which by speech and on paper they described their actions towards the negroes. The British fighting man is not always a felicitous letter writer, nor does he always measure his words with accuracy or calculate their effect upon the public; but it is extraordinary that the military authorities on the island should not only have passed these deplorable documents without censure, but should actually have transmitted them home.

In the suppression of the rebellion and in these wholesale

measures of retribution the Governor took no share, though he fully accepted the responsibility for the acts of his subordinates. Having once placed the safety of the white inhabitants in the hands of the military, he refrained from interference. But in one conspicuous case he played a part which was destined to embitter his whole future life. George William Gordon was a coloured man of education and intelligence, owning considerable landed property in the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East, which he represented in the House of Assembly, as well as at Kingston and in other parts of the island. He was a member of the 'Native Baptists,' and had recently ordained as a deacon in that community Paul Bogle, who was his intimate correspondent or friend. He had taken great interest in the parochial affairs of St. Thomas, and had been at one time appointed churchwarden, but his adhesion to the Baptists was held to disqualify him for that office. He had been removed from the vestry by Baron von Ketelhodt, the Custos, had subsequently brought an unsuccessful action against him, and was known to cherish bitter resentment against the Baron, against Mr. Herschell, and the local magistracy generally. It should be added that his estates were heavily mortgaged, and his financial affairs deeply involved.

All through the spring and summer of 1865 Gordon had taken a leading part in the agitation which followed upon the publication of Dr. Underhill's memorandum, and he had used language of a highly inflammatory and vindictive nature both towards the Government and the Governor. On October 11 Gordon was far away from the scene of the massacre, being on his property at Cherry Garden, a place near Kingston, where Mr. Froude afterwards stayed on his visit to the West Indies; but when the news of the outbreak and its attendant horrors reached the latter place his name was at once associated in popular speech with the authors of the disturbances, and he was regarded both by friends and foes as being undoubtedly a party to it. He seems to have had news of the massacre at a period which, considering the distance between Morant Bay and Kingston, is difficult to reconcile with entire ignorance of what was in contemplation. Flight was suggested, but he disregarded the advice, adding that if he went to St. Thomas-in-the-East he would be the first man hanged, and on the 14th came into Kingston, which, it will be remembered, was excepted from the proclamation of martial law. On the 17th, while the police were searching unsuccessfully for

him, he went to the house of Major-General O'Connor and gave himself up. The general declined jurisdiction, but at that moment Governor Eyre arrived on the scene, and informed Gordon that he must accompany him on board the *Wolverine*, which was then about to start on a second trip for Morant Bay.

Arrived there, he was put on shore as a prisoner, and on October 21 he was sent by Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson, an officer of considerable service and experience and in command of the troops on the spot, before a court-martial consisting of Lieutenant Brand, R.N., who acted as President, Lieutenant Errington, R.N., and Ensign Kelly, of the 4th West India Regiment. He was charged with furthering the massacre at Morant Bay, 'inciting and advising with certain insurgents, and thereby by his influence tending to cause the riot.' After a six hours' trial he was found guilty and sentenced to death. The finding was confirmed by Colonel Nelson, and forwarded through General O'Connor to Governor Eyre, who replied in writing that he quite concurred in the justice of the sentence and the necessity of carrying it into effect. Gordon was hanged on the morning of October 23 from the centre arch of the ruined Court-house.

The first news of the outbreak reached England on November 3, and caused a thrill of horror. The apprehension and concern were not lessened when fuller particulars of the outrages and excesses of the negroes were furnished by mail on the 13th. On the 17th, however, came the news of the complete suppression of the rising and the execution of Gordon, who was described as the ringleader in the insurrection. It was clear from the first that the repression had been ruthless, and the 'Times' on the following day anticipated that there would be an outcry, and expressed regret that the tone of the officers' letters had not been more guarded. There succeeded a feeling of wonder that an outbreak which had caused such widespread alarm could have been quenched with such ease and rapidity. Then came the tale of the floggings and hangings and burnings of cottages, embellished with all the luxuriance of a tropical imagination, and multiplied far beyond the truth, which, indeed, scarcely needed exaggeration. On the top of all came the violation of the liberty of the subject involved in the removal of Gordon from civil jurisdiction and his trial by court-martial. There was a burst of indignation throughout the land. In a very short time a 'Jamaica Committee' was formed, and meetings were held in London and throughout the provinces,

at which Governor Eyre and his subordinates were denounced in the most unmeasured terms. Speaking at Blackburn on November 30, John Bright did not hesitate to say that if murder had not changed its name and ceased to be a crime, he hoped to see the Governor of Jamaica and his accomplices standing at the Bar for the murder of Gordon.

Associated with the great tribune were Mr. 'Tom' Hughes, then member for Lambeth; Mr. Peter Taylor, member for Leicester, a veteran of the Anti-Corn Law League and an eminent opponent of vaccination; Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Mr. John Stuart Mill, M.P. A large section of the Press took the same line: there was little or no restraint in what the 'Pall Mall Gazette' called 'the brutal and senseless outcry,' and anonymous letters and telegrams of a disgraceful nature were directed to Miss Eyre, who had the temerity to beg, in print, that her brother might not be condemned unheard.

This aspect of the case had few sympathisers among the white population of Jamaica. The Governor's 'prompt forethought, vigorous action, and generous courage' were in the mouths of all. Addresses of gratitude and of confidence poured in from every corner of the island—from every class of society, from the Legislative Council, from the House of Assembly, from the magistracy, and inhabitants of every parish, from grand juries and custodes, from the clergy, from the heads of private families, and from the women, who felt that they owed the Governor an especial debt. Mrs. Stewart, the wife of the Archdeacon, and 2,809 other ladies presented a memorial in which their fervent and heartfelt thankfulness was expressed to his Excellency for saving them, 'their families and their homes, from outrage, desolation, and ruin.'

Our gratitude is enhanced by the sad and solemn recollection, no less of the miseries over which widows, orphans, and other victims of wrong have now to mourn, than of the horrors to which we ourselves had been doomed.

The inhabitants of Jamaica had ever at their door the example of the black republic of Haiti, and the memory of the awful scenes of bloodshed and lust and agony in which the French planters and their families had been exterminated by the negroes in 1793. At the meetings which preceded the Morant Bay rising there had been ominous references to Haiti; and the white population, scattered in isolated and unprotected positions and widely separated from each other, had passed through all the anguish of anticipation. To the planters the trend of feeling at home was equally incom-

prehensible and repellent, just as those excellent and humane people to whom 'massacre, torture, and black despair' are mere idle words can little appreciate the sort of temperament which is engendered where a native rising is an ever-present possibility.

On December 30, 1865, a Royal Commission was issued to inquire into the origin, nature, and circumstances of the 'disturbances' in Jamaica, and 'with respect to the measures adopted in the course of their suppression,' wherein 'it is alleged that excessive and unlawful severity had been used.' The Commissioners appointed were Major-General Sir Henry Storks, a soldier of long military service and considerable experience in civil administration, together with Mr. Russell Gurney, the Recorder of London, and Mr. John Blossett Maule, Recorder of Leeds, both of them barristers of high standing and accustomed to the exercise of judicial functions. The secretary, Mr. C. S. Roundell, also a barrister, and for many years a member of the House of Commons, still survives. It was impossible to disguise the fact that Eyre was practically on his trial before the Commission, and with such a cloud hanging over him his retention of the office of Governor was hardly practicable. He was superseded *pendente lite*, and the senior Commissioner, Sir Henry Storks, took his place.

The labours of the Commission were thorough and exhaustive; 730 witnesses were examined and sixty separate sittings were held between January 25 and March 21, 1866. Governor Eyre gave evidence at great length, besides furnishing an enormous mass of documentary evidence to the Commissioners. It is, I think, impossible to read his examination, whatever view one takes of his actions, without feeling that he bore himself with dignity in a very trying situation, and that he had conducted himself in what he felt to be a great emergency with a single eye to the safety of the people committed to his charge.

The report was despatched from Jamaica on April 9, received in London on the 30th; and five out of its seven clauses contained a complete vindication of the Governor. The Commissioners found:

(1) That the disturbances in St. Thomas-in-the-East had their immediate origin in a planned resistance to lawful authority.

(2) That while the obtaining of land free from rent and a want of confidence in the local tribunals were among the predisposing motives of the rioters, 'not a few contemplated the attainment of their ends by the death or expulsion of the white inhabitants of the island.'

(3) That though the original design was confined to a small portion of the

parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East, the disorder spread with singular rapidity over an extensive tract of country, 'and that such was the state of excitement prevailing in other parts of the island that, had more than a momentary success been obtained by the insurgents, their ultimate overthrow would have been attended with a still more fearful loss of life and property.'

(4) That praise is due to Governor Eyre for the skill, promptitude, and vigour which he manifested during the early stages of the insurrection, to the exercise of which qualities its speedy termination is in a great degree to be attributed.

(5) That the military and naval operations appear to us to have been prompt and judicious.

On the other hand:

(6) That by the continuance of martial law in its full force to the extreme limit of its statutory operation the people were deprived for longer than the necessary period of the great constitutional privileges by which the security of life and property is provided for.

(7) That the punishments inflicted were excessive: (*a*) that the punishment of death was unnecessarily frequent; (*b*) that the floggings were reckless, and at Bath positively barbarous; (*c*) that the burning of 1,000 houses was wanton and cruel.

The responsibility for the amount and kind of the punishments thus stigmatised clearly rests with the military authorities, to whom the execution of martial law was delegated. It is equally clear that the responsibility for what the Commissioners regarded as the unnecessary prolongation of martial law, with its consequent severities, lay with the Governor.

To the case of Gordon the Commissioners devoted a separate section of their report. After a careful review of the evidence, they found that though by his words and writings Gordon had probably produced a material effect upon the minds of Bogle and his followers, and did much to produce that excitement and discontent throughout the island which rendered the spread of the insurrection exceedingly probable, yet they could see no sufficient proof either of his complicity in the outbreak at Morant Bay, or of his having been a party to a general conspiracy against the Government. They added their opinion 'that the true explanation of Mr. Gordon's conduct is to be found in the account which he has given of himself: "I have gone as far as I can go, but no further,"' and that though this educated member of the Legislature might know well the distinction between (to use his own words) a "rebellion" and a "demonstration," it would not be so easy to his ignorant and fanatical followers. When we are told that as recently as September 4 he had used the words at a meeting, "We must do as Haiti does," it is difficult to feel any very profound sympathy with him, and the cry of one of the blacks who was being

led to execution, "See what Massa Gordon bring me to," is a melancholy commentary on whatever good intentions Mr. Gordon may have been endowed with.' Yet a case of such gravity demanded a more responsible tribunal than a court-martial consisting of two naval lieutenants and an ensign in a West India regiment.

The publication of the report and the evidence in the form of an enormously bulky Blue-book produced a profound effect, and rekindled the flame of agitation, which had somewhat died down. Whether a strong Ministry could have reinstated Eyre in his post as Governor, and whether after a verdict in which praise and censure were so closely blended they would have been justified, may be doubted. But Lord Russell's Administration was notoriously weak, and the outcry against Eyre raged fiercest among those with whom he could least afford to quarrel. Governor Eyre was recalled. His fall was made as gentle for him as possible by the terms in which the decision was communicated to him; but the blunt fact remained that he was a ruined man, and that his career was over. In May 1866 he quitted the island which, in the opinion of nine-tenths of the white population, he had saved from the horrors of Haiti and St. Domingo, carrying away with him such a tribute of gratitude, regard, and affection as falls to the lot of few colonial Governors.[1]

The Jamaica Committee at home were scarcely more satisfied with what they called the feeble and timid report. As far back as January they had consulted Mr. (afterwards Sir) James Fitzjames Stephen as to the proper steps to take for invoking the law, and they now prepared to act on his opinion. A serious difference, however, soon made itself manifest in their ranks. The majority of the Committee and their supporters were for the immediate prosecution of the ex-Governor and his subordinates on the charge of murdering Gordon. The Government, when interrogated in Parliament, declined to undertake any such proceeding, on the ground that Eyre had been fully convinced of Gordon's guilt and had acted without legal 'malice.' Not deterred by this, the Committee resolved to prosecute, either by themselves or through Mrs. Gordon, and fresh funds were collected and the

[1] It may be added that several months after the Commissioners had come home, and when Eyre's successor, Sir Peter Grant, was firmly in the saddle, a number of trials before the regular civil tribunals proved much more premeditation in the outbreak than had come out before the Commissioners, and sentences of great severity were awarded by the Courts.

meetings renewed through the country. Their chairman, however, Mr. Buxton, M.P. for East Surrey, resigned his position and seceded from the Committee, followed by several others who held with him that criminal proceedings were bound to fail and would result in a triumph to the accused, and that they might rest content with the recall and disgrace of the Governor.

A final effort, however, was made to induce the Government to follow the wishes of the Jamaica Committee, and on July 31 Mr. Buxton moved a series of resolutions deploring the excessive punishments that had been inflicted during the late disturbances, approving the dismissal of Governor Eyre, calling for compensation to the families of the black victims, and for a remission of sentences for all those still undergoing punishments. Lord Russell's Administration had been overthrown on June 18, and Lord Derby reigned in his stead, the Colonial Office being represented in the Commons by Sir Charles Adderley (now Lord Norton), the Under Secretary.

Mr. Buxton's speech was free from the intemperances of the platform, but it contained a powerful and moving recital of the floggings and burnings, a fierce attack on the youngsters who comprised the courts-martial, on the senior officers who approved and confirmed their sentences, and on the 'cold indifference to the anguish of the people exhibited by the Governor.' He made light of the supposed danger to the island, laughed at the idea of conspiracy, and represented the tumult and massacre at Port Morant as an agrarian riot badly handled by the authorities. As was said by Sir Charles Adderley, he picked out of the report of the Commissioners all that censured the Jamaica authorities, and omitted all that praised or excused them. Mr. John Stuart Mill followed with a cold logical argument, in which he expressed his intention of prosecuting Eyre and of establishing 'the great principle of the responsibility to the law of all agents of the Executive for taking human life without justification.'

The burden of opposition fell upon Mr. Cardwell and Mr. W. E. Forster, who had been respectively Secretary and Under Secretary for the Colonies during the period when Eyre's conduct was under investigation. Mr. Forster held that the Governor deserved the censure of the House of Commons, but deprecated the idea of prosecution; and while crediting Eyre with being a humane and conscientious man, said that there were particular circumstances connected with the Jamaica Act which practically

left the Governor no option in declaring martial law. Mr. Cardwell went further, and expressed strong concurrence with all the language used by the Commissioners in Eyre's favour, and pointed to him as a man who, amid universal anxiety and alarm, had retained some portion, at any rate, of his self-possession. The fatal mistake had been, he said, the continuance of martial law for the full period of thirty days. Mr. Russell Gurney rose to asseverate his opinion that while the evidence on which Gordon was condemned might have possibly subjected him to an indictment for sedition, it was totally insufficient to justify a conviction for murder. At the same time he indignantly traversed Mr. Buxton's description of the original outbreak, both as to its origin and gravity, and pointed out how completely the latter had ignored the planned risings, the drillings, the war-cry of 'Colour for colour!' and the significant fact that 'the trash-houses' for crushing the sugar were invariably left standing on the ruined plantations for the use of their future masters.

Mr. Baillie Cochrane (afterwards Lord Lamington) and Colonel North (not the nitrate king, but the member for Oxfordshire) spoke out for Eyre. Mr. Hughes, on the other hand, thought he ought to welcome the opportunity of clearing his character in the dock, and Mr. Ayrton, afterwards famous as Mr. Gladstone's First Commissioner of Works, advocated impeachment, a course which was not likely to commend itself to those who remembered the dreary farce into which the proceedings against Warren Hastings had degenerated. Finally, after Sir Charles Adderley had intimated that both compensation and a revision of sentences were in contemplation, the House passed, without a division, the resolution deploring the excessive punishments, and allowed the others to be withdrawn.

The Jamaica Committee had received somewhat cold encouragement, but it now set to work, under the chairmanship of Mr. Mill, to bring the man whom they regarded as 'the splendid delinquent' to justice. There were many who hoped to see him hang as high as Governor Wall, whom tardy justice had overtaken in 1802 for acts of cruelty committed twenty years before. The recently published letters of John Richard Green record Lady Salisbury's epigram, 'Here is the Eyre, come, let us kill him.'

Meanwhile Eyre's friends had not been idle. When the first mutterings of the storm had become audible, Henry Kingsley, the brilliant writer whose novels have been somewhat eclipsed by a brother's fame, had dwelt on his splendid Australian

record, and described him as a man eminently 'kind, generous, and just.' The author of 'Geoffrey Hamlyn' could speak with some authority, both as to his championship of the natives and his work as an explorer. Sir Roderick Murchison, as the President of the Royal Geographical Society, was no less warm in his praises. And in the 'Daily Telegraph' of December 19, 1865, appeared a letter signed John Ruskin, which, amid much charming irrelevance, protested that the writer had thought better of Mr. Mill and Mr. Hughes 'than that they would countenance this fatuous outcry against Governor Eyre.' 'Let the men,' he added, 'who would now deserve well of England, reserve their impeachments, or turn them from those among us who have saved colonies to those who have destroyed nations.'

But a fiercer fighter than Ruskin was to come on the scene. Brooding in his lonely room at Cheyne Row, the Sage of Chelsea was stirred into a white heat of fury at what he considered the base and ungenerous treatment of Governor Eyre. In characteristic language he branded his recall and prosecution as the 'reward for saving the West Indies and hanging one incendiary mulatto, well worth the hanging if I can judge.' To quote the words of Mr. Froude:

> Beaten as he himself was to the ground, he took weapon in hand again, and stood forward with such feeble support as he could find for an unpopular cause, in defence of a grossly injured man.

An 'Eyre Defence Committee' was formed in the course of the autumn, and an appeal to the public was made for funds, which was liberally responded to. Carlyle was voted into the chair at the first meeting, and became, with Sir Roderick Murchison, its vice-president. Ruskin and Charles Kingsley were among its leading spirits, and on December 15, 1866, Carlyle sent to Miss Bromley a copy of a speech by the former, and wrote:

> While all the world stands tremulous, shilly-shallying from the gutter, impetuous Ruskin plunges his rapier up to the very hilt in the abominable belly of the vast blockheadism, and leaves it staring very considerably.

Carlyle's own metaphor has been often quoted: the captain of a burning ship, by immediate and bold exertion, had put the fire out, and had been called to account for having flung a bucket or two of water into the hold beyond what was necessary. He had damaged some of the cargo, perhaps, but he had saved the ship.

All through the year meetings and counter-meetings were held up and down the country side, and the Press teemed with

letters, argumentative and vituperative. Society was rent asunder much as the French nation over the Dreyfus case, and many of the 'demonstrations' were of a stormy character. There are survivors who remember when a 'knuckle-duster' was part of the equipment of those who held strong views, and were prone to express them to an adverse audience. Governor Eyre himself arrived in England on August 12, and was greeted with a complimentary banquet at Southampton, at which Charles Kingsley was reported to have described his actions in Jamaica as a display of modern chivalry, words which prompted Sir George Trevelyan to write:

> Let's rather speak of what was felt by us who value 'Yeast'
> On learning who had led the chair at that triumphal feast,
> Where Hampshire's town and county joined a civic wreath to fling
> O'er him, the great pro-consul, whose renown through time shall ring.
> . . . . That he who gave our ancient creeds their first and rudest shock,
> Till half the lads for pattern took his Chartist Alton Locke,
> . . . . Should teach that 'modern chivalry' has found its noblest egress
> In burning Baptist villages, and stringing up a negress.

On January 6, 1867, Mr. Stephen applied at Bow Street before Sir Thomas Henry, on behalf of Mr. Mill and Mr. Peter Taylor (the widowed Mrs. Gordon having declined to prosecute), for a warrant against Colonel Nelson and Lieutenant Brand on the charge of having wilfully murdered George William Gordon, and after a good deal of evidence and a learned legal argument, the accused were committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court. Mr. Stephen was less successful in his application for a warrant against Eyre himself. The latter was residing in Shropshire, at Adderley Hall, and on March 25 Mr. Stephen appeared before a full bench of magistrates at Market Drayton, presided over by Sir Baldwin Leighton, Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the County. The ex-Governor was charged with having been an accessory before the fact to the murder of Gordon; he was represented by the present Lord Chancellor, then Mr. Giffard, and after a prolonged hearing the application was refused, the magistrates being unanimously of opinion that the evidence did not raise a strong or probable presumption of guilt.

At the Old Bailey, on April 10, an indictment for murder was duly preferred against Nelson and Brand. Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice, himself charged the grand jury in an address which lasted six hours, and is looked upon as the classic judicial utterance on the history, existence, and nature of martial law in England. The points to which he asked the jury to direct their

mind were, whether the accused had jurisdiction to try Gordon, and, if so, was the jurisdiction exercised honestly, or corruptly for the purpose of getting rid of a political opponent. If the jury had any opinion that the jurisdiction to exercise martial law was not satisfactorily made out, or had any doubt whether the accused had acted honestly and faithfully in the discharge of their duties, then the Chief Justice thought it would be the safer course for the jury to 'let the matter go forward.'

The jury ignored the bill, making, however, a formal presentment that it was highly desirable that martial law should be more clearly defined—a recommendation which has gone the way of most presentments.

After this rebuff it was thought by many sympathisers with the Jamaica Committee that enough had been done, and that the wisdom of Mr. Buxton's advice had been justified. Amongst these was Mr. Stephen, who felt, according to his brother and biographer, that to proceed further would look like a vindictive prosecution, and he ceased for the future to act as their counsel, to the no small dudgeon of Mill, who chafed at such want of zeal in the matter.

Nothing daunted, the Committee persisted on their course, and on June 2, 1868, an indictment was brought before a grand jury of Middlesex, in the Court of Queen's Bench, charging Mr. Eyre, in twenty-one counts, with various misdemeanours in connection with the Jamaica rising. They included the maintenance of martial law after the necessity for it had ceased, the removal of Gordon from Kingston, and the causing him to be tried by a court which had no jurisdiction over him, together with the flogging of certain negroes, for which it was alleged he was directly responsible.

Mr. Justice Blackburn, on whom, as senior puisne judge, it devolved to charge the grand jury, put the hypotheses in a somewhat more favourable light to the accused than is to be found in the charge of his chief in the case of Nelson and Brand.

'If the jury thought that Eyre sent Gordon to Morant Bay to hang him because he would be acquitted under the common law and ordinary tribunals,' then it was an act of grave and lawless oppression, and a bill ought to be found at once. But if they should hold, putting themselves as much as possible in the Governor's position, 'that he thought there was a dangerous insurrection and conspiracy spreading throughout the island, and that it was necessary for suppressing it that Gordon should be summarily tried, because there was no time to wait,' then Eyre would be excused, however mistaken, in acting under the powers conferred upon him by the Colonial Legislature for that purpose, and there

should be no bill. Secondly, Was Eyre guilty of that degree of want of care and reasonable calmness and moderation which a man in his position was bound to exercise as to render him criminally responsible?

The jury found for Eyre on both points by ignoring the bill.

This was the last criminal proceeding to which the ex-Governor was subjected, though he was harassed by a series of civil suits for assault, false imprisonment, &c., the last of which, by a negro named Phillipps, was dismissed in January 1869, the indemnity of the Colonial Legislature being deemed a sufficient estoppel. The Jamaica Committee had ceased to exist by that time, having failed, as Mr. Peter Taylor admitted, in its main object, but 'having procured an authoritative declaration that the law was what they maintained it to be.' And as John Stuart Mill puts it in his 'Autobiography':

> We had given an emphatic warning to those who might be tempted to similar guilt thereafter, that though they might escape the actual sentence of a criminal tribunal, they were not safe against being put to some trouble and expense in order to avoid it.

Of that there can be no doubt, for on July 8, 1872, Parliament voted 4,133*l.* to defray the costs incurred by Mr. Eyre in the various criminal prosecutions instituted against him. The vote, in spite of the fact that the Government were pledged to it by a promise made by their predecessors, was bitterly opposed, and eventually carried by 243 to 130, after a debate in which the whole story of the rising and its suppression was thrashed out again.

With that vote Governor Eyre disappears from history, and his death at Walreddon Manor, near Tavistock, on November 30 last was only a surprise because few imagined him to be still living. In his long retirement he maintained dignified silence on the events which had once convulsed England, and he left his case to the verdict of posterity. As to what that verdict should be men will always differ, as was said by his biographer in the 'Times,' so long as the types of mind represented by Ruskin, Froude, and Carlyle on the one hand, are matched by those of Bright and Mill and Buxton on the other. Whatever his errors of judgment may have been—and they were undoubtedly grave—it seems to me that he saved Jamaica from a terrible civil war, and that he met with but a scant measure of that tolerance and consideration which is the meed of all men who are called upon to act promptly in a moment of great peril.

J. B. Atlay.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

XIII.

ALTHOUGH at the time of writing it is only mid-January, there is a feeling of spring in the air. Our letters from Loamshire report the first crocus of the season in the south garden at Proudflesh Park; and Tom Topham-Sawyer, sending us a brace of pheasants, remarked with characteristic grace that in this muggy weather nothing would keep, and so he was obliged to clear out his larder. But, though the physical season is thus abnormally mild, there is a certain rigour in the religious atmosphere of Stuccovia, and for its cause we must look back a little. The vicar returned from Torquay just at the end of Advent; but the accumulation of Christmas Trees, social gatherings, and Plum-Pudding Services has proved a little too much for even his renovated strength. On the last night of the old year he conducted a novel devotion in church. It was announced as 'voices of eminent preachers, heard through the phonograph, with illustrative comments;' and was so timed that, just as the clock struck twelve, Dr. Liddon was heard saying, in the tone of a half-stifled Punch, 'We stand at a division of time: we look backward and we look onwards.' The effect, as the Parish Magazine said, was supernaturally solemn, but the reaction was too much for Soulsby. The pew-opener tells Bertha that he swooned in the vestry, and that, when she pressed a glass of water to his lips and the curate told him to buck up, he only murmured with half-closed eyes—

> O, 'tis a burthen, Bumpstead, 'tis a burthen
> Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

When Bertha reported this collapse, Selina observed with acrimony that if Mr. Soulsby would only take Pulsatilla before preaching and Grape-nuts afterwards, perhaps he wouldn't have to desert his parish for six months every year. But Dr. Snuffin, who has in high perfection that faculty of sympathy which is so invaluable in a family physician, likened his patient to a high-bred racer which will go till it drops; and recommended him to lie in bed till ten every morning and to drink a pint of dry champagne with his luncheon and dinner. The churchwardens, the district-

visitors, and the Fishers in Deep Waters, joined in a chorus of warning against 'overdoing it,' and the vicar so far yielded as to call in a good deal of clerical assistance. Father Adderley has more than once swooped down from his high perch in the Marylebone Road; and the Cowley Fathers from Dartmouth Street have been unremitting in their attentions. Hence arises that rigour of which I spoke before as marring the mildness of our religious atmosphere. I have observed that, whether on grounds of reason or of mere prejudice, English people dislike a man in a petticoat —'a woman with a great peard under her muffler'—and though Father Black and Father Waggett have given us the most excellent sermons, their appearance in Stucco Road, which is the part of our parish least touched by ecclesiastical influences, has given rise to unfavourable comment. The minister of the Wesleyan Chapel has preached a discourse on the 'Vestments of Baal,' which has been reported in the local press; and Miss Scrimgeour, a member of the 'Presbyterian Church of England,' whatever that may be, has been distributing from door to door a warning poem (printed at Chelmsford), which lamentably fails to distinguish between our truly Anglican organisations and those of an alien type.

THE COMING OF THE MONKS.

Wherefore should they come to England,
Companies of banded foes:—
Come to England in the open,
While their tactics England knows—
If their influence is evil
Where the legislature ties,
What their mischief where their system
Legislative law defies?

Freedom!! Aye, aye, give them freedom
Such as we and ours may claim,
In the ranks of social labour
To uphold an honest name;
But I know not, oh, I know not
Where is England's common sense,
That she lets her halls to traitors
And ignores her own defence.

Is it not enough that lately
Up and down the land has sprung
Locked and barred and bolted buildings
For the hiding of our young?
Many a father would have sooner
Parted with his household stuff;
Many a mother's heart is broken—
Tell me, is it not enough?

Do we want our boys to wither
'Neath a monasteric blight;
With the priestly bands around them
And the Bible out of sight?
Should we swell the list of voters,
Who at touch of foreign spring,
Through the ballot could endanger
The position of our king?

Wherefore should they come to England?
Wherefore should their haunts be free
From the government inspector,
In this land of liberty?
And since nuns are noted beggars,
How does English law avail,
While these bold bag-carrying spinsters
All escape the common gaol?

An alarmist! aye, I know it,
My opponents know it too;
Know the danger and the duty
Of the Protestants they woo:
It might rouse us could we witness
How they grin behind their cowl,
At our ineffectual clearing
Of the nest they come to foul.

O, the sorrow would be lessened
If old England did not *know*;
But she has the lights of ages
Falling on her welcomed foe:
God sends night to those who love it,
And our warnings men will note,
When the papacy in England
Takes her hostess by the throat.

'This is eloquence,' said Queen Caroline, when Jeanie Deans had made an end of pleading for her sister. 'This is eloquence' cried many a Stuccovian Protestant, when he pictured the British father 'parting with his household stuff' to save his son. The scene of the Papacy taking her hostess by the throat seemed to suggest a woodcut for the 'Police News.' The thought of our monastic preachers 'grinning' at us 'behind their cowl' was excessively annoying; and, as an excuse for not giving is always welcome, our front doors have been rudely banged in the face of the 'bold bag-carrying spinsters' from the convent in Stucco Vale.

To what lengths this religious rigour would have gone, and how far it would have frozen the stream of neighbourly goodwill, it skills not now to inquire; for, before a parochial crisis had

time to arise, a sudden scare of smallpox has recalled our attention to the secular sphere. As long as the disease confined its ravages to Camberwell and Poplar we regarded it with philosophic calm.

> We bore their sufferings with such equanimity
> That everyone exclaimed, 'What magnanimity!'

We agreed that sanitation was everything—that if people would live in filth they must expect disease; and as Stuccovia is a remarkably clean and airy district we felt that virtue was its own reward. But one fine day a case was reported from Stucco Gardens Mews, and in an instant the whole spirit of the place was changed. How the disease had made its way into so well-regulated a parish we shall never know; and indeed the sceptical are inclined to believe that it has never been within five miles of our sacred precincts. But undoubtedly one of the district visitors found a child with a rash, and insisted on calling in Dr. Snuffin, who, with disinterested zeal for the public health, told all his patients that they must at once be revaccinated. Marvellous was the result of this ukase. Selina, who, since she took to unauthorised systems of medicine, has poured scorn on vaccination as a disgusting and archaic superstition, not only was vaccinated herself, but caused a domestic revolution by insisting that all the servants should follow suit. Muggins, the dingy retainer, had been deeply pitted with the disease in infancy, but this availed him nothing against Selina's sanitary zeal; and the cook, who will never see sixty again, pleaded in vain the case, well known to her, of a young person at Friller's, the great dress-maker's, who 'ad such a harm through bein' done that it 'ad to be cut hoff above the elber.'

Mr. Soulsby preached a mystical sermon on the Golden Calf, interpreting it as prophetic of that most beneficent boon of science which will be immortally associated with the name of Jenner; and fainted three times when subjected to the process. Mr. Barrington-Bounderley, laudably anxious to set a good example to his constituents, goes about with a red ribbon tied round the arm of his astrachan coat. Dr. Snuffin, whose horses have hitherto been a little touched in the wind or else afflicted with string-halt, and were presumably bought cheap in consideration of those infirmities, has now broken out into a pair of steppers; and a grand piano has been seen going in at his drawing-room window.

Young Bumpstead 'took' rather badly, and carries his left arm in a sling. Having been recommended by Snuffin to take it easy for a day or two, he spends most of his time in our dining-room, where his contests with Bertha at Ping-Pong are Homeric, and have led to betting. Bertha is a capital hand at all athletic exercises. She rides, rows, skates, swims, and cycles, has won the Loamshire Annual Prize for lawn-tennis, and captains a girls' golf club. When she is staying in Stuccovia she rather misses these accustomed exercises, and Ping-Pong is the only substitute which our resources provide. Selina, indeed, has a certain contempt for bodily prowess. She likes games which, as she says, 'involve a little mind,' and when I seek to renew my youth by playing croquet she professes that she can see nothing to admire in a fat man trying to squeeze a big ball through a narrow hoop, though, to be sure, it is better than bowls. 'My dear Robert, if you were such a goose as to stoop double directly after dinner you would die no other death.' That a bosom which harbours these sentiments should have melted towards Ping-Pong is, I am convinced, partly due to the influence of fashion. My Selina loves to keep abreast with what Soulsby calls 'the great mundane movement.' She has heard that Lord Salisbury and the Bishop of London played Ping-Pong when they met at Sandringham the other day, and (though she expressed a high-sniffing contempt for such nonsense when she first read it) I am persuaded that this paragraph from 'Classy Cuttings' was not without its effect upon her mind. It has been suggested by unfriendly critics of the game that the language is ironical; but Selina, who has all the admirable gravity of her sex, takes it 'at the foot of the letter.'

Conferences about political party matters, about the settlement of the Boer War, about education, and the housing of the working classes are no doubt all very well in their way. They may be useful, of course, and for those who are interested in such matters they may have their importance. But the really momentous question of the day is, How can we best promote the interests of the great Ping-Pong movement? How can the game be most widely popularised? What can be done to add interest to it, and to bring the rules by which it is governed into closer harmony with the eternal principles of right and justice? Some of the greatest of living authorities, and many of the most gifted and accomplished players in the British Empire, have, I understand, been sitting in solemn conclave for the discussion of imperatively needed changes in the laws of the game, and anxiously debating proposals for some sort of national federation. It seems probable therefore that Ping-Pong is about to enter on a new phase of interest and importance, and that upper and middle-class society will have less time and attention to bestow on such troublesome and unpleasant matters as the South African War and the evils of the drink-trade.

Selina does not herself play Ping-Pong, though she is all in favour of it for the young and thoughtless. Her own brow wears a preoccupied air, and there is that in her manner and bearing which assures me that her mind is big with solemn purposes.

Lord Beaconsfield, when he depicted the high-born damsels of Muriel Towers brushing their hair at night, broke off with the quaint *aposiopesis*,—'But we must not profane the mysteries of Bona Dea.' I am much too cautious to commit myself to any original observations about woman's dress; but I am conscious of an impalpable feeling in the air which portends some startling development. Just a year ago, a loyal population was plunged into mourning; and, though Selina really looks her best in black, and was once told with amiable frankness by dear old Lady Farringford, that she 'was a fright in yaller,' I have for some time been aware that she was growing restive under the discipline of twelve months' sombreness. Bertha frankly revels in bright colours, and, if left to her own devices, would bedizen herself like a macaw. For my own part, these concerns do not touch me, as long as my women-kind confine their operations to Stuccovia; but occasionally our old friends of the County or the world remember us, and then I have to escort my wife and sister-in-law into a more formidable society. I confess to anxious moments when I see the lost companions of my youth gazing critically at Selina's gown, or hear them whispering that Bertha isn't a bad-looking girl, but her clothes look as if they had come out of a rag-bag. Splendour we cannot attain; but a chaste sobriety of apparel is within our compass, and I dread experiments in millinery. Judge, therefore, of my consternation when I lately picked up a notice of Friller's winter sales, and found the following items marked with Selina's violet ink:

Navy Blue Serge Bolero, trimmed blue and white velvet, with large ermine sailor collar, skirt with box-pleated flounce, and strapped blue and white velvet.

Red Faced Cloth Zouave, fancy strapping of own material, white embroidered cloth collar, facings and cuffs studded with quaint buttons, skirt strapped and studded to match coat.

Mauve Shag Cloth Russian Blouse, collar and facings and cuffs of white cloth, with fancy braid box-pleated skirt.

Ducks-egg Green Coat, faced velvet, and trimmed white braid, *slightly soiled.*

Mauve Hopsac, strapped faced cloth, bolero and skirt stitched and tucked, lined through silk, slightly soiled; suitable for *short stout figure.*

Well indeed is it for ardent youth that it cannot foresee its future. 'Seek not to proticipate,' is the wisest of warnings. On

that long-distant night at the Loamshire Hunt Ball, when I first learned that I had proposed to Selina and had been accepted by her, I little thought that I should some day have to lead about a wife in a Navy Blue Bolero or a Shag Cloth Blouse; but even less that the developments of time would link me to a 'short stout figure,' in a 'Mauve Hopsac,' or a 'Ducks-egg Green Coat, slightly soiled.'

But, if these things are to be done—as I understand they are—in the light of day, far worse are the deeds of darkness. Under the heading of 'Evening Dresses,' I find that the violet ink has been alarmingly busy. Sympathetic crosses of approbation are prefixed to the succeeding items, while marks of interrogation against the annexed prices indicate a characteristic determination to drive a bargain:

Pink Chiffon Princess Gown, bodice embroidered corals and pearls, handsomely trimmed lace, flowing overtrain. 20 gns.

Black Point d'Esprit gown, baby bodice, trimmed jet and silver sequins, embroidered on cream panne, skirt with 18 net frills in front and wider at back, niched at waist. 18 gns.

Pink Kilted Chiffon Princess Dress, with insertion of ecru lace, black lace applique, pin-boxed velvet poppies. 12 gns.

White soft satin, with lace embroidered violets in baskets and pearls, embroidered sequins, straps of velvet, applique lace and velvet flowers, baby bodice embroidered jet and steel, with primula garniture. 25 gns.

Now if, as I surmise, some at least of these garments are intended for Bertha's wearing, I confess that I deplore the prospect. I cannot believe that the dear girl will look her best in 'Pink Kilted Chiffon,' even though it be enlivened by 'pin-boxed velvet poppies.' The object of dress, I take it, is marriage; and that supreme end of woman will, I believe, be more readily attained by simpler methods. Bertha Topham-Sawyer in a well-cut habit, popping over the Loamshire fences, or tittupping along Rotten Row, is a spectacle as attractive as Die Vernon on her black hunter or Mary of Scotland on 'Rosabelle.' In a home-spun skirt and a red jacket, wielding a golf-club or driving the 'bung' at hockey, she is a figure that might inspire heroes, and is absolutely fatal to susceptible curates. But in a 'baby bodice' and 'flowing overtrain,' 'niched' at the waist, and garnished with primulas, she will, I fear, create a less felicitous impression.

It used, I believe, to be held by that section of English society to which Selina and I by birth belonged that 'frippery was the ambition of a huckster's daughter;' but one cannot live twenty

years in Stuccovia without imbibing something of its spirit. Evil communications with the Cashingtons and the Barrington-Bounderleys corrupt good manners; and for my own part I fancy that, in our narrow sphere, we are experiencing that 'Americanisation of the World' on which Mr. Stead has just expended 164 pages of luscious rhetoric. The American invasion has reached us through Lady Farringford; and here I must be understood as indicating the wife of the present peer. The dear old dowager remains unshaken in the convictions of her youth. To her, Americans are a set of people who talk through their noses, dine with their 'helps,' and drape the legs of their pianos; nor would either argument or eloquence move her from that sure anchorage. But, in spite of these prepossessions, her son, the present Lord Farringford, having partly ruined himself at Newmarket and completed the process at Monte Carlo, has repaired his shattered fortunes by marrying Miss Van Oof of New York, whose father made his millions by the famous 'corner' in canvas-backed ducks. And the new Lady Farringford, being young, pretty, rich, and outspoken, has had a deserved success in London. Her intimacy in the highest quarters, reported in the society journals of New York, provoked from a friend of her youth the sarcastic exclamation, 'What! Sally Van Oof sporting in the lap of Royalty? You bet your last biscuit she'll roll off!' But the prophecy is not yet fulfilled. The dowager, who knows the market value of social commodities as well as most of us, has conveniently forgotten her former sarcasms against Vanderbilts and Astors, and has given tea-parties in honour of her daughter-in-law. Contrary to my expectations, Selina has 'taken immensely' to young Lady Farringford. Even Bertha thinks she is 'rather a dear'; and she has conciliated parochial sympathy by pronouncing Mr. Soulsby 'a lovely man.' But she brings with her an atmosphere of worldliness which I perceive and deplore. Her taste in dress is flamboyant. Her habits of expenditure are difficult to keep pace with. She defies all the social proprieties in which Selina and I were nurtured. And yet she confidently reckons on being invited to the 'courts' which the King and Queen are to hold; and she has just carried off Bertha to Norfolk House to inspect the model of the robes in which she will flaunt at the Coronation.

THE GIFTS.

WHENAS my child was ten days old,
Beside his tiny cot I laid
My slender wedding ring of gold
Upon a table white arrayed;
Cakes and fruits moreover,
And a piece of silver money,
And a pot of mountain honey,
Smelling of thyme and clover,
And three new almonds therewithin,
The Fairy Ladies' grace to win.

So when I knew he soundly slept,
As any blossom pink and small,
Behind the curtain-fold I crept,
And watched to see what should befall;
And presently a brightness
About the doorway kindled,
So that the firelight dwindled—
Then came, all clad in whiteness,
The Ladies Three, and stood and smiled,
Looking upon my little child.

Then said the first, 'This fruit and cake
I claim—that he may hunger sore.'
The second said, 'This coin I take—
Poverty he shall know therefore.'
The third one, reaching over,
Took the ring, laughing lightly,
'New sorrows daily and nightly
Shall pierce the hapless lover.
Now have we left him void and bare
Unto the bitter world's cold air!'

Then was I torn 'twixt grief and rage,
Whether to curse them there and die,
Who robbed my dear's poor heritage,
And bid him cold and hungry lie,

Or to kneel down before them,
And pray them for repentance
Of this their cruel sentence,
And with wild words implore them,
And with a mother's anguish plead,
To change the doom they had decreed.

But suddenly there seemed to wake
A music like a silver bell;
And if they sang, or if they spake,
Or if I dreamed, I cannot tell.
A singing and a ringing,
Like rivers murmuring lowly,
Like wind-rocked pine trees slowly
Their woven branches swinging,
Filled all the room: and one did stand
With the honey-jar in her right hand.

Then said the first, 'This child I dower
With fragrance of the mountain thyme,
And sweetness of the clover-flower,
Set in imperishable rhyme.'
The next, 'And in his hearing
Shall bees be ever humming,
In filmy flight still coming
With drowsy sounds endearing.'
The third, 'I give the glory and glow
Of yon great sea that rolls below.'

'Sleep soft,' they sang; 'thy little lips
Not yet in deathless song shall stir,
Not yet thy rosy finger-tips
Shall touch or lute or dulcimer:
Weaned from the world's gross pleasure,
By pain and fast made worthy,
Eternal fame waits for thee,
And everlasting treasure.
Then shalt thou greet us where we dwell
On our clear heights—till then, farewell.'

MAY BYRON.

LA DOCTORESSE MALGRE ELLE.

WHEN the doctors advised us to go and settle in the mountains, for the sake of our baby-boy who was just recovering from a long and serious illness, we were delighted. As we had always lived in towns, we longed for the open fields, exclaiming with Horace: '*O rus, quando ego te aspiciam?*'

My husband at once looked out for a country church. The parish of B., over three thousand feet high, in the Cévennes mountains, was in want of a pastor, so he went and reconnoitred. He found it was just what we were seeking, and the inhabitants, descendants of the old Huguenots, welcomed him enthusiastically.

When we arrived at B., in the month of June, the country was at its best. The meadows were covered with a profusion of wild flowers, the green corn was waving in the fields, the brooks babbling gaily as they skirted the edges of the pine forests. Wherever we turned picturesque views met our charmed gaze, and we congratulated one another on having found a home in such exquisite scenery.

What was our surprise to find that these beauties of Nature were unappreciated by the peasants!

When we admired the many-hued sweet-scented flowers we were told they spoilt the hay; the bold rocky mountains were bad pasture-land, and the lovely ferns only good for fodder. Once I made a nosegay of large wild pansies that spread like a fragrant carpet at our feet. Next morning a girl called at the Manse with a basket full of them, wanting to sell them at twopence the pound! I lifted the lid, and there were hundreds of the lovely blooms—crushed and stalkless. She had seen me gathering them and thought I wanted them for herb-tea.

The longer we stayed at B. the more we were struck by the contrast between its romantic surroundings and its unpoetic inhabitants. They did not even use the produce of their country for themselves, and instead of thriving on creamy milk, golden butter, and new-laid eggs, as we had imagined, they carried all these to market to be turned into ready money, and lived on prosy fat bacon, cabbages, and potatoes in the form of soup. So attached were they to this diet that I once heard a young fellow

grumble to his mother, who had cooked some barley for supper, 'Well, mother, if a fellow can't have his cabbage soup every meal, life isn't worth living.'

The limpid water of the brooks they used internally, it is true, but externally it was applied on Sundays only in many cases. One fresh-looking woman was a constant scandal to her neighbours. She washed her face and hands several times a day, and was even suspected of taking baths; they insinuated that she must have very little to do to have so much time to waste on her ablutions.

Before we had discovered these manners and customs, we were surprised to find that in spite of the pure mountain air there was a good deal of sickness in B. We soon saw that it could not be otherwise with people living on such poor fare and having so complete a disregard of the aphorism that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.' Many of the complaints they suffered from were chronic, and they treated them with home-made remedies, such as *tisanes* (herb-tea), in the use of which the simplest French housewife is very skilful. But we were astonished to see that, even in acute cases of serious illness, a medical man was rarely sent for. This was due, first, to the high fees the doctors charged on account of the distance, the nearest living over two hours' drive from B., then to the fatalism of the peasants, whose habitual remark by the bedside of a sick friend was, 'If his hour has come, what is the use of sending for the doctor?' in which sentiment the patient fully acquiesced. Their economy was sometimes productive of very serious consequences, as in the following case.

My husband was called every autumn of our stay in B. to a peasant's house to bury a newborn babe. The mother would send for neither doctor nor nurse, with the result that each infant in turn died at the birth. He told the parents such parsimony was criminal and they promised to do differently, but they never did.

When a doctor *was* summoned they had no scruple in beating down his fees. I saw this done once myself. After he had prescribed, the patient's wife asked:

'How much is it?'

'Let me see, how far is it? Twenty kilometres or thereabouts. Then it is twenty francs; I will say eighteen.'

'Oh, perhaps not as much as that! We are poor people.'

Here the neighbours chimed in: 'Oh, yes, they are poor people.' I wished myself miles away, I felt so uncomfortable for that doctor. But he was evidently an old hand. After a little more haggling, the woman put fifteen francs in his hand, saying: 'We shall not quarrel over three paltry francs!' He pocketed the money without further comment.

As a rule the doctor was sent for too late, and the patient would die just before his arrival. In the midst of their grief, the nearest relatives (who would have to pay) never failed to exclaim: 'Send somebody to stop the doctor, quick!'

So after a long drive the latter would be told, as he came in sight of the house, that all was over and he could go home again —fee-less.

They never dreamed of asking him to see the body to make sure that life was extinct.

Such things were done in a free-and-easy style at B. Red-tape existed but to a limited extent. For instance, no pastor could legally conduct a funeral before receiving the official document stating that the death of the person concerned had been verified by the mayor's clerk. And this paper always was handed in duly signed and stamped. But the clerk had not been near the deceased's house. A relative informed him that So-and-So was dead, and he delivered the 'permission to bury' at once without any formalities.

My husband feared that this casual way of interring people might lead to gruesome results, so he always ascertained the exact hour of the decease in order that the legal minimum delay of twenty-four hours should be observed. The peasants were in great haste to be rid of their dead. So many had but one room to live—and die in.

A neighbouring pastor told us he felt convinced he had buried a man alive. The person in question had been a hard drinker, a rarity in the mountains, and he expired, or appeared to do so, at the end of a drinking bout. A few days after the funeral, the pastor heard rumours which led him to investigate the matter. The responsible parties, on being pressed, admitted that when the body was put into the coffin it was still warm. Asked why they did not say so at the time, they replied:

'We thought the brandy had preserved him, perhaps,' adding by way of explanation:

'You see, everything was ready and we were not sure.'

Then, to console the horror-struck pastor, they said cheerfully:

'He'll be dead by now, at any rate.'

My husband was within a hair's-breadth of doing the same thing.

A peasant called to ask him to conduct the funeral of a Monsieur Verne the next day.

'When did he die?'

'To-day.'

'Yes, but at what time?'

The messenger replied calmly:

'He must be dead by now, I should think.'

'What! do you mean to say he is still alive and you ask me to bury him?'

'Well, you see, it's far from here and, as I happened to be coming this way, the family asked me to tell you. I am now going to the town hall to make the declaration of his death, to save sending a messenger on purpose. It's all right, there was scarcely any breath in him when I started; he's dead now, for sure.'

My husband pointed out the heartlessness of such a proceeding, and prevented his making the declaration.

Receiving no further intimation from the family, my husband took occasion to go to their house a few weeks later; the first person he saw was Monsieur Verne tying up cabbages in his garden. Knowing the peasants were not sensitive on such points, he told him how near he came to burying him. The good man was quite flattered, and ever after enjoyed a little local celebrity as the man whose funeral was ordered before he was dead.

He was more fortunate than most men of his age (he was over forty), for as a rule their constitutions were so worn out with poor food and hard work that they rarely recovered from any disease that overtook them.

Infants, too, were handicapped by the want of suitable nourishment. The mothers fed them on cabbage soup before they cut their teeth. An epidemic of whooping cough was at its height when we arrived at B., and the sufferings of the poor babies, greatly increased by the indigestible food, so touched my heart that I prescribed for two or three of them, little thinking with what consequences this action was fraught.

I had the little mites' chests and backs rubbed night and morning with acetic acid, which had proved very useful in our

baby-boy's illness, and gave them some homœopathic medicines internally. They were well in a fortnight.

The news of these cures spread like wild-fire through the parish, as we learned by subsequent events; the first of which was the arrival of a peasant with her baby, saying she had heard Madame was a doctor and she had brought her child to be cured. My astonished maid replied:

'Madame is not a doctor, you must mean somebody else.'

But the woman insisted on seeing me. She told me she knew I cured babies, so had brought hers. Would I make him well? And she lifted pleading eyes to mine. I gave her the same simple remedies and thought no more about it, for we were far from surmising that she was the first of hundreds who would come to see *la doctoresse malgré elle.*

Yet so it was. Next day the bell rang constantly, and by night over twenty mothers had called for medicines. I supposed the rush was over, but I was mistaken, for during the following weeks our hall and dining-room were constantly filled with women and children, and now the former wanted remedies for themselves too.

'But I am not a doctor,' I explained to the first woman who urged me to prescribe for her.

'Madame could cure me if she liked,' was her reply.

'I have never studied medicine; all I know I have learned just by nursing my own family.'

'Madame could cure me if she liked,' persisted the woman, and seeing she meant it, what was there for it but to give her the most suitable medicines I could think of?

The climax arrived a week later. My maid came to me, her eyes sparkling with mischief.

'Please, Madame, there's a man downstairs asking for you, and (here she giggled) I think he is ill.'

'Ill!' I cried, 'but I do not see sick *men.* Find out if he is ill, and tell him to go to a doctor.'

Down she went, but soon re-appeared.

'He says he must see you, Madame, but he will not say what for.'

I went to my visitor and found a middle-aged peasant.

'You wanted to speak to me?'

'Yes, Madame.' A pause. 'It's my throat.'

'So you *are* ill. You must consult a medical man. I only treat women and children.'

'Won't your "stuff" do men good?' he asked with surprise.

'I dare say it might.'

'Then why won't you give me some? I don't mind taking the same stuff as the babies.'

I was perplexed; he was incapable of understanding my difficulty, for those simple-minded peasants had very primitive ideas on the subject of proprieties. After a minute's reflection, I said:

'Open your mouth and let me see your throat.'

He did so, and I gave him his medicines, which he carried off triumphantly.

Now the number of patients increased, for the men came too. One of the quaintest of them was the Mayor of Chabroulles. He was a wizened old man, wearing a coat cut very short in front, with little tails behind that terminated abruptly a foot below the waist. His high, unstarched collar was held erect by a voluminous neckcloth. His sockless feet were encased in huge black *sabots*, and he had a broad-brimmed felt hat on. His son, in more modern attire, signed to him to take his hat off. He did so, but replaced it by a black nightcap, which stood straight up like a sugar-loaf, surmounted by a tassel. It was the finishing touch!

'What are you suffering from?' I asked.

He referred me by a sign to his son, who explained that the Mayor only spoke patois, so he had come to translate. After the consultation the son wrote down name and address; the old man, thinking doubtless it was a document that needed signing, added a large cross, saying in patois, 'That's my mark.'

At last I was so overdone with constant doctoring that I fixed three mornings a week for sick visitors. But this did not deter some from coming at all hours of the day or night.

One woman on being told she could not see Madame, for she was lying down tired out, exclaimed: 'I don't mind going to her room,' and, suiting the action to the word, made for the staircase.

One Saturday the bell rang soon after midnight. I found a peasant with an infant in her arms.

'Not very good for baby to come out at this time of night,' I remarked.

'It won't hurt her, she has been ill over five months.'

'Over five months! Then why did you not bring her this morning?'

'I was at the fair at Chabroulles all day, and when I returned I felt, all of a sudden, that I would bring her.'

I inwardly hoped that the rest of the parishioners would not feel 'all of a sudden' that they would pay me nocturnal visits, but said nothing and gave the necessary remedies.

The people eventually were not satisfied with coming to see me, they wanted me to visit them, and this is how that began.

A peasant woman arrived one day accompanied by a village shopkeeper as spokeswoman. The latter informed me that the woman's husband was dangerously ill and wanted *Monsieur le pasteur* to go and administer the Communion. I promised to tell him at once, and expressed my sympathy. The women still lingered, the peasant signing to her friend to speak.

'She wants you to go too, Madame.'

'Indeed, and why?'

'To give Monsieur Croche some medicine.'

'She shall have some to take home, but she must fetch a doctor. I am told they may complain if I go to patients' houses.'

Here Madame Croche burst into tears, and went down on her knees to me crying:

'Oh, Madame, save my husband! *Pour l'amour de Dieu*, save my husband!'

I was moved; no wife can hear that cry untouched. Her companion whispered to me:

'They won't send for a doctor; they are poor, and it would cost them twenty-five francs and over. Madame will harm nobody by going.'

So I agreed to go. We started off and reached Rette, the nearest village to the sick man's house, within an hour. There they told us to go down—a road they called it—a rough track full of rocks. Half an hour's scramble brought us to our destination. Madame Croche, who had gone home on horseback by a short cut then unknown to us, come out to meet us. We followed her indoors and found her husband in bed in a cupboard, as was customary in those parts. These cupboards had doors, which the peasants shut on cold nights to keep the warmth in. He was suffering from an ulcerated throat. He listened to my husband with great attention and took the Communion. I prescribed some remedies (he was well again in ten days), and we left to visit some parishioners close by.

These offered to send us home in their cart; in a rash moment

I accepted. I have been in springless wood carts in Switzerland, I have driven over rough American roads in a broken-down buggy, but none of these experiences, though they are still green (and blue) in my memory, came anywhere near that drive to Rette. It was like a sea-voyage, for now we were on the crest of a rock, then down in the hollow of a rut, with the difference that the sea lets you down gently and that road did not. At first I felt like pointing out the boulders to the driver, that he might avoid the largest of them, but I soon saw he had a soul above such trifles; he drove stolidly over whatever lay in his path. Suddenly a sharper jerk than usual sent me flying to the bottom of the cart. I picked myself up ruefully, explaining to my conductor, who seemed surprised at my behaviour, that it was the first time I had the privilege of driving over such a road in such a conveyance. 'It is a little rough' was all he would admit.

At last we arrived at Rette, and as we drew up in the little market-place, where my husband was to rejoin us, we were surrounded by people clamouring for medicine. My first male patient was among them. He told me his throat was quite well; to prove his statement he advanced to the side of the vehicle, and when my husband came upon the scene this is what met his astonished gaze. A man with hat off and head thrown well back opening a large pair of jaws, his wife looking down from the cart into the man's throat, and a group of peasants watching the proceedings in spell-bound admiration.

Now I was looked upon as the doctor of the parish, and was sent for from far and near. I went in cases of sudden emergencies, or when the sick person was really too poor to pay the doctor's fee.

Once I was called to a year-old baby; noticing the irritated state of the skin, I asked the mother if she ever washed him.

'Washed him?' she replied indignantly, 'no, indeed, Madame! What makes you think I would do such a thing? He has always been delicate, but it is not my fault, for I can truthfully say I have never touched him with water, hot or cold.'

That the preceding generation had an equal antipathy to performing their ablutions I discovered one day when letting my baby-boy paddle in the brook. A dear old lady over seventy, the nurse of the village, watched him with great interest; then she turned to me and said:

'There, now! and to think you are not afraid of the little dear

wetting his pretty feet! Why, I have never put mine in water since I was born!'

I was consulted for a girl who had taken a chill. I ordered a hot bath. The messenger assured me no one would take the responsibility of administering so heroic a remedy. Would I come and superintend? I agreed to do so, and gave directions to have everything ready by the time I arrived.

I found the mother and sisters assembled at the patient's bedside, looking like people prepared for the worst. I coaxed the girl into the bath, and, tucking up my sleeves, took advantage of the chance of soaping her well. When she had sat a few minutes in the tub, she exclaimed, 'Why, it's quite nice!'

After she was snug in bed again, a knock was heard, and a neighbour put her head in, her face full of the deepest concern. She said:

'I heard your poor Vasti was to have a bath. I have come to see if she is still alive!'

Luckily the girl recovered in a few days.

Epidemics were rare in B., but we had some cases of infectious diseases. Many of the peasants had relatives working in the nearest city. These would catch some complaint, and then come home to recruit, bringing the germs with them.

One day a peasant begged me to come and see her husband. Knowing she was well off, I replied that she must fetch a doctor. Later on she re-appeared, and so implored me to come that I went. I found him in a high fever. Not knowing the nature of the illness, I ordered wet packs wrung out of acetic acid and water. This relieved him greatly.

In the middle of the night, they sent word that he was all over spots; would we come and see? When I examined the rash, being a perfect novice (as I constantly assured them), I still failed to see what it was. My husband felt the spots, and he too did not know what it could be. He read and prayed with him, and we left telling them to report what the doctor said. I never knew if they failed to send for him, at any rate he did not put in an appearance that day.

The following afternoon, as I approached the house, I heard Monsieur Charlier, the schoolmaster, holding forth. He was much looked up to by the villagers, and now a dozen of them were listening open-mouthed while he explained matters to them.

'This, my friends, is a case of fever.' His audience exchanged

admiring glances, as much as to say, 'How clever of him to find that out!'

'As it is a fever complicated with a rash, we may go further and call it a case of eruptive fever.'

Here, unfortunately, he caught sight of me, which cut his eloquence short. His hearers afterwards informed their friends that 'poor Pierre Borel has the fever,' then, shaking their heads significantly, 'and Monsieur Charlier says it is the "ruptive" fever, just think of that!'

The patient was getting weaker; I was getting anxious about him, and still the doctor did not arrive. We continued the wet packs, as he kept asking for them. Next day the doctor appeared. He looked at the sick man, then said sharply to Madame Borel:

'Give me a spoon!'

He glanced at the throat, then, flinging the spoon across the room into the fire, he shouted:

'Good heavens! He has the small-pox of the worst kind! It's black small-pox, and he'll be dead to-morrow!'

And taking up his hat he made for the door.

This is a fair specimen of the frank way in which the faculty expressed their view of the situation when visiting patients in those regions.

He called Madame Borel to him and said:

'Send for this at once,' writing down a prescription in pencil.

'What's the use,' replied the thrifty housewife, 'if he will be dead to-morrow?'

'Tut! tut! my good woman; you can't let a man die without trying to save him. Send for this immediately.'

I learned all this a few hours later, when they brought the doctor's report and asked me to go and sit up with the sick man for a while. I found them depressed and not a neighbour near (the village was panic-stricken), but very brave as far as fear of infection was concerned. The patient, one of the elders of the church, seemed quite resigned. I left them towards morning, and soon after daybreak he died.

I was sitting in the dining-room a few hours after his death when the gate opened and the senior elder came in. Our baby-boy was in the garden; his nurse had orders to run off with him directly anyone called, for fear of contagion. She happened not to be there, and before I could get to him the old man had bent

over him saying, '*Bonjour, Monsieur Bébé.*' Then he said to me: 'Very sad about Pierre Borel, isn't it? Poor fellow, I have just been putting him in his coffin'!

He had no more sense than to stand over a baby in the same clothes. Having had the small-pox himself, he ran no risk, but none of us at the Manse had ever seen the disease before.

Monsieur Borel was buried under the pine tree a stone's-throw from his dwelling. This was usual in B., only those who owned no land being carried to the cemetery.

We had a few more cases of small-pox. We look back upon that time as a very trying one. The peasants had such confidence in me, and yet I could do so little to check the loathsome disease, that my nights were sleepless from anxiety.

What were the results of my medical labours? Seeing that by calling in aid immediately further illness might be averted, the peasants, who never scrupled to send for me at any hour (as it cost them nothing), became less convinced that because a person fell ill 'his hour had come.' As, too, I urged them in serious cases to send for a doctor, the local physicians were more often called in during our stay in B. than ever before. One with whom we were very friendly told me so and thanked me for it. This result was indirect, but none the less useful.

The direct results were also satisfactory, for many sufferers were cured.

It is true that the carelessness of the more ignorant peasants was a great hindrance to the recovery of their friends. They would persist in rubbing them with the medicines and giving them the lotions to drink!

A woman applied the homœopathic potion to her mother's spine, and gave her the pure acetic acid to drink, and then said that my 'stuff' made her mother cry.

A man sponged his father's sore leg with undiluted acid; the result was vociferous.

And all this in spite of minute written directions and verbal warnings.

Happily I used no poisonous liniments, or there would have been some terrible catastrophes.

The effect of the treatment was often neutralised by the diet. Some mothers insisted on giving their sick babies cabbage soup instead of the milk I advised. Adults fared no better. I admit that in extreme cases the oldest fowl on the farm was sometimes

eyes, of a very clear grey, met the eyes of those to whom she talked with a most engaging frankness. And in character she was the counterpart of her looks. She was honest, she had a certain simplicity, the straightforward simplicity of strength which comprises much gentleness and excludes violence. Of her courage there is a story still told in Ramelton, which Feversham could never remember without a thrill of wonder. She had stopped at a door on that steep hill leading down to the river, and the horse which she was driving took fright at the mere clatter of a pail and bolted. The reins were lying loose at the moment; they fell on the ground before Ethne could seize them. She was thus seated helpless in the dog-cart, and the horse was tearing down to where the road curves sharply over the bridge. The thing which she did, she did quite coolly. She climbed over the front of the dog-cart as it pitched and raced down the hill, and balancing herself along the shafts, reached the reins at the horse's neck, and brought the horse to a stop ten yards from the curve. But she had, too, the defects of her qualities, although Feversham was not yet aware of them.

Ethne during the first part of this drive was almost as silent as her companion, and when she spoke it was with an absent air, as though she had something of more importance in her thoughts. It was not until she had left the town and was out upon the straight undulating road to Letterkenny that she turned quickly to Feversham and uttered it.

'I saw this morning that your regiment was ordered from India to Egypt. You could have gone with it had I not come in your way. There would have been chances of distinction. I have hindered you, and I am very sorry. Of course, you could not know that there was any possibility of your regiment going, but I can understand it is very hard for you to be left behind. I blame myself.'

Feversham sat staring in front of him for a moment. Then he said in a voice suddenly grown hoarse:

'You need not.'

'How can I help it? I blame myself the more,' she continued, 'because I do not see things quite like other women. For instance, supposing that you had gone out, and that the worst had happened, I should have felt very lonely, of course, all my days, but I should have known quite surely that when those days were over, you and I would see much of one another.'

She spoke without any impressive lowering of the voice, but in the steady level tone of one stating the simplest imaginable fact. Feversham caught his breath like a man in pain. But the girl's eyes were upon his face, and he sat still, staring in front of him without so much as a contraction of the forehead. But it seemed that he could not trust himself to answer. He kept his lips closed, and Ethne continued:

'You see I can put up with the absence of the people I care about a little better perhaps than most people. I do not feel that I have lost them at all,' and she cast about for a while as if her thought was difficult to express. 'You know how things happen,' she resumed. 'One toddles along in a dull sort of way, and then suddenly a face springs out from the crowd of one's acquaintances, and you know it at once and certainly for the face of a friend, or rather you recognise it, though you have never seen it before. It is almost as though you had come upon someone long looked for and now gladly recovered. Well, such friends—they are few, no doubt, but after all only the few really count—such friends one does not lose, whether they are absent, or even—dead.'

'Unless,' said Feversham slowly, 'one has made a mistake. Suppose the face in the crowd is a mask, what then? One may make mistakes.'

Ethne shook her head decidedly.

'Of that kind, no. One may seem to have made mistakes, and perhaps for a long while. But in the end one would be proved not to have made them.'

And the girl's implicit faith took hold upon the man and tortured him, so that he could no longer keep silence.

'Ethne,' he cried, 'you don't know——' But at that moment Ethne reined in her horse, laughed, and pointed with her whip.

They had come to the top of a hill a couple of miles from Ramelton. The road ran between stone walls enclosing open fields upon the left, and a wood of oaks and beeches on the right. A scarlet letter-box was built into the left-hand wall, and at that Ethne's whip was pointed.

'I wanted to show you that,' she interrupted. 'It was there I used to post my letters to you during the anxious times.' And so Feversham let slip his opportunity of speech. He looked at the wonderful letter-box, which had once received missives of so high an importance.

'The house is behind the trees to the right,' she said.

'The letter-box is very convenient,' said Feversham.

'Yes. I suppose that you and I are the only two people in the British Isles who are satisfied with the Postmaster-General,' said Ethne, and she drove on and stopped again where the park wall had crumbled.

'That's where I used to climb over to post the letters. There's a tree on the other side of the wall as convenient as the letter-box. I used to run down the half-mile of avenue at night.'

'There might have been thieves,' exclaimed Feversham.

'There were thorns,' said Ethne, and turning through the gates she drove up to the porch of the long, irregular grey house. 'Well, we have still a day before the dance.'

'I suppose the whole countryside is coming,' said Feversham.

'It daren't do anything else,' said Ethne with a laugh. 'My father would send the police to fetch them if they stayed away, just as he fetched your friend Mr. Durrance here. By the way, Mr. Durrance has sent me a present—a Guarnerius violin.'

The door opened, and a thin, lank old man with a fierce peaked face like a bird of prey came out upon the steps. His face softened, however, into friendliness when he saw Feversham, and a smile played upon his lips. A stranger might have thought that he winked. But his left eyelid continually drooped over the eye.

'How do you do?' he said. 'Glad to see you. Must make yourself at home. If you want any whisky, stamp twice on the floor with your foot. The servants understand,' and with that he went straightway back into the house.

. . . . . .

The biographer of Dermod Eustace would need to bring a wary mind to his work. For though the old master of Lennon House has not lain twenty years in his grave, he is already swollen into a legendary character. Anecdotes have grown upon his memory like barnacles, and any man in those parts with a knack of invention has only to foist his stories upon Dermod to ensure a ready credence. There are, however, definite facts. He practised an ancient and tyrannous hospitality, keeping open house upon the road to Letterkenny, and forcing bed and board even upon strangers, as Durrance had once discovered. He was a man of another century, who looked out with a glowering, angry eye upon a topsy-turvy world with which he would not be re-

conciled except after much alcohol. He was a sort of intoxicated Coriolanus, believing that the people should be shepherded with a stick, yet always mindful of his manners even to the lowliest of women. It was always said of him with pride by the townsfolk of Ramelton that even at his worst, when he came galloping down the steep cobbled streets, mounted on a big white mare of seventeen hands, with his inseparable collie-dog for his companion —a gaunt, grey-faced, grey-haired man with a drooping eye, swaying with drink, yet by a miracle keeping his saddle—he had never ridden down anyone except a man. There are two points to be added. He was rather afraid of his daughter, who wisely kept him doubtful whether she was displeased with him or not, and he had conceived a great liking for Harry Feversham.

Harry saw little of him that day, however. Dermod retired into the room which he was pleased to call his office, while Feversham and Ethne spent the afternoon fishing for salmon in the Lennon river. It was an afternoon restful as a Sabbath, and the very birds were still. From the house the lawns fell steeply, shaded by trees and dappled by the sunlight, to a valley, at the bottom of which flowed the river swift and black under overarching boughs. There was a fall, where the water slid over rocks with a smoothness so unbroken that it looked solid except just at one point. There a spur stood sharply up and the river broke back upon itself in an amber wave through which the sun shone. Opposite this spur they sat for a long while, talking at times, but for the most part listening to the roar of the water, and watching its perpetual flow. And at last the sunset came, and the long shadows. They stood up, looked at each other with a smile, and so walked slowly back to the house. It was an afternoon which Feversham was long to remember. For the next night was the night of the dance, and as the band struck up the opening bars of the fourth waltz, Ethne left her position at the drawing-room door, and taking Feversham's arm passed out into the hall.

The hall was empty and the front door stood open to the cool of the summer night. From the ballroom came the swaying lilt of the music and the beat of the dancers' feet. Ethne drew a breath of relief at her reprieve from her duties, and then, dropping her partner's arm, crossed to a side table.

'The post is in,' she said. 'There are letters, one, two, three for you, and a little box.'

She held the box out to him as she spoke, a little white

jeweller's cardboard box, and was at once struck by its absence of weight.

'It must be empty,' she said.

Yet it was most carefully sealed and tied. Feversham broke the seals and unfastened the string. He looked at the address. The box had been forwarded from his lodgings and he was not familiar with the handwriting.

'There is some mistake,' he said as he shook the lid open, and then he stopped abruptly. Three white feathers fluttered out of the box, swayed and rocked for a moment in the air, and then, one after another, settled gently down upon the floor. They lay like flakes of snow upon the dark polished boards. But they were not whiter than Harry Feversham's cheeks. He stood and stared at the feathers until he felt a light touch upon his arm. He looked and saw Ethne's gloved hand upon his sleeve.

'What does it mean?' she asked. There was some perplexity in her voice, but nothing more than perplexity. The smile upon her face and the loyal confidence of her eyes showed she had never a doubt that his first word would lift it from her. 'What does it mean?'

'That there are things which cannot be hid, I suppose,' said Feversham.

For a little while Ethne did not speak. The languorous music floated into the hall, and the trees whispered from the garden through the open door. Then she shook his arm gently, uttered a breathless little laugh, and spoke as though she were pleading with a child.

'I don't think you understand, Harry. Here are three white feathers. They were sent to you in jest? Oh, of course in jest. But it is a cruel kind of jest——'

'They were sent in deadly earnest.'

He spoke now, looking her straight in the eyes. Ethne dropped her hand from his sleeve.

'Who sent them?' she asked.

Feversham had not given a thought to that matter. The message was all in all, the men who had sent it so unimportant. But Ethne reached out her hand and took the box from him. There were three visiting cards lying at the bottom, and she took them out and read them aloud.

'Captain Trench, Mr. Castleton, Mr. Willoughby. Do you know these men?'

'All three are officers of my old regiment.'

The girl was dazed. She knelt down upon the floor and gathered the feathers into her hand with a vague thought that merely to touch them would help her to comprehension. They lay upon the palm of her white glove, and she blew gently upon them and they swam up into the air and hung fluttering and rocking. As they floated downwards she caught them again, and so she slowly felt her way to another question.

'Were they justly sent?' she asked.

'Yes,' said Harry Feversham.

He had no thought of denial or evasion. He was only aware that the dreadful thing for so many years dreadfully anticipated had at last befallen him. He was known for a coward. The word which had long blazed upon the wall of his thoughts in letters of fire was now written large in the public places. He stood as he had once stood before the portraits of his fathers, mutely accepting condemnation. It was the girl who denied, as she still kneeled upon the floor.

'I do not believe that is true,' she said. 'You could not look me in the face so steadily were it true. Your eyes would seek the floor, not mine.'

'Yet it is true.'

'Three little white feathers,' she said slowly, and then with a sob in her throat. 'This afternoon we were under the elms down by the Lennon river—do you remember, Harry?—just you and I. And then come three little white feathers; and the world's at an end.'

'Oh don't!' cried Harry, and his voice broke upon the word. Up till now he had spoken with a steadiness matching the steadiness of his eyes. But these last words of hers, the picture which they evoked in his memories, the pathetic simplicity of her utterance caught him by the heart. But Ethne seemed not to hear the appeal. She was listening with her face turned towards the ball-room. The chatter and laughter of the voices there grew louder and nearer. She understood that the music had ceased. She rose quickly to her feet, clenching the feathers in her hand, and opened a door. It was the door of her sitting-room.

'Come,' she said.

Harry followed her into the room, and she closed the door, shutting out the noise.

'Now,' she said, 'will you tell me, if you please, why the feathers have been sent?'

She stood quietly before him ; her face was pale, but Feversham could not gather from her expression any feeling which she might have beyond a desire and a determination to get at the truth. She spoke, too, with the same quietude. He answered, as he had answered before, directly, and to the point, without any attempt at mitigation.

'A telegram came. It was sent by Castleton. It reached me when Captain Trench and Mr. Willoughby were dining with me. It told me that my regiment would be ordered on active service in Egypt. Castleton was dining with a man likely to know, and I did not question the accuracy of his message. He told me to tell Trench. I did not. I thought the matter over with the telegram in front of me. Castleton was leaving that night for Scotland, and he would go straight from Scotland to rejoin the regiment. He would not, therefore, see Trench for some weeks at the earliest, and by that time the telegram would very likely be forgotten, or its date confused. I did not tell Trench. I threw the telegram into the fire, and that night sent in my papers. But Trench found out somehow. Durrance was at dinner, too—good God, Durrance!' He suddenly broke out. 'Most likely he knows like the rest.'

It came upon him as something shocking and strangely new that his friend Durrance, who, as he knew very well, had been wont rather to look up to him, in all likelihood counted him a thing of scorn. But he heard Ethne speaking. After all, what did it matter whether Durrance knew, whether every man knew from the South Pole to the North, since she, Ethne, knew.

'And is this all?' she asked.

'Surely it is enough,' said he.

'I think not,' she answered, and she lowered her voice a little as she went on. 'We agreed, didn't we, that no foolish misunderstandings should ever come between us. We were to be frank, and to take frankness each from the other without offence. So be frank with me! Please!' and she pleaded. 'I could, I think, claim it as a right. At all events I ask for it as I shall never ask for anything else in all my life.'

There was a sort of explanation of his act, Harry Feversham remembered. But it was so futile when compared with the overwhelming consequence. Ethne had unclenched her hands, the three feathers lay before his eyes upon the table. They could not be explained away; he wore 'coward' like a blind man's label; besides, he could never make her understand. However,

she wished for the explanation, and had a right to it; she had been generous in asking for it, with a generosity not very common amongst women. So Feversham gathered his wits and explained:

'All my life I have been afraid that some day I should play the coward, and from the very first I knew that I was destined for the army. I kept my fear to myself. There was no one to whom I could tell it. My mother was dead, and my father——' he stopped for a moment with a deep intake of the breath. He could see his father, that lonely iron man, sitting at this very moment in his mother's favourite seat upon the terrace, and looking over the moonlit fields towards the Sussex Downs; he could imagine him dreaming of honours and distinctions worthy of the Fevershams to be gained immediately by his son in the Egyptian campaign. Surely that old man's stern heart would break beneath this blow! The magnitude of the bad thing which he had done, the misery which it would spread, were becoming very clear to Harry Feversham. He dropped his head between his hands and groaned aloud.

'My father,' he resumed, 'would, nay, could never have understood. I know him. When danger came his way it found him ready, but he did not foresee. That was my trouble always. I foresaw. Any peril to be encountered, any risk to be run—I foresaw them. I foresaw something else besides. My father would talk in his matter-of-fact way of the hours of waiting before the actual commencement of a battle, after the troops had been paraded. The mere anticipation of the suspense and the strain of those hours was a torture to me. I foresaw the possibility of cowardice. Then one evening, when my father had his old friends about him on one of his Crimean nights, two dreadful stories were told—one of an officer, the other of a surgeon, who had both shirked. I was now confronted with the fact of cowardice. I took those stories up to bed with me. They never left my memory; they became a part of me. I saw myself behaving now as one, now as the other of those two men had behaved, perhaps in the crisis of a battle bringing ruin upon my country, certainly dishonouring my father and all the dead men whose portraits hung ranged in the hall. I tried to get the best of my fears. I hunted, but with a map of the countryside in my mind. I foresaw every hedge, every pit, every treacherous bank.'

'Yet you rode straight,' interrupted Ethne. 'Mr. Durrance told me so.'

'Did I?' said Feversham vaguely. 'Well, perhaps I did, once the hounds were off. Durrance never knew what the moments of waiting before the covers were drawn meant to me! So when this telegram came I took the chance it seemed to offer and resigned.'

So he ended his explanation. He had spoken warily, having something to conceal. However earnestly she might ask for frankness, he must at all costs, for her sake, hide something from her. But at once she suspected it.

'Were you afraid too of disgracing me? Was I in any way the cause that you resigned?'

Feversham looked her in the eyes and lied:

'No.'

'If you had not been engaged to me you would still have sent in your papers?'

'Yes.'

Ethne slowly stripped a glove off her hand. Feversham turned away.

'I think that I am rather like your father,' she said. 'I don't understand'; and in the silence which followed upon her words Feversham heard something whirr and rattle upon the table. He looked and saw that she had slipped her engagement ring off her finger. It lay upon the table, the stones winking at him.

'And all this—all that you have told to me,' she exclaimed suddenly, with her face very stern, 'you would have hidden from me. You would have married me and hidden it had not these three feathers come?'

The words had been on her lips from the beginning, but she had not uttered them lest by a miracle he should after all have some unimagined explanation which would re-establish him in her thoughts. She had given him every chance. Now, however, she struck and laid bare the worst of his disloyalty. Feversham flinched, and he did not answer, but allowed his silence to consent. Ethne, however, was just; she was in a way curious too: she wished to know the very bottom of the matter before she thrust it into the back of her mind.

'But yesterday,' she said, 'you were going to tell me something. I stopped you to point out the letter-box,' and she laughed in a queer empty way. 'Was it about the feathers?'

'Yes,' answered Feversham wearily. What did these persistent questions matter, since the feathers had come, since her ring lay flickering and winking on the table. 'Yes, I think what you were saying rather compelled me.'

'I remember,' said Ethne, interrupting him rather hastily, 'about seeing much of one another—afterwards. We will not speak of such things again,' and Feversham swayed upon his feet as though he would fall. 'I remember, too, you said one could make mistakes. You were right, I was wrong. One can do more than seem to make them. Will you, if you please, take back your ring?'

Feversham picked up the ring and held it in the palm of his hand, standing very still. He had never cared for her so much, he had never recognised her value so thoroughly as at this moment when he lost her. She gleamed in the quiet room, wonderful, most wonderful, from the bright flowers in her hair to the white slipper on her foot. It was incredible to him that he should ever have won her. Yet he had, and disloyally had lost her. Then her voice broke in again upon his reflections.

'These, too, are yours. Will you take them please?'.

She was pointing with her fan to the feathers upon the table. Feversham obediently reached out his hand, and then drew it back in surprise.

'There are four,' he said.

Ethne did not reply, and looking at her fan Feversham understood. It was a fan of ivory and white feathers. She had broken off one of those feathers and added it on her own account to the three.

The thing which she had done was cruel, no doubt. But she wished to make an end—a complete, irrevocable end; though her voice was steady, and her face, despite its pallor, calm, she was really tortured with humiliation and pain. All the details of Harry Feversham's courtship, the interchange of looks, the letters she had written and received, the words which had been spoken, tingled and smarted unbearably in her recollections. Their lips had touched—she recalled it with horror. She desired never to see Harry Feversham after this night. Therefore she added her fourth feather to the three.

Harry Feversham took the feathers as she bade him, without a word of remonstrance, and indeed with a sort of dignity which even at that moment surprised her. All the time, too, he had

kept his eyes steadily upon hers, he had answered her questions simply, there had been nothing abject in his manner; so that Ethne already almost began to regret this last thing which she had done. However, it *was* done. Feversham had taken the four feathers.

He held them in his fingers as though he was about to tear them across. But he checked the action. He looked suddenly towards her, and kept his eyes upon her face for some little while. Then very carefully he put the feathers into his breast pocket. Ethne at this time did not consider why. She only thought that here was the irrevocable end.

'We should be going back, I think,' she said. 'We have been some time away. Will you give me your arm?' In the hall she looked at the clock. 'Only eleven o'clock,' she said, wearily. 'When we dance here, we dance till daylight. We must show brave faces until daylight.'

And, with her hand resting upon his arm, they passed into the ball-room.

CHAPTER V.

THE PARIAH.

HABIT assisted them; the irresponsible chatter of the ball-room sprang automatically to their lips; the appearance of enjoyment never failed from off their faces; so that no one at Lennon House that night suspected that any swift cause of severance had come between them. Harry Feversham watched Ethne laugh and talk as though she had never a care, and was perpetually surprised, taking no thought that he wore the like mask of gaiety himself. When she swung past him the light rhythm of her feet almost persuaded him that her heart was in the dance. It seemed that she could even command the colour upon her cheeks. Thus they both wore brave faces as she had bidden. They even danced together. But all the while Ethne was conscious that she was holding up a great load of pain and humiliation which would presently crush her, and Feversham felt those four feathers burning at his breast. It was wonderful to him that the whole company did not know of them. He never approached a partner without the notion that she would turn upon him with the contemptuous name which was his upon her tongue. Yet he felt no

fear on that account. He would not indeed have cared had it happened, had the word been spoken. He had lost Ethne. He watched her and looked in vain amongst her guests, as indeed he surely knew he would, for a fit comparison. There were women, pretty, graceful, even beautiful, but Ethne stood apart by the particular character of her beauty. The broad forehead, the perfect curve of the eyebrows; the great steady, clear, grey eyes, the full red lips which could dimple into tenderness and shut level with resolution, and the royal grace of her carriage, marked her out to Feversham's thinking, and would do so in any company. He watched her in a despairing amazement that he had ever had a chance of owning her.

Only once did her endurance fail her and then only for a second. She was dancing with Feversham and as she looked towards the windows she saw that the daylight was beginning to show very pale and cold upon the other side of the blinds.

'Look!' she said, and Feversham suddenly felt all her weight upon his arms. Her face lost its colour and grew tired and very grey. Her eyes shut tightly and then opened again. He thought that she would faint. 'The morning at last!' she exclaimed, and then in a voice as weary as her face, 'I wonder whether it is right that one should suffer so much pain.'

'Hush!' whispered Feversham, 'Courage! A few minutes more—only a very few!' He stopped and stood in front of her until her strength returned.

'Thank you!' she said gratefully and the bright wheel of the dance caught them again.

It was strange that he should be exhorting her to courage, she thanking him for help, but the irony of this queer momentary reversal of their position occurred to neither of them. Ethne was too tried by the strain of those last hours, and Feversham had learned from that one failure of her endurance, from the drawn aspect of her face and the depths of pain in her eyes, how deeply he had wounded her. He no longer said, 'I have lost her,' he no longer thought of his loss at all. He heard her words: 'I wonder whether it is right that one should suffer so much pain.' He felt that they would go ringing down the world with him, persistent in his ears, spoken upon the very accent of her voice. He was sure that he would hear them at the end above the voices of any who should stand about him when he died, and hear in them his condemnation. For it was not right.

The ball finished shortly afterwards. The last carriage drove away and those who were staying in the house sought the smoking-room or went upstairs to bed according to their sex. Feversham, however, lingered in the hall with Ethne. She understood why.

'There is no need,' she said, standing with her back to him as she lighted a candle, 'I have told my father. I told him everything.'

Feversham bowed his head in acquiescence.

'Still, I must wait and see him,' he said.

Ethne did not object, but she turned and looked at him quickly with her brows drawn in a frown of perplexity. To wait for her father under such circumstances seemed to argue a certain courage. Indeed, she herself felt some apprehension as she heard the door of the study open and Dermod's footsteps on the floor. Dermod walked straight up to Harry Feversham, looking for once in a way what he was, a very old man, and stood there staring into Feversham's face with a muddled and bewildered expression. Twice he opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. In the end he turned to the table and lit his candle and Harry Feversham's. Then he turned back towards Feversham, and rather quickly, so that Ethne took a step forward as if to get between them. But he did nothing more than stare at Feversham again and for a long time. Finally, he took up his candle.

'Well——' he said and stopped. He snuffed the wick with the scissors and began again. 'Well——' he said and stopped again. Apparently his candle had not helped him to any suitable expressions. He stared into the flame now instead of into Feversham's face and for an equal length of time. He could think of nothing whatever to say, and yet he was conscious that something must be said. In the end he said in a lame way:

'If you want any whisky stamp twice on the floor with your foot. The servants understand.'

Thereupon he walked heavily up the stairs. The old man's forbearance was perhaps not the least part of Harry Feversham's punishment.

. . . . . .

It was broad daylight when Ethne was at last alone within her room. She drew up the blinds and opened the windows wide. The cool fresh air of the morning was as a draught of spring water

to her. She looked out upon a world as yet unillumined by colours and found therein an image of her days to come. The dark, tall trees looked black; the winding paths a singular dead white; the very lawns were dull and grey, though the dew lay upon them like a network of frost. It was a noisy world, however, for all its aspect of quiet. For the blackbirds were calling from the branches and the grass, and down beneath the overhanging trees the Lennon flowed in music between its banks. Ethne drew back from the window. She had much to do that morning before she slept. For she designed with her natural thoroughness to make an end at once of all her associations with Harry Feversham. She wished that from the moment when next she waked she might never come across a single thing which could recall him to her memory. And with a sort of stubborn persistence she went about the work.

But she changed her mind. In the very process of collecting together the gifts which he had made to her she changed her mind. For each gift that she looked upon had its history, and the days before this miserable night had darkened on her happiness came one by one slowly back to her as she looked. She determined to keep one thing which had belonged to Harry Feversham, a small thing, a thing of no value. At first she chose a penknife, which he had once lent to her and she had forgotten to return. But the next instant she dropped it and rather hurriedly. For she was after all an Irish girl, and though she did not believe in superstitions, where superstitions were concerned she preferred to be on the safe side. She selected his likeness in the end and locked it away in a drawer.

The rest of his presents she gathered together, packed them carefully in a box, fastened the box, addressed it and carried it down to the hall, that the servants might despatch it in the morning. Then coming back to her room she took his letters, made a little pile of them on the hearth and set them alight. They took some while to consume, but she waited, sitting upright in her armchair while the flame crept from sheet to sheet, discolouring the paper, blackening the writing like a stream of ink, and leaving in the end only flakes of ashes like feathers, and white flakes like white feathers. The last sparks were barely extinguished when she heard a cautious step on the gravel beneath her window.

It was broad daylight, but her candle was still burning on

the table at her side, and with a quick instinctive movement she reached out her arm and put the light out. Then she sat very still and rigid, listening. For awhile she heard only the blackbirds calling from the trees in the garden and the throbbing music of the river. Afterwards she heard the footsteps again, cautiously retreating; and in spite of her will, in spite of her formal disposal of the letters and the presents, she was mastered all at once, not by pain or humiliation, but by an overpowering sense of loneliness. She seemed to be seated high on an empty world of ruins. She rose quickly from her chair, and her eyes fell upon a violin case. With a sigh of relief she opened it, and a little while after one or two of the guests who were sleeping in the house chanced to wake up and heard floating down the corridors the music of a violin played very lovingly and low. Ethne was not aware that the violin which she held was the Guarnerius violin which Durrance had sent to her. She only understood that she had a companion to share her loneliness.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY FEVERSHAM'S PLAN.

It was the night of August 30. A month had passed since the ball at Lennon House, but the uneventful country side of Donegal was still busy with the stimulating topic of Harry Feversham's disappearance. The townsmen in the climbing street and the gentry at their dinner-tables gossiped to their hearts' contentment. It was asserted that Harry Feversham had been seen on the very morning after the dance, and at five minutes to six—though according to Mrs. Brien O'Brien it was ten minutes past the hour—still in his dress clothes and with a white suicide's face, hurrying along the causeway by the Lennon Bridge. It was suggested that a drag-net would be the only way to solve the mystery. Mr. Dennis Rafferty, who lived on the road to Rathmullen, indeed, went so far as to refuse salmon on the plea that he was not a cannibal, and the saying had a general vogue. Their conjectures as to the cause of the disappearance were no nearer to the truth. For there were only two who knew, and those two went steadily about the business of living as though no catastrophe had befallen them. They held their heads a trifle

more proudly perhaps. Ethne might have become a little more gentle, Dermod a little more irascible, but these were the only changes. So gossip had the field to itself.

But Harry Feversham was in London, as Lieutenant Sutch discovered on the night of the 30th. All that day the town had been perturbed by rumours of a great battle fought at Kassassin in the desert east of Ismailia. Messengers had raced ceaselessly through the streets, shouting tidings of victory and tidings of disaster. There had been a charge by moonlight of General Drury-Lowe's Cavalry Brigade, which had rolled up Arabi's left flank and captured his guns. It was rumoured that an English general had been killed, that the York and Lancaster Regiment had been cut up. London was uneasy, and at eleven o'clock at night a great crowd of people had gathered in Pall Mall, watching with pale upturned faces the lighted blinds of the War Office. The crowd was silent and impressively still. Only if a figure moved for an instant across the blinds a thrill of expectation passed from man to man, and the crowd swayed in a continuous movement from edge to edge. Lieutenant Sutch, careful of his wounded leg, was standing on the outskirts with his back to the parapet of the Junior Carlton Club, when he felt himself touched upon the arm. He saw Harry Feversham at his side. Feversham's face was working and extraordinarily white, his eyes were bright like the eyes of a man in a fever, and Sutch at the first was not sure that he knew or cared who it was to whom he talked.

'I might have been out there in Egypt to-night,' said Harry in a quick troubled voice. 'Think of it! I might have been out there, sitting by a camp-fire in the desert, talking over the battle with Jack Durrance; or dead perhaps. What would it have mattered? I might have been in Egypt to-night!'

Feversham's unexpected appearance, no less than his wandering tongue, told Sutch that somehow his fortunes had gone seriously wrong. He had many questions in his mind, but he did not ask a single one of them. He took Feversham's arm and led him straight out of the throng.

'I saw you in the crowd,' continued Feversham. 'I thought that I would speak to you, because—do you remember, a long time ago you gave me your card? I have always kept it because I have always feared that I would have reason to use it. You said that if one was in trouble, the telling might help.'

Sutch stopped his companion.

'We will go in here. We can find a quiet corner in the upper smoking-room;' and Harry looking up, saw that he was standing by the steps of the Army and Navy Club.

'Good God, not there!' he cried in a sharp low voice, and moved quickly into the roadway, where no light fell directly on his face. Sutch limped after him. 'Nor to-night. It is late. To-morrow if you will, in some quiet place, and after nightfall. I do not go out in the daylight.'

Again Lieutenant Sutch asked no questions.

'I know a quiet restaurant,' he said. 'If we dine there at nine we shall meet no one whom we know. I will meet you just before nine to-morrow night at the corner of Swallow Street.'

They dined together accordingly on the following evening at a table in the corner of the Criterion grill-room. Feversham looked quickly about him as he entered the room.

'I dine here often when I am in town,' said Sutch. 'Listen!' The throbbing of the engines working the electric light could be distinctly heard, their vibrations could be felt.

'It reminds me of a ship,' said Sutch with a smile. 'I can almost fancy myself in the gunroom again. We will have dinner. Then you shall tell me your story.'

'You have heard nothing of it?' asked Feversham suspiciously.

'Not a word,' and Feversham drew a breath of relief. It had seemed to him that everyone must know. He imagined contempt on every face which passed him in the street.

Lieutenant Sutch was even more concerned this evening than he had been the night before. He saw Harry Feversham clearly now in a full light. Harry's face was thin and haggard with lack of sleep, there were black hollows beneath his eyes; he drew his breath and made his movements in a restless feverish fashion, his nerves seemed strung to breaking point. Once or twice between the courses he began his story, but Sutch would not listen until the cloth was cleared.

'Now,' said he, holding out his cigar-case. 'Take your time, Harry.'

Thereupon Feversham told him the whole truth, without exaggeration or omission, forcing himself to a slow, careful, matter-of-fact speech, so that in the end Sutch almost fell into the illusion that it was just the story of a stranger which Feversham

was recounting merely to pass the time. He began with the Crimean night at Broad Place, and ended with the ball at Lennon House.

'I came back across Lough Swilly early that morning,' he said in conclusion, 'and travelled at once to London. Since then I have stayed in my rooms all day, listening to the bugles calling in the barrack-yard beneath my windows. At night I prowl about the streets or lie in bed waiting for the Westminster clock to tell each new quarter of an hour. On foggy nights, too, I can hear steam-sirens on the river. Do you know when the ducks start quacking in St. James's Park?' he asked with a laugh. 'At two o'clock to the minute.'

Sutch listened to the story without an interruption. But half way through its narrative he changed his attitude, and in a significant way. Up to the moment when Harry told of his concealment of the telegram, Sutch had sat with his arms upon the table in front of him, and his eyes upon his companion. Thereafter he raised a hand to his forehead, and so remained with his face screened while the rest was told. Feversham had no doubt of the reason. Lieutenant Sutch wished to conceal the scorn he felt, and could not trust the muscles of his face. Feversham, however, mitigated nothing, but continued steadily and truthfully to the end. But even after the end was reached Sutch did not remove his hand, nor for some little while did he speak. When he did speak, his words came upon Feversham's ears with a shock of surprise. There was no contempt in them, and though his voice shook, it shook with a great contrition.

'I am much to blame,' he said. 'I should have spoken that night at Broad Place, and I held my tongue. I shall hardly forgive myself.' The knowledge that it was Muriel Graham's son who had thus brought ruin and disgrace upon himself was uppermost in the lieutenant's mind. He felt that he had failed in the discharge of an obligation, self-imposed no doubt, but a very real obligation none the less. 'You see, I understood,' he continued remorsefully. 'Your father, I am afraid, never would.'

'He never will,' interrupted Harry.

'No,' Sutch agreed. 'Your mother, of course, had she lived would have seen clearly, but few women, I think, except your mother. Brute courage! Women make a god of it. That girl, for instance——' and again Harry Feversham interrupted.

'You must not blame her. I was defrauding her into marriage.'

Sutch took his hand suddenly from his forehead.

'Suppose that you had never met her, would you still have sent in your papers?'

'I think not,' said Harry slowly. 'I want to be fair. Disgracing my name and those dead men in the hall I think I would have risked. I could not risk disgracing her.'

And Lieutenant Sutch thumped his fist despairingly upon the table. 'If only I had spoken at Broad Place. Harry, why didn't you let me speak? I might have saved you many unnecessary years of torture. Good heavens! what a childhood you must have spent with that fear all alone with you. It makes me shiver to think of it. I might even have saved you from this last catastrophe. For I understood. I understood.'

Lieutenant Sutch saw more clearly into the dark places of Harry Feversham's mind than Harry Feversham did himself; and because he saw so clearly, he could feel no contempt. The long years of childhood, and boyhood, and youth, lived apart in Broad Place in the presence of the uncomprehending father and the relentless dead men on the walls had done the harm. There had been no one in whom the boy could confide. The fear of cowardice had sapped incessantly at his heart. He had walked about with it; he had taken it with him to his bed. It had haunted his dreams. It had been his perpetual menacing companion. It had kept him from intimacy with his friends lest an impulsive word should betray him. Lieutenant Sutch did not wonder that in the end it had brought about this irretrievable mistake. For Lieutenant Sutch understood.

'Did you ever read "Hamlet?"' he asked.

'Of course,' said Harry in reply.

'Ah, but did you consider it? The same disability is clear in that character. The thing which he foresaw, which he thought over, which he imagined in the act and in the consequence—that he shrank from, upbraiding himself even as you have done. Yet when the moment of action comes, sharp and immediate, does he fail? No, he excels, and just by reason of that foresight. I have seen men in the Crimea, tortured by their imaginations before the fight—once the fight had begun you must search amongst the Oriental fanatics for their match. "Am I a coward?" Do you remember the lines?

> Am I a coward?
> Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate across?
> Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

There's the case in a nutshell. If only I had spoken on that night!'

One or two people passed the table on the way out. Sutch stopped and looked round the room. It was nearly empty. He glanced at his watch and saw that the hour was eleven. Some plan of action must be decided upon that night. It was not enough to hear Harry Feversham's story. There still remained the question, what was Harry Feversham, disgraced and ruined, now to do? How was he to recreate his life? How was the secret of his disgrace to be most easily concealed?

'You cannot stay in London, hiding by day, slinking about by night,' he said with a shiver. 'That's too like——' and he checked himself. Feversham, however, completed the sentence.

'That's too like Wilmington,' said he quietly, recalling the story which his father had told so many years ago, and which he had never forgotten even for a single day. 'But Wilmington's end will not be mine. Of that I can assure you. I shall not stay in London.'

He spoke with an air of decision. He had indeed mapped out already the plan of action concerning which Lieutenant Sutch was so disturbed. Sutch, however, was occupied with his own thoughts.

'Who know of the feathers? How many people?' he asked. 'Give me their names.'

'Trench, Castleton, Willoughby,' began Feversham.

'All three are in Egypt. Besides, for the credit of their regiment they are likely to hold their tongues when they return. Who else?'

'Dermod Eustace and—and—Ethne.'

'They will not speak.'

'You, Durrance perhaps, and my father.'

Sutch leaned back in his chair and stared.

'Your father! You wrote to him?'

'No. I went into Surrey and told him.'

Again remorse for that occasion, recognised and not used, seized upon Lieutenant Sutch.

'Why didn't I speak that night?' he said impotently. 'A coward, and you go quietly down to Surrey and confront your father with that story to tell to him! You do not even write! You stand up and tell it to him face to face. Harry, I reckon myself as good as another when it comes to bravery, but for the life of me I could not have done that.'

'It was not—pleasant,' said Feversham simply; and this was the only description of the interview between father and son which was vouchsafed to anyone. But Lieutenant Sutch knew the father and knew the son. He could guess at all which that one adjective implied. Harry Feversham told the results of his journey into Surrey.

'My father continues my allowance. I shall need it, every penny of it—otherwise, I should have taken nothing. But I am not to go home again. I did not mean to go home for a long while in any case, if at all.'

He drew his pocket-book from his breast, and took from it the four white feathers. These he laid before him on the table.

'You have kept them?' exclaimed Sutch.

'Indeed I treasure them,' said Harry quietly. 'That seems strange to you. To you they are the symbols of my disgrace. To me they are much more. They are my opportunities of retrieving it.' He looked about the room, separated three of the feathers, pushed them forward a little on the table-cloth, and then leaned across towards Sutch.

'What if I could compel Trench, Castleton, and Willoughby to take back from me, each one of them, the feather he sent? I do not say that it is likely. I do not say even that it is possible. But there is a chance that it may be possible, and I must wait upon that chance. There will be few men leading active lives as these three do who do not at some moment stand in great peril and great need. To be in readiness for that moment is from now my career. All three are in Egypt. I leave for Egypt to-morrow.'

Upon the face of Lieutenant Sutch there came a look of great and unexpected happiness. Here was an issue of which he had never thought, and it was the only issue, as he knew for certain, once he was aware of it. This student of human nature disregarded without a scruple the prudence and the calculation proper to the character which he assumed. The obstacles in Harry Feversham's way, the possibility that at the last moment he might shrink again, the improbability that three such opportunities would occur—these matters he overlooked. His eyes already shone with pride, the three feathers for him were already taken back. The prudence was on Harry Feversham's side.

'There are endless difficulties,' he said. 'Just to cite one.

I am a civilian, these three are soldiers, surrounded by soldiers; so much the less opportunity therefore for a civilian.'

'But it is not necessary that the three men should be themselves in peril,' objected Sutch, 'for you to convince them that the fault is retrieved.'

'Oh no. There may be other ways,' agreed Feversham. 'The plan came suddenly into my mind, indeed at the moment when Ethne bade me take up the feathers, and added the fourth. I was on the point of tearing them across when this way out of it sprang clearly up in my mind. But I have thought it over since during these last weeks while I sat listening to the bugles in the barrack yard. And I am sure there is no other way. But it is well worth trying. You see, if the three take back their feathers'—he drew a deep breath, and in a very low voice, with his eyes upon the table so that his face was hidden from Sutch, he added—'why, then she perhaps might take hers back too.'

'Will she wait, do you think?' asked Sutch; and Harry raised his head quickly.

'Oh no,' he exclaimed, 'I had no thought of that. She has not even a suspicion of what I intend to do. Nor do I wish her to have one until the intention is fulfilled. My thought was different'—and he began to speak with hesitation for the first time in the course of that evening. 'I find it difficult to tell you—Ethne said something to me the day before the feathers came—something rather sacred. I think that I will tell you, because what she said is just what sends me out upon this errand. But for her words, I would very likely never have thought of it. I find in them my motive and a great hope. They may seem strange to you, Lieutenant Sutch. But I ask you to believe that they are very real to me. She said—it was when she knew no more than that my regiment was ordered to Egypt; she was blaming herself because I had resigned my commission, for which there was no need, because—and these were her words—because had I fallen, although she would have felt lonely all her life, she would none the less have surely known that she and I would see much of one another—afterwards.'

Feversham had spoken his words with difficulty, not looking at his companion, and he continued with his eyes still averted:

'Do you understand? I have a hope that if—this can be set right'—and he pointed to the feathers—'we might still, perhaps, see something of one another—afterwards.'

It was a strange proposition, no doubt, to be debated across the soiled table-cloth of a public restaurant, but neither of them felt it strange or even fanciful. They were dealing with the simple serious issues, and they had reached a point where they could not be affected by any incongruity in their surroundings. Lieutenant Sutch did not speak for some while after Harry Feversham had done, and in the end Harry looked up at his companion, prepared for almost a word of ridicule. But he saw Sutch's right hand outstretched towards him.

'When I come back,' said Feversham, and he rose from his chair. He gathered the feathers together and replaced them in his pocket-book.

'I have told you everything,' he said. 'You see, I wait upon chance opportunities; the three may not come in Egypt. They may never come at all, and in that case I shall not come back at all. Or they may come only at the very end and after many years. Therefore I thought that I would like just one person to know the truth thoroughly in case I do not come back. If you hear definitely that I never can come back, I would be glad if you would tell my father.'

'I understand,' said Sutch.

'But don't tell him everything—I mean not the last part—not what I have just said about Ethne and my chief motive. For I do not think that he would understand. Otherwise you will keep silence altogether. Promise!'

Lieutenant Sutch promised, but with an absent face, and Feversham consequently insisted.

'You will breathe no word of this, to man or woman, however hard you may be pressed, except to my father under the circumstances which I have explained,' said Feversham.

Lieutenant Sutch promised a second time and without an instant's hesitation. It was quite natural that Harry should lay some stress upon the pledge, since any disclosure of his purpose might very well wear the appearance of a foolish boast, and Sutch himself saw no reason why he should refuse it. So he gave the promise and fettered his hands. His thoughts, indeed, were occupied with the limit Harry had set upon the knowledge which was to be imparted to General Feversham. Even if he died with his mission unfulfilled, Sutch was to hide from the father that which was best in the son, at the son's request. And the saddest part of it, to Sutch's thinking, was that the son was right in so

requesting. For what he had said was true: the father could not understand. Lieutenant Sutch was brought back to the causes of the whole miserable business: the premature death of the mother, who could have understood; the want of comprehension in the father, who was left; and his own silence on the Crimean night at Broad Place.

'If only I had spoken,' he said sadly. He dropped the end of his cigar into his coffee-cup, and standing up, reached for his hat. 'Many things are irrevocable, Harry,' he said, 'but one never knows whether they are irrevocable or not until one has found out. It is always worth while finding out.'

The next evening Feversham crossed to Calais. It was a night as wild as that on which Durrance had left England; and, like Durrance, Feversham had a friend to see him off. For the last thing which his eyes beheld as the packet swung away from the pier was the face of Lieutenant Sutch beneath a gas lamp. The Lieutenant maintained his position after the boat had passed into the darkness and until the throb of its paddles could no longer be heard. Then he limped through the rain to his hotel, aware, and regretfully aware, that he was growing old. It was long since he had felt regret on that account, and the feeling was very strange to him. Ever since the Crimea he had been upon the world's half-pay list, as he had once said to General Feversham, and what with that and the recollection of a certain magical season before the Crimea, he had looked forward to old age as an approaching friend. To-night, however, he prayed that he might live just long enough to welcome back Muriel Graham's son with his honour redeemed and his great fault atoned.

(To be continued.)

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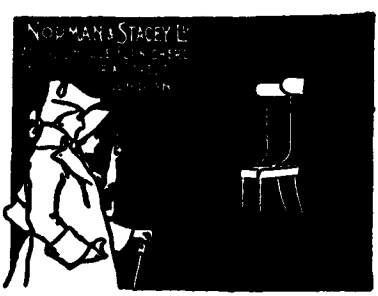

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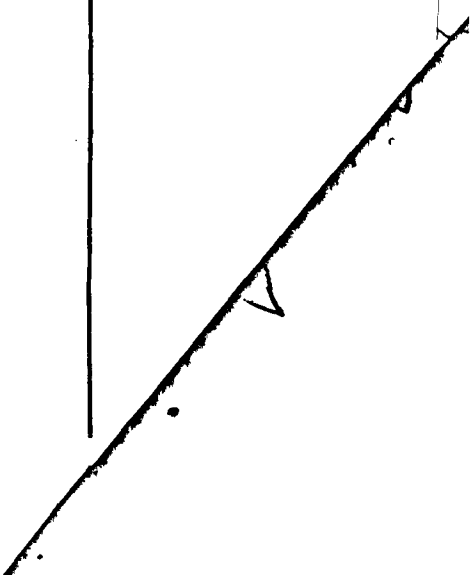

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